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WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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Commencing "Cards on the Table" . . . Our new mystery serial

Sleep... Sleep.. Sleep.



AT LEFT: She wakes whenever she decides she will wake—the mind over matter sleeper. In circle: Business girls like to sleep in on Sunday—or stay in bed for an extra hour.

How much slumber do you need for health?

By A DOCTOR

Now that the colder weather is here, I suppose you have noticed that you want more sleep. Which brings up the question: "How much sleep does the average person really need?"

OVER a number of years I have collected data on sleep.

I have questioned 5000 men and women, and below you will find their answers on the sleep question.

It is clear, you see, that the average person has a fairly definite sleep routine. These people go to bed about 10.45, get up at seven (but not the moment they wake). On Sunday, though, they take an extra hour and a half, and believe that an hour's sleep before midnight is worth two after.

SLEEPING in the sun—a winter course picture of perfect slumber.



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and a brilliant marriage followed

HER skin had the glamour only Erasmic Face Powder gives! No wonder this distinguished man fell in love with her... took her from her typewriter to be his radiant bride! No wonder she's thankful to her cherished Erasmic.



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Beautifying Erasmic is the glamour secret of many a fascinating actress and titled English beauty. Created, improved and perfected by distinguished cosmeticians, it contains every beauty-giving ingredient known! So let Erasmic glorify your complexion, too! There's irresistible charm in every box! AT ALL CHEMISTS AND STORES.

ERASMIC VANISHING CREAM—foundation for a lovely make-up. 1/2 a tube.
ERASMIC COLD CREAM—contains nourishing oils for nightly skin care. 1/2 a tube.

Own alarm clock!

HOW is it that so many people can wake themselves up as punctually as an alarm clock?

Answer is that the part of the mind you use when you're awake and the part which takes charge when you're asleep are never completely separated.

You fall asleep with the idea that at all costs you mustn't be late next day. This produces anxiety; and anxiety prevents the complete relaxation you need for deep sleep. And

the idea you've taken to sleep with you acts like an alarm clock.

The quality of sleep is as important as the quantity.

Don't we all know the difference between sleep which is free from worries and the kind that's known as "cat's sleep"?

You've just got to decide for yourself how much sleep you really need. So long as you're well, don't worry about whether you're sleeping a little longer or a little shorter than someone else.

If you're not well, and sleeping's a difficulty, ask yourself why. Can't you get off? Or is it that you keep waking up?

If it's the first, look to the conditions in which you're sleeping. (Is your room noisy? Are you too hot or too cold?) If it's the second, chances are it's one of two things—either your digestion isn't right or you're using your brain too near bedtime.

Ever wondered how it is a dog can fall asleep at any moment? You and I can't. That's because our minds are so much more active than his.

We can't switch our thoughts off the moment there's nothing doing. A dog can—when he's finished with his bone.

He's dog tired and he sleeps.

What Sleep Survey Revealed

1. What time do you go to bed?	10.30 p.m. 27%	10.0 p.m. 23%	11.0 p.m. 22%	11.30 p.m. onwards 16%	9.30 p.m. 9%
2. What time do you get up?	7 a.m. 21%	7.30 a.m. and after 26%	6.30 a.m. 19%	6 a.m. 18%	5.30 a.m. 12%
3. Are you awakened by an alarm clock or on your own accord?	Own accord. 60%	Alarm. 36%	Various. 9%		
4. Do you get up earlier or later on Sundays?	Later. 76%	Same time. 24%	Earlier. 6%		
5. Do you think one hour's sleep before midnight is worth two after?	Yes. 63%	No. 37%			

Let's Talk Of Interesting People



World's Fair President
MR. GROVER WHALEN, president of New York's great World's Fair. The exhibition, with its futuristic lay-out, was made his idea.

A close associate of former Mayor Walker, he became well known as "official greeter" of visiting celebrities. For two years he was Commissioner of Police, gave up widespread business interests to direct the Fair.



Tennis representative
MRS. I. W. J. Geddes, of Melbourne, who has been nominated by the Lawn Tennis Association of Australia to play in All-England championships Wimbledon this year.

Mrs. Geddes has made a name for herself in doubles matches. With Mrs. G. Pett she won the Victorian hardcourt doubles in June, later, in the big Christmas tournament at South Yarra, won mixed doubles with Jack Cragger.



South African celebrity
GENERAL SMUTS, Deputy Prime Minister of South Africa, one of the most picturesque figures in world politics.

Recently he made an appeal for close union with Britain in the interests of world peace.

He is shown here with his daughter, Miss L. A. Smuts, after he had climbed to the top of Table Mountain, Capetown.

Famous Australian singer is coming home



MARJORIE LAWRENCE in "Salome." New York critics praised her dancing as well as her singing in this role.

Marjorie Lawrence's first songs will be for her "ain folk"

"I'll come back to sing to you all again in my own home town when I'm famous."

Bush girl Marjorie Lawrence told this to the people of Winchelsea, small Victorian town, 11 years ago when she went abroad to study.

Prima donna Marjorie Lawrence on June 17 will make good that promise when she sings to her "ain folk" in the little country hall in which she bade them farewell.

BUT she's the little country girl no longer, but Marjorie Lawrence, star of the New York Metropolitan Opera House, dramatic soprano of the Paris Opera House, one of the leading singers of the world, and foremost exponent of Wagnerian opera.

A great welcome is being arranged in Winchelsea—for a night it will become the music capital of Australia, while its home-town girl makes good a promise to sing to the old folks at home.

Big city audiences must wait to hear Miss Lawrence until after the Winchelsea premiere.

Old school friends are all agog to see this famous star whom they remember as a jolly, happy, laughing girl who used to gallop home from dances on her horse singing classical music.

As she was a fine horsewoman they are paying her the tribute of having 100 men and girls on horseback escorting her through the town to the hall where she will sing.

Winchelsea's hall was given to the town by her father, the late Mr. James Lawrence, well-known farmer in the district.

"Marjorie is still the same happy, laughing girl," says Mr. D. M. Longden, manager of her Australian tour, who saw her in New York last year.

"But she is very different from the laughing, golden-haired tomboy of Winchelsea."

"She is dressed by Lanvin, of Paris, and has particularly gorgeous concert gowns."

"She loves wearing flowers in her hair."

"Once she looked wonderful with a bunch of lustrous purple grapes (artificial, of course), worn like a halo," said Mr. Longden.

Her modern and beautiful New York apartment, which she shares with her favorite brother, Cyril, who went to New York five years ago, is filled with lovely flowers, mostly from her admirers.

Mr. Longden says that, although

she is not yet married, she has had scores of proposals.

Marjorie was born on a farm at Dean's Marsh, Victoria.

It seemed a coincidence that although it had only one store, post office, and garage it had four halls.

Her mother died when Marjorie was two. She has four brothers and one sister.

She sang in the local church choir where the Rev. Pearce recognised her good voice and encouraged her to take lessons locally.

When Marjorie was 13 the family moved to a bigger farm at Winchelsea.

Marjorie, then a plump little girl with fair, bobbed hair, which she frizzed out, used to help on the farm and was very popular at local concerts.

Job in Melbourne

WHEN 17 she decided to try the city, against her father's wish.

She went to Melbourne with Cyril, her brother, and got a job in a dressmaker's shop in Collins Street.

She took singing lessons from Ivor Boustead, who had trained John Brownlee before he went abroad.

On a visit home for Christmas her father, reconciled by the beauty of her voice, took her around in a buggy to sing to the neighbors, and promised her money for the rest of her training.

In 1928 she won an aria competition at Geelong.

John Brownlee, visiting Australia in opera, heard her sing and said: "This is a voice in a million."

Thus encouraged, Marjorie decided to go abroad.

At the age of 20 in 1928 she went to Paris.

Madame Ghilly, famous singing teacher and one-time star of the Metropolitan Opera, became her teacher. She said: "This voice is marvellous, but I do not think it is a contralto, I think it is a dramatic soprano."

Madame Ghilly trained Marjorie's voice up and developed her upper registers, but also left the lower notes



A LOVELY FIGURE in "Tosca" and a voice in a million — American opinion of Marjorie Lawrence.

Romance? Well, it's your guess

MARJORIE LAWRENCE is not married, although she has had scores of proposals. New York reported that she was in love with — a Frenchman, a German, an Englishman, and that there was someone way back home.

Marjorie just laughed a denial.

"You're all guessing," she said.

Her secret ambition is to settle in Australia and buy a sheep-station.

"Australia for me," she says, "is the one and only perfect dream of rest and tranquility."

in her voice and worked Marjorie on two entirely separate repertoires.

In 1923 Marjorie got her first big chance when she sang in the Monte Carlo Opera House in the soprano role of Elizabeth in "Tannhauser."

At this performance she wore for a lucky charm a brooch lent to her, which had been worn by Bonnie Prince Charlie.

Scottish Marjorie attributes all her success to this lucky charm.

She then went to Paris, where her double register of contralto and soprano proved very useful.

At that time Paris opera was strong in sopranos, but weak in contraltos.

As a contralto she sang for Monsieur Rouché, Director of the Paris Opera House, and was immediately engaged.

She made her debut as Ortrud in "Lohengrin," and was promptly hailed as the greatest Ortrud who had even trodden the boards. In Paris, and was placed on the permanent staff as a contralto.

At this time she lived with a French family, and was learning not only to speak French, but Italian and German, too.



HER FAVORITE

FROCK—By Lanvin, of Paris. Marjorie Lawrence may wear this when she sings to her own people in the little Victorian town of Winchelsea.

A vacancy occurred one night in a soprano role, so Marjorie volunteered.

She was a success, and from that time became principal dramatic soprano of the Paris Opera House.

In 1935 she went to New York and made her debut at the Metropolitan as Brunhilde in "Valkyrie." She was an enormous success, and was re-engaged for subsequent seasons.

Her greatest success was as Salome in the Strauss opera, "Salome," in which she was the first singer to actually perform the famous "Dance of the Seven Veils."

Madame Ghilly had insisted that she learn dancing and deportment as well as good dressing.

Marjorie took lessons from Nimura, famous Oriental dancer, in New York. Referring to her Australian visit Miss Lawrence says, "I wish to come home to see my people."

She will arrive in Sydney on June 12.

Before she became famous her favorite recreations were eightpenny seats at the opera and cheap seats at the circus to see the horses, which she loves.

END ALL YOUR FOOT TROUBLES

With

Zam-Buk

DO you realise how much healthier and happier you would be if only your feet were free from the aches, swellings, and pains caused by standing and walking, tight shoes or chafing? Know what real foot comfort means by following this simple precaution.

Each night after bathing the feet in warm water, dry thoroughly, then rub Zam-Buk ointment into the soles and between the toes. The refined herbal oils in Zam-Buk are readily absorbed into the skin and thus reach the seat of the trouble in the underlying tissues.

Pain, Swelling and Inflammation

are quickly relieved by Zam-Buk. Hard skin, corns, and bunions are softened, joints, ankles, toes, and feet are made easy and you can again wear shoes in comfort. Start with Zam-Buk to-night!

1/6 or 3/6 a box. All Chemists & Stores

Rub ZAM-BUK In Every Night



"Housework made my feet painful and tender. Even standing caused suffering. Zam-Buk wonderfully strengthened my feet and enabled me to get about in ease and comfort."—Mrs. L. Collins.

"Salt corns and swollen feet caused me agonies of pain. Rubbing in Zam-Buk, after hot soaking them in warm water, put my feet in fine condition."—Mrs. A. Harding.

£1000 recipe prizewinners next week!

Hundreds of dishes tested by
experts in our kitchens

Who are the winners of the big prizes offered in The Australian Women's Weekly £1000 recipe competition? Who will receive the main prize of £500—the biggest award ever made in a competition of this kind?

Results of the contest—the most exciting in the history of the kitchen—will be announced next week.

FOR weeks judges and cooking experts have been working at high pressure in The Australian Women's Weekly kitchens.

Dishes fit for a king have been cooked from recipes sent in by thousands of entrants. The kitchens have been filled with the appetising aroma of rich cakes and preserves, and the skilful color schemes of summer sweets, jars of jams and jellies, and ornamental cake decorations.

Hundreds of housewives are ask-

ing, "Why are the prizes in The Australian Women's Weekly recipe competition so generous?"

Our answer is that the value of the housewife's skill cannot be over-estimated.

The dinner your family comes home to every night, the cakes you serve to your friends at afternoon tea, the neatly labelled rows of preserves on your pantry shelf mean far more than merely "home duties."

For a nation's health, good looks, and even its characteristics and customs depend on just how intelligently and resourcefully the housewife makes use of her recipe book.

Men try their hand; cakes preferred

A NUMBER of recipes have been sent in by men. Most of them are for cakes.

One N.S.W. man sent a recipe for a "scientific cake," which, he says, conforms to scientific knowledge of human nutritional needs. The nutritional value of each ingredient is set out, also the cost, and the final cost of the cake per pound.

Other recipes have come from hospital nurses.

Many entrants have gone to considerable trouble to make their recipes attractive. Some of them are accompanied by crayon drawings, tinted photographs, and pen-and-ink sketches.

The Australian Women's Weekly has always given a lead to housewives in helping them to improve the standard of their work in the home.

That is why the grand champion prize in the competition is the biggest ever awarded.

Remember—the meals served to your family represent not only the daily effort of the housewife, but



WILL YOU WIN ONE OF THESE BIG PRIZES?

the result of years of study among housewives, cookery experts, and scientists all over the world.

The grand champion prize is a tribute to this work.

As well as providing generous sums of money for the lucky prize-winners to spend exactly as they wish, The Australian Women's Weekly contest has put into circulation hundreds of valuable and unusual recipes which will be a boon to housewives.

Plenty of variety

RECIPES that are the original creation of young brides experimenting in up-to-date kitchens have been published alongside others that have been handed down from mother to daughter for generations. Recipes for cakes that have been baked in kitchens in the "outback" competed with dishes created originally by famous chefs in the capitals of the world.

Already a hundred entrants have received prizes for recipes which

have been published every week during the course of the competition.

Needless to say, the high standard among the thousands of recipes sent in for the three sections of the competition has made the judges' task very difficult.

Points have been given for originality, grouping and balance of ingredients, efficiency of preparation method, neatness in writing and setting out recipes.

The prizes which will be announced next week are as follows:

Grand champion prize, £500.

Best cake recipe, £100.

Desserts, puddings, sweets dish and pastries, £100.

Best jam, jelly, preserves, £50.

And 250 consolation prizes of £10.

In addition aluminium kitchen sets—21 pieces value £10, to grand champion prize winner, 17 pieces value £7/10/- to winners of both the cake section and sweet section, and 15 pieces value £5 to winner of jam section—have been donated by Strathmore Aluminium Co. Ltd.

Canadian cooking for the King and Queen

By Beam Wireless from MARY ST. CLAIRE, Our Special Representative in London.

The King and Queen will sample Canadian cooking at its best as the Royal train carries them on their 3000-mile tour of Canada. The all Canadian menus will be full of interest for the Royal tourists.

THE "Blue" train painted in the Queen's favorite color, and the last word in luxurious travel, has four all-electric kitchens on board, with charcoal grills, and the largest, the King's kitchen, is in charge of the chief chef of the Canadian Pacific Railways.

He will introduce the King and Queen to such Canadian dishes as buckwheat cakes and maple syrup for breakfast. The chef is an expert with delectable salads, and the preparation of succulent baby sturgeon (the King's fish); raisin and apple pies will figure on the Royal menu, and deep dish pies and strawberry shortcakes.

The three other all electric kitchens will be used by the Prime Minister of Canada (Mr. Mackenzie King), the Royal entourage, and members of the train, officials, etc.

The train is air-conditioned, and

each car has its own telephone and radio.

Floodlights will make the train unmistakable to citizens who wish to watch it pass in the night.

A special library has been selected by the Governor-General (Mr. Tweedsmuir), and the King and Queen will each have a suite containing bedroom, living-room, bathroom, and dressing-room. The de-luxe saloon cars have been loaned by wealthy Canadians.

Longest run

THE train staff includes 150 men with 25 picked engine-drivers who will handle the train during the 3000-mile journey across Canada.

This will be the longest run any engine has ever made across the American continent.

In addition to five private cars there are seven baggage cars and the 50 tons of luggage carried for accommodation car for the press, business car for the secretariat, public dining car, and three department cars.

OLD DUTCH OFFERS THE GREATEST CLEANSER PLUS THIS GREAT BARGAIN



Actual size 8 1/2"

Made by the famous firm of Claus, these shears are sturdily made with blades of drop-forged steel. Use them for removing bottle tops or as a screwdriver... for cutting up poultry or for removing screwcaps from jars.



"OH GOODY! A REAL HELP
TO A BUSY WOMAN..."

What a boon to have one kitchen implement capable of doing a hundred and one little jobs about the house! These handy, multi-purpose Kitchen Shears are equally useful as a screwdriver as for dissecting poultry. They will cut vegetables, dice meat, trim pie crust, squeeze lemons, crack nuts, remove bottle tops, etc., etc.; or you can use them to cut paper, string, even wire, or to prune flowers.

Only a limited number of pairs are available. Get yours to-day for only 3/6 and three Old Dutch labels! **THE BEST CLEANSER IN THE WORLD—IT'S A MULTI-PURPOSE ARTICLE TOO!**

Old Dutch is the only cleanser that can handle all the cleaning jobs in your home. It is safe—it will not scratch the finest surface. It goes further—so it's no extravagance to use Old Dutch for the heavier work on pots, pans, paintwork and woodwork. And in every case, Old Dutch is quicker and easier to use, won't harm your hands and won't clog drains.

**REGULAR SILVERWARE OFFER
extended to 30th June, 1940.**

OLD DUTCH DOESN'T SCRATCH— YOU CAN PROVE IT YOURSELF!

For your own satisfaction, try this simple little test—Sprinkle some Old Dutch on the back of a plate and rub with a coin. You'll hear no harsh, grinding sound because Old Dutch is made with *Seismotte*—its particles are flat and flaky. Try the test with any ordinary cleanser, paste or sandsoap and note the difference.

Get your supply of Old Dutch now and send in for your kitchen shears to-day.

POST
NOW

TO CUDAHY & CO. PTY. LTD.,
Elger Street, Glebe, N.S.W.

Please send me a pair of Kitchen Shears as described in this advertisement. I enclose P.M. for 3/6 and 3 Windmill panels from Old Dutch labels. Send also, FREE and Post Free, complete list of other silverware offerings.

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____

W.W. D.76.39

IN A MINER KEY

A scrap of paper, carelessly dropped . . . but it meant all the difference between fortune and ruin.

Complete Short Story

by . . .

FRANK KING

Illustrated
by
FISCHER

A GALA night at the Colossal Hotel. In the huge restaurant, corks were popping, crockery clattering, diners chattering and laughing, while the band, suave, smooth and polished, played an insinuating rhythm which sent your toes tapping, even if you were not dancing.

The position of dance hostess at the Colossal is one of the plums of the profession. Frances Layburn had been recommended for this job by her teacher, Cantos Fragoni, when her predecessor, Astrid Sidont, married and abandoned the bright lights for the more prosaic joys of poultry-farming. Frances—almost everyone called her Frankie—had stood up to the rough and tumble for two years. All the staff at the Colossal adored her. She was tall and slim and fascinating.

The cabaret was just commencing, and Frances, off duty for the moment, relaxed at the table which she was sharing with Phillip Trent. Phillip was one of London's most eligible young bachelors. He was fantastically wealthy, but worked very hard in spite of this. For some time now he had been coming into the Colossal practically every night, and Frances felt that she knew the reason.

His rugged face looked very pleasant as he watched the dancing girls, occasionally turning to glance at Frances.

"Can I have the next one?" he whispered suddenly.

"Of course," she laughed. "It's my duty to take care of lone, unattended bachelors."

"If you did your duty properly," he retorted, "I should be neither lone, nor a bachelor."

"I'm afraid you'd beat your wife, if you had one," she teased.

"Is that why you're frightened?" he asked.

"Not really." Her hands shook a little as she lit a cigarette. "They're having a good time at that table over there."

PHILLIP turned to look in the direction she had indicated. The occupants of the table in the corner were certainly hilarious. The young fellow who appeared to be the host was tall and strikingly handsome. His bronzed features and muscular shoulders seemed to indicate an outdoor life. He was talking eagerly to the girl by his side, a soulful creature with large blue eyes and platinum-blond hair. The other two members of the party were somewhat older; the man immaculate, with a military moustache and carefully-brushed hair, the woman exuberant both in figure and gesture. None of the four was paying the slightest attention to the cabaret.

"Know who they are?" asked Phillip.

"Yes. The Apollo is staying here. George Mellin. Came over from South America about a week ago. Some sort of engineer, I understand. Seems quite a good sort."

Frances' dark eyes shadowed a little. "You must have seen the other man here many a time."

"I believe I have, now you mention it. Very smart, isn't he? But somehow, I don't like the look of him."

"No, you're quite right!"

"You seem very sure."

"A dance hostess at the Colossal has to be sure about things like that."

Phillip frowned. He hated to think that Frankie had to put up with the attentions of unscrupulous bachelors.

"Has he worried you?" he asked.

"No. We all know him very well here. I'm just worried because



Frances felt a tug at her sleeve . . . and turned to look into the wrathful blue eyes of Eleanor Slater.

perhaps—well, I didn't quite know

"You're quite right, Mr. Mellin. I have my work to do."

"I thought so. But you've been so very decent to me that I'd have liked you to meet the girl I'm going to marry."

"Some other time, perhaps. You dance the rumba very well."

I OUGHT to, don't you think? I've spent the last six years in South America."

"Like it?"

"Yes. But I worked darned hard, you know. And I hit on a good thing, Miss Layburn. I feel tremendously excited to-night. I'm going to make a bid for a fortune to-morrow."

His voice sounded thick, and he laughed rather foolishly. Surprised, Frances glanced at his bronzed face.

"You've done yourself pretty well, to-night, haven't you?" she inquired.

"Oh, I don't know. No more than—Still, I do feel a bit—well, exhilarated. I expect it's because I'm so happy. A bride and a fortune! Did you notice Miss Slater?"

"Slater?" echoed Frances.

"Yes. She sat on my left. You couldn't miss her."

"I didn't miss her. Is she—any relation to Mr. Maurice Slater?"

"Oh, you know him, do you?"

Yes, she's his sister. A wonderful girl, Miss Layburn. I met her on the boat coming over. Don't you think I'm very lucky? To-morrow, I'm going to make a bid for a fortune, and then I'm going to marry Eleanor. S'great, isn't it?"

"Very." Frances felt him stumble.

"You know, I think you'd better go to bed, Mr. Mellin. You've been looking on the wine when it bubbles."

"Honest, I didn't have so much. And a mining engineer should know how to take his liquor like a gentleman. All the same, I—I do feel a bit queer. Excitement, perhaps—and the heat. Wouldn't you be excited if you were in my place? And aren't you going to wish me luck?"

"Of course," said Frances, wondering if Eleanor Slater were anything like her brother.

"Not that I need luck now," Mellin babbled on blissfully. "I've had my share. I'm on to something big, Miss Layburn. All be settled to-morrow. Fancy meeting Eleanor

just at the right time. That's a real luck, isn't it?"

"I suppose so. Careful! You nearly knocked that table over."

"I feel funny, I must say. Can't understand it. Didn't have much to drink."

"More than was good for you, anyhow. Suppose we don't dance any more."

"Just as you like. Hope I'm not making exhibition of myself."

"I think you'd better go to bed."

"Pragmatically, you're right."

He was leaning heavily upon her as she led him from the floor. Passing the table at which Phillip Trent was seated, she motioned him to join them. It was no part of her job to see drunken guests to their rooms, but she liked George Mellin. During the last few days they'd grown quite friendly. Somehow, she felt sorry for him to-night. He was so happy, so delighted with his luck. And she couldn't help feeling that he was quite mistaken about the character of that blue-eyed blonde, the sister of Maurice Slater.

"Help me to take him to his room, will you?" she whispered to Phillip.

"Sure," he replied, without question.

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Complete short story

By

MICHAEL
ARLENIllustrated
by
FISCHER

"You won't tell your father you are going to marry Miss Carstairs, Prince, because you're not."

whom a man always meets too late?"

"Too late? Dear me, for what?"

"For his peace of mind, since she is usually already married."

"Since I am single, sir, your peace of mind is safe. But thank you for saying nice things about my appearance."

"Not only your appearance, madam. I have also taken a big liking to your character."

"Then you are a clairvoyant?"

"A connoisseur—a student of dreams."

"Dreams? Were we talking of dreams?"

"No, but we are going to. When men dream," said Prince Rudolf, "of that kind of happiness which is too often forbidden them owing to having married in haste, or some other silly reason, their dreams are inspired by thoughts of the perfect companion."

"Dear me," she said, "I never knew that the dreams of men were so informed by kindness. Your reputation, Prince Rudolf, scarcely prepares a listener for such sentiments."

"Madam, in your company I had permitted myself for one moment to forget all but the little that is best in me. But now that you have reminded me of my ordinary self I must admit that I should like nothing so much as to kiss you and damn the consequences."

"THAT rebuke,"

she said, "was well deserved. For no one could have been more polite than you."

"You have not yet asked me how I knew you, where we are going, or who I am. I recognised you from your photograph. I followed you from the restaurant where you dined. We are going to my house, which is here in Belgrave Square. My name is no matter. And I am going to ask you, sir, to do me a service. You see, I make no excuses. My behaviour is too outrageous for excuses to have any value. If you wish you may say good-night now, my car will take you home, and I shall be the richer for having enjoyed an instructive conversation with a man of the world."

"Mrs. X," said he, "it was you who spoke of my reputation. So if you think you can get rid of me so easily, you're crazy."

"You are afraid of nothing, Prince Rudolf?"

"They were on the pavement now, before the house, and he glanced at the dark imposing building."

"Of a great many things," he said, "but of no possible hurt that could come to me from you."

"Perhaps," she said, "you are wrong there."

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MIDNIGHT ADVENTURE

*A chance meeting
and its strange
fateful sequel*

NOW it is told in London how on one winter's night not long ago a gentleman who was walking from Grosvenor Square down Carlos Place was accosted by a lady in a peculiar manner and with curious results.

Earlier that same evening two gentlemen of correct appearance might have been observed dining together at a quiet corner table in the restaurant of a London hotel which is famous for the distinction of its guests. Our two friends, one lined and grey-haired, the other younger and lean and uncommonly handsome in a saturnine way, appeared to be absorbed in conversation.

The younger gentleman talked the least and, as was only proper, listened attentively to his grey-haired companion. This was not surprising, since the father was telling his son in the most urgent terms that only a rich marriage could appease the ferocity of their overdraft at the bank.

The two gentlemen at dinner were Carlos XXVII, Duke of Suiza, and his only son, Prince Rudolf. But, as the worldly father pointed out to his worldly son, high titles like Duke and Prince without the cash to support them added up to so much spinach put before a starving man.

"In short," said Duke Carlos, who liked to speak the English he had picked up from the American visitors who had thronged the Casinos of his duchy before his exile, "in short, we are bust wide open, boy—unless you shake the Christmas tree to some effect."

Rudolf sipped his champagne with an air of saturnine fatality. "Our

reputation," said he, "is enough to wither even the stoutest Christmas tree as we approach."

"You must find some sweet young innocent, Rudolf. Or haven't I already heard something about you and the American betress Baba Carstairs? I can only hope, my friend, that you are impressing the girl as being a romantic person—for you can look extremely romantic, particularly when you are telling lies."

Prince Rudolf finished the champagne in his glass. "Dear father," said he at last, "have you ever been in love?"

Duke Carlos looked at his son with pity.

"Frequently," said he. "Why, did you think you had invented love?"

"Perhaps," said the young man moodily, "I could suggest some badly-needed improvements on it."

"So you are going to tell me that you are still crazy about that Polles girl you met last year in Paris?"

"No, not last year, but ten years ago, and not a Polles girl, but a girl. But perhaps it would be better for men like us not even to think about her."

"You look so romantic when you speak of her, Rudolf, that I feel sure you told her many lies. Forget her, boy. Remember our traditions. Remember our name. Remember our overdraft. In short, remember Miss Carstairs."

Now, it is of this Prince Rudolf it is told that, as later that night he walked moodily to his modest lodgings in the sulky shadows behind the clubs of Piccadilly, he was accosted by a lady in a peculiar manner.

He saw a car, long and dark, of sober elegance. It passed close by

him, as such cars do, with no more sound than a flick of a cat's whiskers. A few yards ahead, it stopped close in to the kerb.

As Rudolf walked past, his moody gaze ahead, he was thinking how much better it would be for that pretty, nice, empty-headed little millionaire, Baba Carstairs, if a selfish brute like himself let her alone. He liked her very well, of course. But it would not have occurred to him to marry her if she had been poor.

It was at that moment that a corner of his eye was caught by something strange and bright in the cold night. It was a hand and arm alight with jewellery against the black background of the car.

"Can I drop you?" said a low voice.

Rudolf, who had been very well brought up, as regards superficial manners anyway, took off his hat.

"You are very kind," said he. "But I have only a short way to go."

"THERE is nothing to fear," said the cool voice.

The correct and incurious profile of the elderly chauffeur at the wheel betrayed nothing but the propriety of his employer. Rudolf, stepping closer to the open window, caught a glimpse of the lady's face within the shadows—and was lightly touched by a faint perfume that reminded him so poignantly of a past enchantment that for an instant he walked again in a garden with a slight fair girl.

Telling himself that he was a fool, he swiftly opened the door and climbed within.

"Thank you," said the lady, "for being both brave and polite."

Prince Rudolf smiled. "I fancy it is neither courage nor politeness that inspires men to do what beautiful women ask them."

He found the lady examining him with the utmost gravity.

"Height five eleven," he said, "hair black, eyes brown, one small mole on left cheek, self-confident manner, no distinctive peculiarities . . ."

Her faint smile did not touch the gravity of her eyes, of which he had already formed a very favorable opinion.

Rudolf, experienced in petty encounters, saw at once that only some great urgency had forced this lady to address a stranger, for she could not be corrupted by small desires.

"And I?" she said.

He noticed, but without surprise, that the car was moving. It was agreeable to find that he was not so tired of the world as he had fancied he was.

"And I, sir?" she said. "How would you describe the stranger who has kidnapped you?"

"I like you," said Prince Rudolf.

"Dear me," said the lady, "you are quick."

"That's me all over," said Rudolf. "The minute I set eyes on you, I said to myself, there's a woman I like a lot."

"I hadn't an idea," said the lady, "that conversation with a stranger could be made so easy as you make it."

"You are not a stranger. I recognised you right away."

"Me? You recognised me?"

"Of course. You have never heard the old chestnut about the woman

FULL CORROBOREE

By...

A. R. WETJEN

Illustrated
by
WEP

SERGEANT RAINSE, of the South Australia Mounted Police, was leaning on the fence of the camel paddock at Marree, talking with Mustapha Khan, the bearded Afghan breeder. Mounted Constable Burks, Rainse's sole white helper in keeping law and order over some thirty-five thousand square miles of district, was squatting close by, smoking a brown-paper cigarette, and cautiously reaching with a stick for a spiny two-headed mountain devil lizard.

The real head, as was usual when the lizard slept in the sun, was buried in the ground, the false head resting above to deceive enemies, so that if a bird swooped down and struck no harm was done and the little animal was duly warned.

"Smart little beggars," Burks chuckled. "If we had that sense—" He stopped suddenly and then groaned. "Well, I was expecting it," he said in a changed voice. Mustapha Khan looked over Rainse's shoulder and spat, even as he laughed.

"It seems, sahib, you lose your best tracker."

Rainse heaved his tall lean body away from the paddock fence, pushed back his sombrero, and stared. Baldy Bill, his head black tracker, was trotting towards him. Baldy had discarded his old police sombrero, shed his tattered shirt and trousers, and was naked save for a loincloth. His body was painted with several bars of white and yellow ochre. His mop of frizzy hair was daubed with clay and tufts of eagle feathers adorned it, while two great white circles framed his eyes. In place of his regulation rifle he was armed with spears and boomerangs, and a curious, nervous twitching ran through all his muscles.

"Too right," said Rainse wearily. "I was wondering when the urge was going to hit him again. It's been over a year now."

Baldy Bill halted before Rainse and stirred the earth with his naked foot. His eyes, normally bright, eager, and intelligent, were now sullen and defiant.

"Me go walkabout," he said. "Some fella time me come back."

"This would happen just when I've got a patrol to make," swore Rainse. "But why the devil couldn't he have waited another month?"

"Well, you can't stop him," said Burks, grinning. "Give him your blessing and let him go."

"All right, Baldy," said Rainse. "You walkabout not too long. Me fella master need Baldy Bill fella too much. Big fella tracker. Best fella tracker. You likum me. I likum you."

"Me likum," Baldy agreed with a flash of his old smile, wiped out a mace. And then sullen again, "Me go walkabout." His broad fat nostrils flared as he sniffed at the wind blowing in from the Never-Never. He looked up at the summer sky, at the wedge-tailed rufous soaring far away, and then, with an abrupt "Goo-bye," he turned and trotted effortlessly towards the wilderness. Rainse swore for a moment and then shrugged. There was nothing to be done.

Every once in a while, at no stated intervals, the Australian aboriginal, no matter how civilised he or she might be, had to take a walkabout. Some strange instinct forced them to go native again, to wander for a while as their fathers wandered, living off the country, sometimes, perhaps, it was the mysterious bush telegraph demanding their attendance at an important corroboree, or native meet-



Before him was a howling, fanatical mob of armed warriors, and King Warri, grinning evilly.

ing and dance; sometimes a blood feud unexpectedly wished upon them; sometimes just the plain urge to go bush.

No white man quite knew. But every white man versed in the Australian Never-Never and its people has long since given up hope of checking these sudden disappearances, for neither blows, threats, nor promises will stop the aboriginal when the mood for walkabout comes upon him. Burks chuckled as he heaved to his feet and dutifully followed Rainse to the office of the police post. Rainse sank to a chair before his desk and moodily read his latest orders again:

"You will proceed immediately to arrest King Warri of the Pitjintaras tribes for the murder of three station blacks at Alice Springs, Central Australia. He has been reported as moving his tribe south again towards your area. I enclose provisional warrant. When arrest is made, you will take prisoner and any witness to Port Augusta for trial. Two material witnesses are already being held at Alice Springs, pending your report."

"Waters, Inspector, South Australia Mounted."

"I don't see why it is all the tough jobs have to walk about in my district," Rainse grumbled. "I've arrested old Warri three times already in the fifteen years I've been here. Now they want him again."

"He's a tough old bird, isn't he?" Burks asked.

"Tough?" inquired Rainse. "He's more killings to his credit than you can remember. Most of them were tribal, though—witchdoctor stuff—so he got off pretty easy. Served three years, all told. I got him again for spearing cattle over Lake Eyre way, but he forced a couple of his young bucks to take the blame."

FIVE years back we had him dead to rights, except that the witnesses disappeared mysteriously, and none of his tribe would talk. We finally locked him up on an old charge of looting a store at Broderick. They kept him for a year that time and made him work, and I thought that experience had cured him. He must be pretty ancient by now, and he's been quiet for three years.

"Funny he should bust out again," Burks commented.

"If I know my abos, his young men were getting restless and telling him he was getting too old to take a man's kidney-fat any more. These killings were probably to restore his prestige. The devil of it is, he's not likely to be taken again without trouble. He must know this is his finish. They'll give him

life this time. And he controls quite a tribe—four or five hundred, all told. Anyway, I don't know where the devil he is."

"The Inspector says he's heading south."

"The Inspector, if you'll pardon me," drawled Rainse disgustedly, "has been so long off the patrols he forgets I've thirty-five thousand square miles in my district. I'm not a magician. . . . Well, let's go down to the pub and have a beer."

He jammed on his sombrero and moodily left the office. Sammy Boy, one of his remaining two trackers, now that Baldy Bill had gone, was amusing himself with a moth. Rainse stamped on the crippled thing and swore.

"Save that for your walkabouts," he growled. "You savvy bush telegraph? Him say King Warri in this fella country, no?"

"Maybe me savvy. King Warri fella big fella master."

"Well, I'm glad you know something," Rainse grumbled. He pulled two plugs of tobacco from his pocket. "You go play-about black fella lubra White Horse Station. Maybe lubra savvy King Warri."

Sammy Boy clucked and darted off.

Leaning on the bar of Marree's fly-infested bush pub, Sergeant

Rainse buried his face into comparatively cool lager and came up sighing. Burks nudged his elbow.

"There's Duke Marlborough, the dingo hunter. Sarge. Came in this morning. Maybe he's heard something."

Rainse agreed, and sauntered over to the weatherbeaten, white-bearded and distinguished-looking remittance man.

"Can you keep one down?" Rainse asked. Duke Marlborough, in his never-forgotten Oxford accent, decided he could. So he was in from the west, eh? Hear anything about King Warri?

"Well, my dear fellow," decided Duke deliberately, "there was some talk about him on a killing spree. I spent two days with some blacks heading for the Hit-or-Miss Well, and they discussed it."

"The Hit-or-Miss Well," said Rainse thoughtfully. "Did they say anything about Warri heading there?"

"No," said Duke truthfully, "but there is a lot of bush telegraph running there's to be a big corroboree there soon."

"That's what I wanted to hear! Corroboree! Thanks, Duke."

He motioned Burks and they left the pub together. Mustapha Khan was waiting at the office.

"What's on your mind, Mustapha?" The Afghan brushed his beard.

Please turn to Page 12

CARDS on

Illustrated by
Wynne W.
DAVIES



The dinner was perfection; in the dimness, at the head of the table, Mr. Shaitana looked more than ever diabolical.

OUR NEW SERIAL

This baffling mystery story passes swiftly from one climax to the next, veiling its conclusion in a manner both provocative and intriguing...

"MY dear M. Poirot!" It was a soft purring voice—a voice used deliberately as an instrument—nothing impulsive or unpremeditated about it.

Hercule Poirot swung round. He bowed.

He shook hands ceremoniously. There was something in his eye that was unusual. One would have said that this chance encounter awakened in him an emotion that he seldom had occasion to feel.

"My dear Mr. Shaitana," he said. They both paused. They were like duellists en garde.

Around them a well-dressed languid London crowd eddied mildly. Voices drawled or murmured.

"Darling—exquisite!" "Simply divine, aren't they, my dear?"

It was the Exhibition of Snuff Boxes at Wessex House. Admission one guinea. In aid of the London hospitals.

"My dear man," said Mr. Shaitana, "how nice to see you! Not hanging or guillotining much just at present? Slack season in the

criminal world? Or is there to be a robbery here this afternoon—that would be too delicious."

"Alas, Monsieur," said Poirot, "I am here in a purely private capacity."

Mr. Shaitana was diverted for a moment by a Lovely Young Thing with tight poodle curls up one side of her head and three cornucopias in black straw on the other.

He said: "My dear—why didn't you come to my party? It really was a marvellous party! Quite a lot of people actually spoke to me! One woman even said 'How do you do,' and 'Good-bye' and 'Thank you so much'—but of course she came from a garden city, poor dear!"

While the Lovely Young Thing made a suitable reply, Poirot allowed himself a good study of the hirsute adornment on Mr. Shaitana's upper lip.

A fine moustache—a very fine moustache—the only moustache in London, perhaps, that could compete with that of M. Hercule Poirot.

"But it is not so luxuriant," he murmured to himself. "No, decidedly it is inferior in every re-

spect. Tout de meme, it catches the eye."

The whole of Mr. Shaitana's person caught the eye—it was designed to do so. He deliberately attempted a Mephistophelian effect. He was tall and thin, his face was long, and melancholy, his eyebrows were heavily accented and jet black, he wore a moustache with stiff waxed ends and a tiny black imperial. His clothes were works of art—of exquisite cut—but with a suggestion of the bizarre.

Every healthy Englishman who saw him longed earnestly and fervently to kick him! They said, with a singular lack of originality, "There's that darned Dago, Shaitana!"

Their wives, daughters, sisters, aunts, mothers, and even grandmothers said, varying the idiom according to their generation, words to this effect: "I know, my dear. Of course, he is too terrible. But so rich! And such marvellous parties! And he's always got something amusing and spiteful to tell you about people."

Whether Mr. Shaitana was an Argentine, or a Portuguese, or a Greek, or some other nationality rightly despised by the insular Briton, nobody knew.

But three facts were quite certain:

He existed richly and beautifully in a super flat in Park Lane.

He gave wonderful parties—large parties, small parties, macabre parties, respectable parties and definitely "queer" parties.

He was a man of whom nearly everybody was a little afraid.

Why this last was so can hardly be stated in definite words. There was a feeling, perhaps, that he knew a little too much about everybody. And there was a feeling, too, that his sense of humor was a curious one.

People nearly always felt that it

would be better not to risk offending Mr. Shaitana.

It was his humor this afternoon to bait that ridiculous-looking little man, Hercule Poirot.

"So even a policeman needs recreation?" he said. "You study the arts in your old age, M. Poirot."

Poirot smiled good-humoredly. "I see," he said, "that you yourself have lent three snuff-boxes to the exhibition."

Mr. Shaitana waved a deprecating hand.

"One picks up trifles here and there. You must come to my flat one day. I have some interesting pieces. I do not confine myself to any particular period or class of object."

"Your tastes are catholic," said Poirot smiling.

"As you say."

SUDDENLY Mr. Shaitana's eyes danced, the corners of his lips curled up, his eyebrows assumed a fantastic tilt.

"I could even show you objects in your own line, M. Poirot!"

"You have then a private 'Black Museum'?"

"Bah!" Mr. Shaitana snapped disdainful fingers. "The cup used by the Brighton murderer, the jemmy of a celebrated burglar—abundant childishness! I should never burden myself with rubbish like that. I collect only the best objects of their kind."

"And what do you consider the best objects, artistically speaking, in crime?" inquired Poirot.

Mr. Shaitana leaned forward and laid two fingers on Poirot's shoulder. He hissed his words dramatically.

"The human beings who commit them, M. Poirot."

Poirot's eyebrows rose a trifle.

"Aha, I have startled you," said Mr. Shaitana. "My dear, dear man, you and I look on these things as

from poles apart! For you crime is a matter of routine: a murder, an investigation, a clue, and ultimately (for you are undoubtedly an able fellow) a conviction. Such banalities would not interest me! I am not interested in poor specimens of any kind. And the caught murderer is necessarily one of the failures. He is second-rate. No, I look on the matter from the artistic point of view. I collect only the best!"

"The best being—?" asked Poirot.

"My dear fellow—the ones who have got away with it! The successes! The criminals who lead an agreeable life which no breath of suspicion has ever touched. Admit that it is an amusing hobby."

"It was another word I was thinking of—not amusing."

"An ideal!" cried Shaitana, paying no attention to Poirot. "A little dinner! A dinner to meet my whims! Really that is a most amusing thought. I cannot think who has never occurred to me before. Yes—yes, I see it all—I see it exactly. . . . You must give me a little time—not next week—let us say the week after next. You are free? What shall we say?"

"Any day of the week after next would suit me," said Poirot, with a bow.

"Good—then let us say Friday, Friday the 18th, that will be. I will write it down at once in my little book. Really, the idea pleases me enormously."

"I am not quite sure if it pleases me," said Poirot slowly. "I do not mean that I am insensible to the kindness of your invitation—but not that—"

Shaitana interrupted him.

"But it shocks your bourgeois sensibilities? My dear fellow, you must free yourself from the limitations of the policeman's mentality."

Poirot said slowly:

"It is true that I have a thorough bourgeois attitude to murder."

"But, my dear man, why? A stupefied, butchering business—"

the TABLE

by...

AGATHA CHRISTIE

agree with you. But murder can be an art! A murderer can be an artist."

"Oh, I admit it."

"Well, then?" Mr. Shaitana asked.

"But he is still a murderer!"

"Surely, my dear M. Poirot, to do a thing supremely well is a justification! You want, very unimaginatively, to take every murderer, handcuff him, shut him up, and eventually break his neck for him in the early hours of the morning. In my opinion a really successful murderer should be granted a pension out of the public funds and asked out to dinner!"

Poirot shrugged his shoulders.

"I am not as insensitive to art in crime as you think. I can admire the perfect murderer—I can also admire a tiger—that splendid tawny-striped beast. But I will admire him from outside his cage. I will not go inside. That is to say, not unless it is my duty to do so. For you see, Mr. Shaitana, the tiger might spring..."

Mr. Shaitana laughed.

"I see. And the murderer?"

"Might murder," said Poirot gravely.

"My dear fellow—what an alarmist you are! Then you will not come to meet my collection of—tigers?"

"On the contrary, I shall be enchanted."

"How brave!"

"You do not quite understand me, Mr. Shaitana. My words were in the nature of a warning. You asked me just now to admit that your idea of a collection of murderers was amusing. I said I could think of another word other than amusing. That word was dangerous. I fancy, Mr. Shaitana, that your hobby might be a dangerous one!"

Mr. Shaitana laughed, a very Mephistophelian laugh.

He said: "I may expect you then on the 18th?"

Poirot gave a little bow.

"You may expect me on the 18th. My remembrance."

"I shall arrange a little party," mused Shaitana. "Do not forget. Eight o'clock."

He moved away. Poirot stood a minute or two looking after him.

He shook his head slowly and thoughtfully.

THE door of Mr. Shaitana's flat opened noiselessly. A grey-haired butler drew it back to let Poirot enter. He closed it equally noiselessly and deftly relieved the guest of his overcoat and hat.

He murmured in a low expressionless voice:

"What name shall I say?"

"M. Hercule Poirot."

There was a little hum of talk that eddied out into the hall as the butler opened a door and announced:

"M. Hercule Poirot."

Sherry glass in hand, Shaitana came forward to meet him. He was, as usual, immaculately dressed. The Mephistophelian suggestion was heightened to-night. His eyebrows seemed accentuated in their mocking way.

"Let me introduce you—do you know Mrs. Oliver?"

The showman in him enjoyed the little start of surprise that Poirot gave.

Mrs. Ariadne Oliver was extremely well known as one of the foremost writers of detective and other sensational stories. She wrote chatty (if not particularly grammatical) articles on "The Tendency of the Criminal: Famous Crimes Passions: Murder for Love v Murder for Gain." She was also a hot-headed feminist, and when any murder of importance was occupying

space in the Press there was sure to be an interview with Mrs. Oliver, and it was mentioned that Mrs. Oliver had said, "Now if a woman were the head of Scotland Yard!" She was an earnest believer in woman's intuition.

For the rest she was an agreeable woman of middle age, handsome in a rather untidy fashion with fine eyes, substantial shoulders and a large quantity of rebellious grey hair with which she was continually experimenting. One day her appearance would be highly intellectual—a brow with the hair scraped back from it and coiled in a large bun on the neck—on another Mrs. Oliver would suddenly appear with Madonna loops, or large masses of alight untidy curls.

On this particular evening Mrs. Oliver was trying out a fringe.

She greeted Poirot, whom she had met before at a literary dinner, in an agreeable bass voice.

"And Superintendent Battle you doubtless know," said Mr. Shaitana.

A BIG square, wooden-faced man moved forward. Not only did an onlooker feel that Superintendent Battle was carved out of wood—he also managed to convey the impression that the wood in question was the timber out of a battleship.

Superintendent Battle was supposed to be Scotland Yard's best representative. He always looked stolid and rather stupid.

"I know M. Poirot," said Superintendent Battle.

And his wooden face creased into a smile and then returned to its former unexpressiveness.

"Colonel Race," went on Mr. Shaitana.

Poirot had not previously met Colonel Race, but he knew something about him. A dark, handsome, deeply bronzed man of fifty, he was usually to be found in some outpost of empire—especially if there were trouble brewing. Secret Service is a melodramatic term, but it described pretty accurately to the lay mind the nature and scope of Colonel Race's activities.

Poirot had by now taken in and appreciated the particular essence of his host's humorous intentions.

"Our other guests are late," said Mr. Shaitana. "My fault perhaps. I believe I told them 8.15."

But at that moment the door opened and the butler announced:

"Dr. Roberts."

The man who came in did so with a kind of parody of a brisk bedside manner. He was a cheerful, highly-colored individual of middle age. Small twinkling eyes, a touch of baldness, a tendency to embonpoint and a general air of well-scrubbed and disinfected medical practitioner. His manner was cheerful and confident. You felt that his diagnosis would be correct and his treatments

agreeable and practical—"a little champagne in convalescence perhaps." A man of the world!

"Not late, I hope?" said Dr. Roberts genially.

He shook hands with his host, and was introduced to the others. He seemed particularly gratified at meeting Battle.

"Why, you're one of the big noises at Scotland Yard, aren't you? This is interesting! Too bad to make you talk shop but I warn you I shall have a try at it. Always been interested in crime. Bad thing for a doctor, perhaps. Mustn't say so to my nervous patients—ha ha!"

Again the door opened.

"Mrs. Lorrimer."

Mrs. Lorrimer was a well-dressed



"I see," said M. Poirot, "that you yourself have lent three snuff boxes to the exhibition."

woman of sixty. She had finely-cut features, beautifully arranged grey hair, and a clear, incisive voice.

"I hope I'm not late," she said, advancing to her host.

She turned from him to greet Dr. Roberts, with whom she was acquainted.

The butler announced:

"Major Despard."

Major Despard was a tall, lean, handsome man, his face slightly marred by a scar on the temple. Introductions completed, he gravitated naturally to the side of Colonel Race—and the two men were soon talking sport and comparing their experiences on safari.

For the first time the door opened and the butler announced:

"Miss Meredith."

A girl in the early twenties

entered. She was of medium height and pretty. Brown curls clustered on her neck, her grey eyes were large and wide apart. Her face was powdered but not made-up. Her voice was slow and rather shy.

She said:

"Oh dear, am I the last?"

Mr. Shaitana descended on her with sherry and an ornate and complimentary reply. His introductions were formal and almost ceremonious.

Miss Meredith was left stopping her sherry by Poirot's side.

"Our friend is very punctilious," said Poirot with a smile.

The girl agreed.

"I know. People rather dispense with introductions nowadays. They

just say 'I expect you know everybody' and leave it at that."

"Whether you do or you don't?"

"Whether you do or don't. Sometimes it makes it awkward—but I think this is more awe-inspiring."

She hesitated and then said:

"Is that Mrs. Oliver, the novelist?"

Mrs. Oliver's bass voice rose powerfully at that minute speaking to Dr. Roberts.

"You can't get away from a woman's instinct, doctor. Women know these things."

Forgetting that she no longer had a brow she endeavored to sweep her hair back from it but was foiled by the fringe.

"That is Mrs. Oliver," said Poirot.

"The one who wrote 'The Body in the Library'?"

"That identical one."

Miss Meredith frowned a little.

"And that wooden-looking man—a superintendent, did Mr. Shaitana say?"

"From Scotland Yard."

"And you?"

"And me?"

"I know all about you, M. Poirot. It was you who really solved the A B C crimes."

"Mademoiselle, you cover me with confusion."

Miss Meredith drew her brows together.

"Mr. Shaitana," she began, and then stopped. "Mr. Shaitana—"

Poirot said quietly:

"One might say he was 'crime-minded.' It seems so. Doubtless he wishes to hear us dispute ourselves. He is already egging on Mrs. Oliver and Dr. Roberts. They are now discussing untraceable poisons."

Miss Meredith gave a little gasp as she said:

Lyric of Life

GLORY BOX

I, the intruder, saw you kneel
Within your room's dim candle
light,

A slender figure wearing misty
white,

Beside an open drawer. About
you spilled

A hundred letters written long
ago,

Embroidered things I'd seen
your fingers sew—

And dreams that life had
waited, unfulfilled.

I knew you heard the gentle
sound

Of unbegotten children in the
room,

And heard their laughter in
the candle-gloom.

Then, from where your scat-
tered memories lay,

You smiled as though you saw
him standing there,

And stretched a hand towards
the empty air—

I closed the door and softly
crept away.

—Phyllis Duncan-Brown.

"What a queer man he is!"

"Dr. Roberts?"

"No, Mr. Shaitana."

She shivered a little and said:

"There's always something a little
frightening about him, I think. You
never know what would strike him
as amusing. It might—it might be
something cruel."

"Such as fox-hunting, eh?"

Miss Meredith threw him a re-
proachful glance.

"I meant—oh something Ori-
ental!"

"He has 'perhaps the tortuous
mind,' admitted Poirot.

"Torturer's?"

"No, no, tortuous, I said."

"I don't think I like him fright-
fully," confided Miss Meredith, her
voice dropping.

"You will like his dinner, though,"
Poirot assured her. "He has a
marvellous cook."

She looked at him doubtfully and
then laughed.

"WHY," she ex-
claimed, "I believe you are quite
human."

"But certainly I am human!"

"You see," said Miss Meredith, "all
these celebrities are rather in-
timidating."

"Mademoiselle, you should not be
intimidated—you should be thrilled!
You should have all ready your
autograph book and your fountain-
pen."

"Well, you see, I'm not really
terribly interested in crime. I don't
think women are: it's always men
who read detective stories."

Hercule Poirot sighed affectedly.

"Alas!" he murmured. "What
would I not give at this minute to
be even the most minor of film
stars!"

The butler threw the door open.

"Dinner is served," he murmured.

Poirot's prognostication was am-
ply justified. The dinner was de-
licious and its serving perfection.

Subdued light, polished wood, the
blue gleam of Irish glass. In the
dimness, at the head of the table
Mr. Shaitana looked more than ever
diabolical.

He apologised gracefully for the
uneven number of the sexes.

Mrs. Lorrimer was on his right
hand, Mrs. Oliver on his left. Miss
Meredith was between Superinten-
dent Battle and Major Despard.

Poirot was between Mrs. Lorrimer
and Dr. Roberts.

The latter murmured facetiously
to him:

"You're not going to be allowed
to monopolise the only pretty girl
all the evening. You French fel-
lows, you don't waste your time,
do you?"

"I happen to be Belgian," mur-
mured Poirot.

"Same thing where the ladies are
concerned, I expect, my boy," said
the doctor cheerfully.

Then, dropping the facetiousness,
and adopting a professional tone, he
began to talk to Colonel Race on
his other side about the latest de-
velopments in the treatment of
sleeping sickness.

Mrs. Lorrimer turned to Poirot
and began to talk of the latest
plays. Her judgments were sound
and her criticisms apt. They
drifted on to books and then to
world politics. He found her a well-
informed and thoroughly intelli-
gent woman.

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An Editorial Meet the world

MAY 20, 1939.

THE ROYAL TOURISTS



WITH the King and Queen in Canada for a tour of that country and later of the United States, the New World will find in these leaders of the world's greatest Empire one of the strongest justifications of democracy.

Canadians and Americans will quickly find a common meeting ground in the intense humanity of the Royal visitors.

The fierce light that beats upon a throne serves only to emphasise the simplicity of these two people called to the task of ruling the world's greatest crowned democracy.

They appeal not as figures hedged in by self-imposed isolation, but leaders who are workers as well in the cause of Empire.

Their eagerness to be of the world and their awareness of the world are endearing traits in the character of both the King and Queen.

Could you imagine a dictator, flanked by a thousand bayonets as he moves among his own people, altering a schedule as the King and Queen did in order that the Dionne "Quins" could be brought to see Their Majesties?

Could you imagine a gentleman of blood and iron chuckling as the King did over plans for a holiday trip in Alberta, in which he will shed the trappings of Royalty and become an ordinary man enjoying a day or so of fun away from the tasks of kingship?

These are the things Americans will ponder when our King and Queen meet their President and his wife at Washington.

In the figures of the King and President Roosevelt are symbolised the ideals of leadership of two great democracies.

Despite centuries of differing destinies, this democratic approach to life is common ground for goodwill among two great English-speaking peoples in whom resides the future of the world.

—THE EDITOR.

with London's cafe society

By Air Mail from MARY ST. CLAIRE

IF you would dine with Countess Haugwitz-Reventlow, listen to the wit of Noel Coward, see the glamorous Marlene Dietrich in the flesh, even rub shoulders with Royalty, there is no need to sigh for gilded invitation or Royal Command. London Cafe Society is the answer.

London to-day boasts a Cafe Society which numbers the socially elite of three Continents, celebrities in arts and letters, important political figures and members of its own Royal Family. Thus for the price of a meal one can be a "guest" at the most brilliant "dinner-party" of the season.

Hostesses, famous for the sparkling wit and excellence of their dinner-tables, now entertain on the same lavish scale at their favorite restaurant or hotel.

At Quaglino's, Mayfair rendezvous of London's socially elite, Cafe Society flourishes under the presiding genius of that most popular and competent of hosts, the suave "Quag."

The Duke and Duchess of Kent and their intimate friends the Earl and Australian-born Countess of Portarlington are frequently members of a party here.

The Duchess is regarded by cafe chefs as one of the best connoisseurs of food in London, though she eats very little.

Likes shellfish

SHE is especially partial to shellfish, and Moules Marinere (mussels) or Souffle de crab is sure to be included in her choice of dishes.

If you have a taste for the Bohemian, taxi to the Cafe Royal in the heart of Piccadilly, and here seek the dinner companionship of such artists as Augustus John and the much-discussed Epstein.

At the long refectory tables bearded authors boisterously discuss their latest works and elbow the elegant young portrayers of the ballet, in pale green shirts and vivid neckties.

Perhaps as fellow-diners you would have the glamorous film stars and highlights of stage and screen, then go down the Strand, and, having cocktailled in the American Bar, step into the famous Silver Grill of the Savoy.

Pass to your table between Robert



COUNTRESS REVENTLOW (formerly Barbara Hutton), dancing at a London night club.



LORD RANFURLY former A.D.C. to Lord Grouche, dines at the popular West End rendezvous, Cafe de Paris.



MRS. ANTHONY OSBORNE, personal friend of the Duchess of Kent, at the Cafe de Paris with Mr. Geoffrey Steel. IN CIRCLE: Noel Coward, dramatist, whose wit enlivens dinner at Quaglino's. Mrs. Anthony Eden is his partner.

Taylor, giving his impressions of London, while nearby Joseph Schenck outlines details of another picture.

Haunt of wealthy Indian rajahs and American high-powered business men see at a glance the extremely beautiful Princess of Baroda, daughter-in-law of the richest of India's princes, the Nizam of Hyderabad.

As fair as any European, with thick brown hair coiled elegantly on her shapely head, the Princess perhaps will be in a sari of beaten-silver thread, wearing some of her magnificent jewellery.

If you don't wish to dine early, then reserve a table at the Cafe de Paris.

You will see here Madame Patino, the Marquessa de Casa Maura, Mrs. Reginald Fellowes and others famous for their chic.

Here, too, you may rub elbows on the dancing floor with the Duke and Duchess of Kent, who frequently drop in for a light and very plain supper after the theatre.

Perhaps you would like a gay gipsy atmosphere, surrounded by friends who laugh and hum the enchanting songs of Romany, with a Tzigane

orchestra to soften the blow of the dinner check.

All this is yours for the eating, if you dine at the Hungaria, in Lower Regent Street.

In true Hungarian fashion goulash is served and other peasant dishes will set you back the price of a Royal banquet.

In a central European setting sophisticated society will greet with nods and smiles on all sides Walter Hammond as he drops in fresh from a batting feat.

In this friendly atmosphere well-known singers, who often dine here, will "rise and oblige" with a favorite number.

A typical dinner at one of the smarter cafes would cost over £5 with tips if you dine "a deux."

The menu might be as follows:

Royal Natives (oysters), 8/6; Borsch Livonienne (soup), 3/-; Jullienne de sole Petine murat (sole), 3/6; Caille Royale au Suc d'Ananas (quail), with Haricot verts frais (beans), and Pommes fraies vapore (new potatoes), 8/-; Souffle Helenie (sweets), 3/-; total cost, £1/6/-.

Preceded with a cocktail and accompanied by pink champagne, which is popular on the Continent and in London and adds two guineas to the cost of the dinner.

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY By WEP





A fairy story

The enchanted watchmaker

Honest tradesman who always behaved madly in spring

Once upon a time there was an enchanted watchmaker who always behaved madly in the spring. His name was Francis Gusthaven Leibenhaus.

Nobody knew why his name was Francis Gusthaven Leibenhaus. Some thought it was because his people didn't like him.

It is strange how I came to have the privilege of chronicling the true story of the life of Francis.

I went to his father's watchshop where he was straightening a main-spring. He was an old man and his wayward son

was a source of worry and trouble and secret sorrow to him.

"That boy of mine," the old man used to say. "He's a good boy, but his wristlet technique is cold. Permanent waves for hair-springs. Wrong!"

Shortly after this a witch barged in. She burned a small saucer of

By
L. W. LOWER
Australia's Foremost
Humorist
Illustrated by WEP

here's blood. Sensitive people may now leave.

The witch was doomed from the start—"In the gun" and "On the skids" as it were—for the Fairy Queen immediately rolled up and said, "This is where you get off."

Whereupon the witch rolled herself into a ball and disappeared.

This may all seem irrelevant, but I am coming to the point any minute now.

The watchmaker was commissioned by the Town Clerk to repair the Town Hall clock, which had moths in it. Also ticks.

The old gentleman was very feeble, so he had a ladder with no rungs in it which made it much easier on his feet.

Fixing the clock

WELL, one Tuesday—S. L. Down!—one Tuesday he was swarming up the ladder and had just managed to get to the clock and was hanging on to the minute-hand getting his breath back when he was accosted by a pixie.

"Who is this bounder barging about the belfry?" said the pixie, testily.

"I am here to fix the clock," replied the watchmaker, drawing himself to his full height. He usually kept himself folded up.

"So what?" inquired the pixie. "If you think you can come blundering about my belfry—you slide down that ladder the same as you slid up!"

"Just a minute!" came a small voice. "Hold everything. Now what's going on here?"

It was the Fairy Queen.

Not again? Well, you can't have a fairy story without Fairy Queens in it.

"Well," said the watchmaker in his guileful way, "I just came up to fix the clock, but have you heard this one?"

Little Miss Muffett

Went to a hamburger

To get the poor dog a pork chop.

But when she came out

She screamed with delight:

"Good gracious, I've forgotten the tin-opener."

The pixie looked a bit astonished

and said, "Say that again." So the watchmaker said it again.

"Well, snuck me for a row of sal-cans," exclaimed the Fairy Queen.

"I've never heard the like. Boy, you slay me! Come into the belfry."

The watchmaker crawled into the belfry and the Fairy Queen said,

"What's your name?"

He said, "Francis Gusthaven Leibenhaus."

"Blime!" said the Fairy Queen.

"Take a seat!"

"Thank you," said Francis, "but I have a number at home."

"Another crack like that and I'll turn you into a ladder and you'll

"Hold everything!" ordered the Fairy Queen. "What's going on here?"

have to climb up and down yourself for the rest of your life," said the Fairy Queen in acid tones.

"No offence meant," said the watchmaker. "But you've reminded me of something. I have a ladder outside with no rungs in it. I wonder if you could do something about it?"

"If it has no rungs in it, it isn't a ladder," replied the Fairy Queen.

"Well, I never thought of that," said the watchmaker. "Maybe it isn't a ladder after all. Do you know, I've had that thing for ten years and I always thought it was a ladder."

"We all make mistakes," said the Fairy Queen.

"Yes, it's no use crying over spilt milk," said the watchmaker, shaking his head.

"I always think," said the Fairy Queen, "that a stitch in time has no turning."

"Say, what are you mumbling about?" inquired the watchmaker.

"You started it," said the Fairy

Queen. "Anyhow, a rolling stone gathers no moths."

"You mean moss."

"Ah, you're dumb!" exclaimed the Fairy Queen. "Get on with your clock act. What's wrong with the thing, anyhow?"

"Well, it loses time at such a rate that it's fast in a couple of days, if you get me."

"No, I'm blown if I do," said the Fairy Queen.

"Well, it's like this. If a clock loses time for long enough it must catch up to itself eventually, therefore—"

"Back to your ladder," said the Fairy Queen. "I can stand a certain amount, but I have my limits."

"But what about the clock?"

At this the Fairy Queen folded herself up and faded away, and the watchmaker slid down his rungless ladder and went in search of a clock from which he could get the correct time.



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**CONDEMNED
TO SUFFER?**
Bayer says **NO!**
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ASPIRIN**

No woman should suffer continual pain. Headache, neuralgia, even periodic pain, is unnecessary . . . more, it is dangerous. Pain, had enough in itself, is usually an indication of ill-health to come. Get relief from pain and gain security from ill-health this simple way.

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ABOUT BAYER. He will tell you that Bayer's Aspirin may be taken—should be taken, in fact, at the first indication of pain or ache. Bayer's Aspirin works speedily, yet is quite safe; it will not affect the heart or upset the stomach. Remember, BAYER'S COSTS NO MORE THAN ORDINARY ASPIRIN.

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The Original and Genuine
**BAYER'S
ASPIRIN**

IN HANDY TINS OF 12 - 5/-
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Bayer means Better

How does she
keep so
Youthful and
Attractive

Probably not one in ten could guess her real age. For, thanks to Bile Beans, her figure is still attractively slim—her complexion flawless—and she's as active and happy now as when she was a girl.

You, too, can look years younger and enjoy perfect health by taking Bile Beans nightly at bedtime. Bile Beans are purely vegetable, they tone up the system, purify the blood, and daily eliminate fat-forming residue.

So start to-night with Bile Beans if you want to keep youthful, healthy and slim.



"I got thoroughly run down and there was no sparkle in me at all. But Bile Beans have made a wonderful difference. Now I'm so bright and happy that I can sing all day. Bile Beans have not only made me feel and look youthful, but they keep my figure slim and girlish."

—Miss C. Smith.

"Since I have been taking Bile Beans people often comment on my youthful appearance and clear complexion. Although forty-eight, I look ten years younger. Bile Beans have also reduced my weight by eighteen pounds. I never felt better in my life than I do to-day."

—Mrs. D. Wood.

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NEW RINSO'S extra rich, thick fine-bubble SUDS

give whitest, brightest wash
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LOOK!
..heaps more Suds
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**Amazing
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With equal quantities of old and New Rinso, proves how much extra suds the New Rinso gives—and how much longer they last.



**COLOURS
fresher, brighter**

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like new**

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shades whiter**

Fuel saving RINSO 2-MINUTE BOIL
FULL INSTRUCTIONS ON THE Big New Packet

Full Corroboree

Continued from Page 7

"SAHIB, my camel carriage (caravan) is just in. I heard you speak of King Warri this morning. My drivers tell me they heard from natives that he's expected to hold corroboree."

"At the Hit-or-Miss Well?" Rainse demanded.

"I do not know," Mustapha shook his head.

"Well, I can guess," Rainse growled. "All right, Mustapha. And—er—we can forget the little matter of the beef hide that someone must have—er—mistakenly left in your harness-ah."

"My gratitude, sahib," sighed Mustapha, smiling, and he left. Rainse growled asides at Burks: "I suppose he'll think now he can butcher another stray. Well, you've got to pay for information. Send Ambrose to bring Sammy Boy back from White Horse Station. I think I've got my clue to King Warri. And get the tucker and stuff together for patrol. Six weeks, anyway, if we've got to go as far as the Hit-or-Miss."

Burks went out, and Rainse cranked the telephone to call Oodnadatta. He got the police post.

"Inspector there?"

"He left for Charlotte Waters on business. Anything up, Sergeant?"

"Nothing much. Hear anything about King Warri?"

"Nothing but a rumor among the blacks about a big—"

"Corroboree!" snapped Rainse, exasperated. "I know. Why the devil didn't you call and tell me that days ago? And what's the matter with the black intelligence service? Good-bye!"

He buckled on his gun-belt, inspected his rifle and field-glasses, and then went over to the stables to help Burks. They started the patrol with four riding-horses and three pack-animals just before dark, and made camp, when the moon came up, by a little spring twenty miles from Marree. And Rainse was gratified because Sammy Boy had come back from White Horse Station with the definite news that King Warri was attending the big corroboree, and that half the White Horse Station blacks had suddenly gone walkabout.

Rainse complained bitterly to Burks as they squatted over their billies of tea, and watched the dancing flames of the fire.

"You hang around for days waiting for some information and no one knows a thing. Then suddenly get it tossed at you from all sides. If that man at Oodnadatta wasn't a new chum, he'd have mentioned the corroboree when he first heard about it."

"It's a confounded shame, all right. But maybe he thought you knew," Burks suggested. Rainse said something complimentary about green constables serving their probationary year, and turned his head as an owl hooted and was answered in the shadows of a eucalyptus grove.

They were ten days reaching the Hit-or-Miss Well, over two hundred miles from civilisation and far to the west. Rainse relying partly on his trackers, partly on his pocket compass. The Hit-or-Miss Well was the last of the westerly wells known to the Mounted and, therefore, an ideal place for an important corroboree, since the police never visited it save on urgent occasions.

A day's journey from the Hit-or-Miss Well, the country changed. Sand and spinifex and coarse grasses now, with huge boulders and craggy rocks jutting here and there. They had not seen a solitary black all the way, but that did not mean the blacks had not seen them, as Rainse knew and as Sammy Boy pointed out one noon when they made a dry camp.

"Black fella savvy too much," he said cryptically, pointing. Rainse could discern nothing with the naked eye, but, focusing his glasses, he saw faint smoke signals going up ten miles away.

"Too right," he agreed irritably. "They've spotted the patrol." He wondered if word would reach King Warri and warn him.

The patrol came to the Hit-or-Miss Well at last, a deep hole inside a long narrow cave, amid a vast area of giant boulders and almost precipitously sloped rocky hills that defied the shifting sand. They found the well full, the water cool and gurgling up from some underground lake or river. They found, also, no corroboree taking place, and that confirmed Sergeant Rainse's private theories.

"If it was an ordinary corroboree, just for a dance or a sing-song or to exchange information," he said to Burks, "they wouldn't bother to hide it. But a big corroboree, such as one to initiate the young men, to elect chiefs or talk war—that's secret. They hide out for it."

Burks wrinkled his nose at the acrid, musty reek of bats in the cave, and rolled a cigarette to help him stand it.

"But they'd certainly hold one near water," he pointed out.

"Too right," Rainse agreed. "But at that they might be sitting fifty miles away and sending the lubras in for water only when they needed it. And the lubras would hide trail."

"They'd have a job hiding trail in this filth," Burks ventured, looking at the cave floor. Rainse nodded as they went out.

"Tracks are plain there. Two or three days old, I'd say. But wait until we really start trying to follow."

Sammy Boy and Ambrose, the trackers, seemed uneasy.

"Big fella corroboree," said Rainse. Sammy Boy looked at him, licked his lips, and nodded.

"Too much big fella."

"How many black fella go him corroboree?"

"He'll have a job guessing that," chuckled Burks.

"You're still a new chum—just a jackaroo," said Rainse disgustedly. "He can tell by the number of lubras who come for water."

SAMMY BOY went into the cave and was gone about fifteen minutes. He came out, followed some obscure tracks for fifty yards, perhaps, and then trotted back. His eyes were big.

"Plenty big fella." He swallowed hard with excitement. "Three, four—" He held up his hands, fingers spread wide, closed them, and spread them again several times. Rainse grunted moodily.

"I suppose he means villages or tribes in attendance. Must be several hundred. And you'll notice they must have known the Hit-or-Miss Well wasn't missing. Else so many wouldn't have come. That's your bush telegraph. And smoke signals are the least part of it."

"Do you think we can handle a mob like that?" Burks asked uncertainly. "Maybe we ought to wait until they're through and King Warri's only got his own personal family around him."

Rainse laughed drily.

"The beastly thing might last for days, weeks even, if the water and grub hold out. It all depends on what's being discussed or done. Fill up the canteens and water-bags. We'll make tea and have some scoff, and start." He looked at Sammy Boy. "My word, you big fella tracker. You good fella tracker. Now Baldy Bill him go walkabout. We findum corroboree, Sammy Boy."

Sammy Boy was obviously not entirely happy or pleased, but his pride was touched. Head tracker now. His chest swelled.

"We findum," he said importantly. "Me better big fella tracker Baldy Bill. Him talka long too much. Me talka long not too much."

"He's taking a crack at Baldy Bill's habit of boasting," Rainse grinned aside. "Well, it'll keep him on edge, maybe. But I wish we had Baldy with us. He's the best tracker in Australia and afraid of nothing, except, perhaps, his tribal witch doctor."

They started as soon as they had eaten; Ambrose and Sammy Boy scouting ahead, and the two policemen bringing along the horses. The track was fairly plain across the rock for a few hundred yards, but after a while it ran out and the trackers began to cast in circles. Two hours later Sammy Boy found more tracks which gave them direction.

They emerged from the gully. Rainse surveyed the horizon through his glasses and shook his head.

"Seems like there's a blur over there that might be trees or dunes," he pointed. "We'll just have to trail blind for a while. If no luck, tomorrow we might have to turn back and wait for the lubras to come for more water. At that, we'd have a job. Couldn't keep them in sight, in case they spotted us and deliberately turned us wrong. And if we took one, she wouldn't talk. Not about a big corroboree."

Keep free from ACIDITY with Eno!

Excess of acid in the body is responsible for many ailments, such as indigestion, flatulence, biliousness and sick headaches.

Acidity can generally be traced to our modern diet, and especially heavy, rich food, or to over-indulgence in drinking or smoking. This acid condition can easily be corrected by the alkalising properties of Eno's 'Fruit Salt'. Already widely known as the world's most pleasant aid to internal cleanliness, the value of Eno's 'Fruit Salt' as an alkalising agent can be judged by this fact. One teaspoonful of Eno is equal in alkalising value to nearly a tumblerful of pure orange juice. Take Eno's 'Fruit Salt' regularly. It will gently but thoroughly clear your system of poisonous food waste, and at the same time ensure freedom from acidity.

ENO'S "FRUIT SALT"

Eno costs 2/3 and
double quantity 3/9

AD 118



**All eyes
are on your
fireplace**

THE fireplace is the very centre of your room. There's nothing more inviting than a sparkling, shining grate. And it is so easy now to keep your fireplace bright the whole year round. All it needs is a quick rub over with Zebo—the modern liquid stove polish.

Shake a little Zebo on a cloth or brush, polish the grate briskly.

There are no elaborate preparations.

ZEBO
Also ZEBRA
in Paste and Packets

The Modern Polish
for Stoves and Grates

Please turn to Page 20

Some NEW LAUGHS

"Most jokes were old and mellow when we were seventeen. When we are old and mellow, they'll still be evergreen."



CUSTOMER: This hat rather suits me, doesn't it?
SHOP ASSISTANT: That is your old hat, Madam, only you've put it on upside down.

MOPSY—The Cheery Redhead



"Now, isn't that provoking? My umbrella's inside out, and the stick's broken."



JONES: Polished woman, Mrs. Brown, don't you think?
SMITH: Yes, very. Everything she says casts a reflection on someone.



"Waltz, fox-trot, polka—it's all the same to me."
"Yes—I've noticed that."

"WEANING?"
That'll be
all right
you'll find"

says

Mrs. MOTHERWELL



"You must expect baby to object to a change of diet—and he's only one way of expressing himself—but he has to get used to a mixed diet. I've always found Robinson's "Patent" Groats the greatest help at this stage—it really does enable baby to keep his temper! It's a finely ground cereal food easily prepared—the directions are on the tin. And it contains all those good things which help baby to develop sound and healthy bone and muscle."



ROBINSON'S
"PATENT" GROATS

GENEROUS FREE SAMPLE of Robinson's "Patent" Groats will be sent to you if you write to Colman-Kee (A/Asia.) Ltd., G.P.O. Box 2503MM, Sydney, N.S.W. Please enclose 2d. stamp for return postage.

Brainwaves...

A prize of 2/6 is paid for each joke used.

NEW BOARDER: When I left my last boarding place the landlady wept.

Landlady: Well, I shan't. I always ask for payment in advance.

"I UNDERSTAND your business premises were burnt down!"

"Yes"
"But I always understood you weren't insured."

WHAT induced you to strike your wife?"

"Well, she had tier back to me. The frying-pan was handy, and the back door was open, so I thought I'd take a chance."

BILLIE: Mummy, is it one o'clock?

Mother: Not yet, dear.

Billie: H'm, then my tummy's fast.

"WHAT'S your name?" asked the woman who was engaging a maid.

"Miss Jones."

"But surely you don't expect me to call you Miss Jones?"

"Oh, no, not unless you haven't an alarm clock."

SHYLY she presented the bank teller with a crossed cheque for payment.

"I'm sorry, Miss!" he said politely, "but I cannot cash this across the counter."

"Oh, never mind," she said, with an engaging smile. "I'll come round your side."

Don't let a Blemish ruin your Appearance



precious and uneven taints on face, neck, arms or back will no longer mar your appearance if you use Coverspot. A light application gives unexcelled evenness and also makes powder cling hours longer.

Thousands of women now rely upon Coverspot to conceal ALL kinds of skin blemishes, such as pimples, spots, skin discolorations, dark circles under the eyes, scars, scratches, and many others.

Coverspot is plant, does not fade or easily rub off, and its presence cannot be detected under the strongest light. Medical men recommend it because it cannot harm the finest skin. Get some to-day—you may find a need for Coverspot to-night.

Two sizes—Economy Jar, 4/6; handy purse size, 1/6. Four shades.

AT ALL CHEMISTS AND STORES,
or write to Sales Representatives
THE BRITISH HAROLD F. RITCHIE CO.
LTD.

55 York Street, Sydney

MAKES COMPLEXIONS WINTER-PROOF TOO.

Sharp winds are sending a warning to tender skins that winter's sterner weather will wind-scourge complexions until they redden, chafe and roughen. But wintry weather cannot mar your skin if you take the precaution to apply Coverspot as an



Coverspot
CONCEALS ALL SKIN BLEMISHES
SAFE... HYGIENIC... CANNOT HARM THE FINEST SKIN



NEW DRUG is cure for PNEUMONIA

Sulphanilamide puts an end to many types of germ infection.

By Our Medical Correspondent

One of the deadliest diseases of modern life, acute pneumonia, is being cured by a remarkable new drug, sulphanilamide.

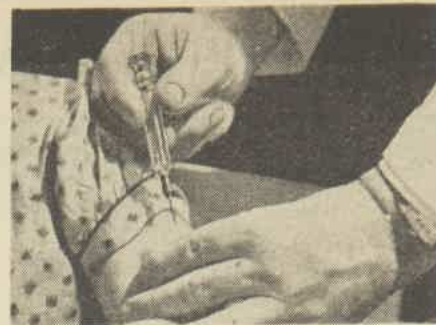
OXYGEN has always been the great standby in the fight against pneumonia.

THE curative effects of the drug have caused a sensation in medical circles.

After seven months' research in the U.S.A., a leading authority announced: "People

just won't die from pneumonia any more."

This news is of vital interest to Australians, for in Australia pneumonia kills one in every seventeen persons; it spares neither young nor old.



SULPHANILAMIDE is administered by injection as above, or by tablets in small doses every few hours.

In the old days the disease was blamed on a "chill"; to-day it is known that it is due to the invasion of the lung by a germ called the pneumococcus.

This germ lurks harmlessly in the human mouth and throat. But give it the slightest advantage—congest the air passages by exposure to cold, add an infection of other germs, "a cold" or flu, weaken the patient by fatigue—and, presto! the harmless germ has become a killer.

Or the patient may survive the dramatic "crisis," only to die of an exhausted heart in the early days of convalescence.

Now from Britain and America come physicians' reports showing that pneumonia can be controlled, and even cut short, by various preparations of sulphanilamide.

In a recent "Lancet" doctors report a series of successes, stating: "In all cases in which the drug was administered in full and efficient dosage, the subsequent course was uneventful and recovery rapid."

What results of this kind mean to Australians may be seen by comparing the present treatment of pneumonia in this country. Chief reliance is placed on an "oxygen tent" or administering of oxygen by a nasal tube.

This relieves a chief symptom of pneumonia, but it has no effect on the fever, delirium, increasing weakness and failing heart. These are due to toxins (poisons) formed by the pneumonia germs.

Many obstacles

OF late physicians have been endeavoring to fight these toxins with antitoxins.

But they found themselves confronted by a difficulty. There are various "strains" or types of pneumonia germ; an antitoxin must be made for each type.

The preparation of antitoxins being at present tedious, intricate and costly (at least in Australia) one can see at once the great advantage of the new drug, which is literally a ready-made artificial antitoxin.

This remarkable drug was only discovered in 1936, and has a queer history. German research-workers, trying out the antiseptic powers of certain dyes, found a red-brown one which was deadly to germs of the "coccus" type.

Among the latter are the germs of pneumonia, sepsis, meningitis, and tonsillitis.

Since then the drug has been freely used the world over in cases of blood-poisoning due to coccus germs.

An example which came under the notice of the writer recently was that of a Sydney man who developed blood poisoning as the result of a cat scratch.

His doctor put him in a private hospital and gave him sulphanilamide, both by tablet and injection. He was cured within two days.

At Gunnedah (N.S.W.) a little girl of six developed septic meningitis following on middle-ear infection. This sequel is usually fatal. Her doctors used a form of sulphanilamide called "sulsoceptaine" by injection, as well as the ordinary form by the mouth. She was cured.

No rose without a thorn, say the maxim-makers, and most idols have "feet of clay." Owing to wonderful results obtained, sulphanilamide would probably become a universal popular remedy like aspirin, were it not that it has a toxic effect of its own.

This is not evidenced in every case, but capriciously and unexpectedly. No one can tell whether sulphanilamide will agree with a patient or not.

If not, there is a harmful action on the blood.

The "wonder drug" is thus likely to remain one which can only be ordered by a physician and administered under his surveillance.

GAS FIRES

FOR HEALTH AND Economy

THEY SAVE WORK TOO

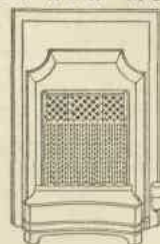
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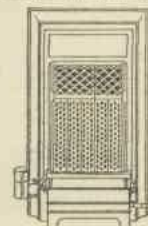
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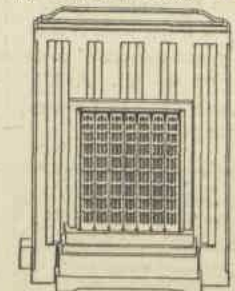
OTHER NEW MODELS



Finished in a number of bronze and pewter shades. Terms, per week **1/4**



Specially designed as the perfect fire for any small room. Finished in gold. Terms, per week **1/3**



Hammered metal and art finishes. Automatic ignition. Terms, per week **1/5**

FASHION PORTFOLIO

May 20, 1939

The Australian Women's Weekly

First Page

EVENING COATS



• AUSTERITY OF LINE and a slim, slim waist reflect the elegance of a past era. Deepest ink-blue velvet is glamorised with gold sequin leaves.

• VERY RUSSIAN IN FEELING—black velvet three-quarter length coat, heavily inter-lined. Two bejewelled clips soften the severity of the neckline.

• OLIVE-GREEN VELVET WRAP, flowing fully from the waist, and topped with a luxurious wealth of sable.

• INSPIRED BY A VICTORIAN LADY—this deliberately demure burgundy velvet coat, with beguiling flashes of kolinski, and muff to match.

Classic . . . or romantic



• DORVILLE'S engaging dark grey frock for afternoons in town. The skirt is a flurry of inverted pleats, lined with vivid color.



• A FLIRTATIOUS cocktail cap in corn-flower-blue felt with an uprush of ostrich tips over the forehead.

• A NAVY FROCK by Isobel with intrigue in the white pique leaves at the shoulder line. Repeated, too, on the gloves. (Left.)

• THE NEWEST adaptation of the Australian soldier's hat in off-white fur felt with a royal-blue stitched felt bow across the front. (Extreme left.)

PARIS

BY AIR MAIL FROM MARY ST. CLAIRE

SKETCHED BY PETROV

SNAPSHOTS



1 HATS made from two or three real orchids stitched on to tiny net crowns are the latest Parisian craze. They are guaranteed to last for three or four days, and the minimum cost is three hundred francs (£2).

2 ENTIRELY different make-ups for day and evening wear are now de rigueur. It is "la mode" to be brown and hearty in the daytime with glowing cheeks and scarlet lips, but in the evening one must become pale and interesting, with white skin and only the suggestion of color in the cheeks, dark shadows under the eyes and a neck of alabaster whiteness.



3 GOLD and silver discs, such as have always been favored by the gipsies, are being used to edge and decorate many velvet boleros for evening wear. Elaborate designs appear on fronts and backs, and again on the tiny matching velvet skull caps worn with them. These boleros complement Chanel's sensational gipsy-striped evening skirts.

4 EVERY "bottier" in Paris is experimenting with heels. First favorites are Enzel's transparent glass heels on silver kid evening sandals, while Bunting's new cube heel is two-and-a-half inches high, and protrudes at the back beyond the shoe itself. Georgette's new sports shoes are soled and heeled in thick felt, and Bentivegna is doing high buttoned boots with elegant Cuban heels for day wear. The three shoes from Bunting, sketched at left, are: Top, violet-blue suede with kid pipings; centre, deep wine-red kid with gold pipings; and bottom, rust-red satin and gold kid.



* Individual, hand-cut patterns are obtainable for fashions appearing on other pages, sketched by Petrov and Rene and overseas fashion photos. Price 3/6. Send for a free self-measurement form.

Here's an exciting new

WINTER SPORTS CARDIGAN

Color combinations

ALTHOUGH the original design for the sports cardigan pictured on this page was knitted in navy-blue and white wool, other color combinations would also look attractive. Maize and brown, for instance—using brown for the bands—would be bright and easy-looking. Or perhaps you can think of other shades that would combine well in this design.

KNIT it now and you'll have it ready for mid-winter fun in the exhilarating outdoors. It's a smart, new design in navy and white wool.

PLANNING a holiday in a month or so in the snow-clad mountains?

Then you'll need this smart cardigan. It's specially designed for snow sports wear

and is knitted in navy-and-white wool. It buttons up the front and is finished with a double collar in the two colors.

But perhaps you are not

The warmest way to keep sleek

Not a ripple anywhere! "Luxuree" fits as smoothly as your sheerest chiffon hose. You get this moulded fit because "Luxuree" is knitted with a high-tension elastic stitch that combines silk with the softest silkiest wool. Ask for Bond's "Luxuree" silk-and-wool vests at all stores . . . Be sure that Bond's label is attached to every vest.

Bond's
SILK WITH WOOL
"Luxuree"
VESTS

2'11
SLEEVELESS 2'6

Open top: S.W., W., 2/4; O.S., 2/11.
Tube top: S.W., W., 3/4; O.S., 2/11.
Sleeveless (knit shoulder): S.W., W., 2/4; O.S., 2/11; X.O.S., 3/11.
Short sleeves: W., 2/11; O.S., 3/11; X.O.S., 4/11.
Long sleeves: W., 3/11; O.S., 4/11.
Also: Spencers, pullover style, 3/11. Button front, 4/11.



KNITTED IN white and navy-blue wool this attractive sports cardigan is the ideal garment for winter snow sports. Make it now from the instructions given on this page.

planning a winter vacation. Well—knit this cardigan anyway, because it will prove the most attractive addition to your wardrobe for general sports wear—tennis and skating especially.

Notice the pattern. It is a pretty diamond design which runs in horizontal bands around the white portion of the cardigan.

The double collar is a new feature which gives an attractive finish to the garment.

Navy buttons to match the contrasting bands should be used for buttoning the jacket in front.

Don't be worried about the white wool soiling quickly—it's shrink-proof, so you can launder the garment over and over again without the slightest fear of it shrinking.

Here are the knitting instructions:

Materials Required: 5oz. "Sun-Glo" shrinkproof 3-ply fingering wool, white; 3oz. "Sun-Glo" shrinkproof 3-ply fingering wool, navy; 2 pairs needles, Nos. 9 and 11; 3 buttons.

Measurements: Length from top of shoulder, 19in.; bust, 32in.; length of sleeve seam, 5in.

Abbreviations: K, knit; p, purl; st., stitch; tog., together; w., white; n., navy.

Tension: 8 rows 1in.; 6 sts. 1in.

BACK

Using No. 11 needles and navy wool cast on 104 sts. Work in rib of k 1 p 1 for 4in. (working 1st row into back of sts.) Change to white wool and No. 9 needles. Work 2 rows st-st., increasing 1 st. in last row.

1st Row of Pattern: P 1, * k 7, p 1. Repeat from * to end of row.

2nd Row: K 2, * p 5, k 3. Repeat from * to last 7 sts. P 5, k 2.

3rd Row: P 3, * k 3, p 5. Repeat from * to last 6 sts. K 3, p 3.

4th Row: K 4, * p 1, k 7. Repeat from * to last 5 sts. P 1, k 4.

5th Row: P.

6th Row: Repeat 4th row.

7th Row: Repeat 3rd row.

8th Row: Repeat 2nd row.

9th Row: Repeat 1st row.

10th Row: P.

11th Row: K.

12th Row: P 2, k 2, to last st. K 1.

13th Row: P.

14th Row: K 2, p 2, to last st. K 1.

15th Row: K.

16th Row: P.

Continue working in pattern until work measures 13in. Shape armholes by casting off 5 sts. at the beginning of the next 2 rows. Decrease 1 st. each end of next 5 rows, then every 2nd row 5 times. Continue in

pattern until armholes measure 7in. Cast off 7 sts. at the beginning of next 8 rows. Cast off.

RIGHT FRONT

Using No. 11 needles and navy wool cast on 48 sts. Work in rib of k 1 p 1 for 4in. (working 1st row into back of sts.) Change to white wool and No. 9 needles, work 2 rows st-st., increasing 1 st. in last row. Work in pattern until work measures 13in.

Cast off 5 sts. at armhole edge of next row. Decrease 1 st. at armhole edge of next 5 rows, then every 2nd row 5 times. Continue in pattern until armhole measures 4in.

Shape neck by decreasing 1 st. at neck edge of every 2nd row until decreased to 28 sts. When armhole measures 7 inches shape shoulder by casting off 7 sts. at armhole edge of every 2nd row 4 times. Work left side of front to correspond.

RIGHT FRONT

Band: Using navy wool and No. 11 needles, with right side of work towards you, pick up and k 152 sts. down right front.

Work in rib of k 1, p 1 for 1½ inches.

Next Row: Rib 4 * cast off 3, rib 68 sts. Repeat from * once, cast off 3, rib 3.

Next Row: Rib 3, * cast on 3 sts. rib 68 sts. Repeat from * once, cast on 3 sts. Rib 4. Work in ribbing for 1 inch. Cast off.

LEFT FRONT

Band: Using navy wool and No. 11 needles, with right side of work towards you, pick up and k 152 sts. down left front.

Work in rib of k 1, p 1 for 3 inches. Cast off.

Sleeves: Using white wool and No. 9 needles cast on 80 sts. Work in rib of k 1, p 1 for 1½ inches. Change to No. 11 needles and navy wool. Work in rib for 2½ inches. Change to No. 9 needles and white wool and work in pattern, increasing 1 st. each end of every 6th row until increased to 88 sts. Work 6 rows. Decrease 1 st. each end of every row until decreased to 22 sts. Cast off.

Navy Collar: Using No. 9 needles cast on 150 sts. Work in rib of k 1, p 1 for 4 inches.

Next Row: * K 1, k 2 tog. Repeat from * to end of row. K 1 row. Cast off.

White Collar: Using No. 11 needles cast on 150 sts. Work in rib of k 1, p 1 for 3 inches.

Next Row: * K 1, k 2 tog. Repeat from * to end of row. K 1 row. Cast off.

To Make Up: Press with warm iron and damp cloth. Sew shoulder, side and sleeve seams. Sew sleeves. Sew collars around neck. Sew buttons on left front.

OUR PATTERN SERVICE



WW2875.—Bolero suit. 32 to 38 bust. Material required: 3½yds. for suit, 36ins. wide, and 1½yds. for blouse, 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/1.

WW2876.—Evening gown. 32 to 38 bust. Material required: 7yds., 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/1.

WW2877.—For skating. 32 to 38 bust. Material required: 1½yds., 54ins. wide, for jacket, and 1½yds., 54ins. wide, for skirt. Pattern, 1/1.

WW2878.—Slacks and blouse. 32 to 38 bust. Material required: 2½yds., 36ins. wide, for blouse; and 2yds., 54ins. wide, for slacks. Pattern, 1/1.

WW2879.—Draped style. 32 to 38 bust. Material required: 4½yds., 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/1.

WW2880.—Tailored frock. 32 to 38 bust. Material required: 3½yds., 54ins. wide. Pattern, 1/1.

WW2881.—Matrons' mode. 38 to 44 bust. Material required: 4½yds., 36ins. wide, and ½yd., 36ins. wide, lace. Pattern, 1/1.

Please Note!

To ensure prompt despatch of patterns ordered by post you should: * Write your name and full address in block letters. * Be sure to include necessary stamps and postal notes. * State size required. * For children, state age of child. * Use box numbers given on concession coupon.



WW2876



WW2877

WW2878

Special Concession Pattern

THREE CHARMING COATS for Boys 4-10 years of age.

Sizes 4-6, 6-8, and 8-10 years.

No. 1 requires 1½ to 1½yds., 54ins. wide.

No. 2 requires 1½ to 1½yds., 54ins. wide.

No. 3 requires 1½ to 1½yds., 54ins. wide.

Concession Coupon

Available for one month from date of issue. 3d. stamp must be forwarded for each coupon enclosed. Patterns over one month old, 3d. extra. Send your order to "Pattern Department," to the address to your State, as under.

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Patterns may be called for at addresses appearing on page 3.

PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS CLEARLY IN BLOCK LETTERS.

NAME

STREET

TOWN

STATE

SIZE

Pattern Coupon, 20, 5" x 23"



BANISH BILIOUSNESS THIS PLEASANT WAY

Wise people, if they have any cause to fear a bilious attack, take Andrews Liver Salt as a precaution, knowing that it will stave off the attack by assisting Nature to function properly. Since Andrews promotes the flow of bile to assist the digestion of fats it quickly corrects any bilious condition.

OSMOSIS one action of Andrews that is truly important

Of the four actions of Andrews Liver Salt, that which works by osmosis is most important, since it has a beneficial, cleansing effect on the intestinal tract through which the body derives its nourishment:

- (1) Andrews corrects stomach acidity without causing excessive alkalinity. Its minute bubbles of carbon-dioxide soothe the inflamed linings of stomach and bowels.
- (2) Andrews eliminates waste by osmosis, or the flow of fluid through the bowel walls from surrounding tissues. This flow cleanses without harming the delicate bowel lining.
- (3) Andrews has a moderate stimulating effect on the bowels—neither the drastic purging of harsh purgatives, nor the irritation of rough patent foods.
- (4) Andrews has also a directly beneficial action on the liver, increasing the flow of bile necessary for digestion. Andrews is far, far more than just a saline, as results prove.

It must be remembered that Andrews is pleasant to take, refreshing to the palate with its bright sparkling effervescence. In order to achieve the most good, Andrews is made to effervesce slowly, its action being gentle and thorough and safe. It is the ideal laxative for all ages—children like it, and it has no griping or unpleasant after-effects, nor does it form habits. So many doctors endorse Andrews Liver Salt, which has the largest sale of any effervescent salt in the world—a popularity that has constantly grown during a period of nearly 50 years.

Take Andrews Liver Salt if you suffer from
 Constipation Lassitude
 Dyspepsia Rheumatism
 Flatulence Headaches
 4 oz. tin, 1/6; 8oz. tin, 2/6
 All Chemists and Stores.
 Australian Agents: Salmond & Spraggon
 (Aust.) Pty. Ltd., Sydney, Melbourne,
 Brisbane, Adelaide, Perth.

ANDREWS LIVER SALT

The Ideal Tonic Laxative

EFFERVESCING — PLEASANT-TASTING — THOROUGH

LARGEST SALE OF ANY EFFERVESCING SALT IN THE WORLD



Already five out of every nine women have changed to MYZONE for better relief of period pain. For MYZONE's own actevin (anti-spasm) compound brings such quick—and more complete and lasting—relief without any "doping."

When you feel you are going mad with those dragging muscular cramps... when headache

and sick-feeling, and that dreadful weakness makes you want to sit down and cry... let MYZONE bring you blessed ease and comfort.

Just take two MYZONE tablets with water, or cup of tea. These wonderful little tablets are Science's aid to nature, and can show you that normal periods need not ever be painful. Try MYZONE on your very next "pain."

2/- box. All Chemists.

Full Corroboree

Continued from Page 12

SAMMY BOY and Ambrose sat down to smoke and think and Rainse and Burks brewed more tea. Black trackers cannot be hurried. Half an hour later, Sammy Boy grunted, put away his pipe in his hair beneath his ragged sombrero, and went to the near side of the rocky ridge they had surmounted. Crawling back up it, he searched its surface with his face almost as close down as a dog's would have been. He seemed to find what he sought at last—Rainse guessed it was a small pebble misplaced—when he turned and pointed.

Ambrose watched him intently, seeming to fix the direction of his finger in mind, and then turned and trotted out across the level, turning every few yards to keep in line with the pointing finger. Finally he stopped and made a long mark in the ground, and Sammy Boy came and joined him.

"Well, it seems they've decided on the direction," said Rainse. "Come on!"

It was nearly a mile then before they came up to a scratched-up patch of sand, with dingo sign around it, and it was Rainse who figured that out while Sammy Boy was puzzled.

"They stopped here to eat and buried the scraps. The dingoes dug 'em up. And I'll bet the dingoes followed them after that."

Sammy Boy grunted and clucked his approval as he absorbed the idea. That was reasonable.

"So far so good," stated Rainse, sitting on his saddle and watching Burks water the horses from the dented-in top of his sombrero, filled from the canteens. "We light no fire to-night and we keep sharp watch. I'll take the first with Ambrose. And keep your guns handy. I've no wish for a shovel-blade spear in my ribs."

They took the trail again as soon as it was light. The dingo tracks faded then before noon, when they came on the signs of a fight between two dogs.

They found a wildflower crushed by a heavy heel half a mile further on, and then the trail ran over a flatish area of totally barren lava that ran for miles. When they made camp that evening, Rainse drew hard on his cigarette and searched the horizon with his glasses. The blur he had seen some time back was now plain as a line of low hills.

"That's where they're heading," he said confidently. "It's the only place for a corroboree near here, and it can't be too far away, because of the trek for water. To-morrow we'll just make a bee-line, and cast about when we reach the first slopes."

They came to the slopes of the low wooded hills soon after noon the next day, and the search was over without need for further tracking.

Faintly down the wind they heard the booming of drums and bull-ropers—oblong, flat pieces of wood or stone, hole-pierced and whirled rapidly on the end of a string.

They left the horses tethered in the trees after dark, and crept silently up a slope above which was reflected the red glimmer of giant fires. The corroboree was in full swing.

Rainse and Burks stared down at a wild firelit scene where warriors in huge tapering head-dresses, stiffened with lime and other ingredients, decorated in white and red all over, and with leaves tied to their ankles, stamped pugnaciously back and forth.

Old men and lubras chanted for them, and rattled boomerangs. Skeleton-showing domesticated dogs slunk everywhere. Groups of younger lubras stood about and stamped, and shook bunches of leaves and eagles' feathers to incite the warriors forward. A group of wizened, horribly scarred chiefs sat about a circular diagram painted on the ground—a totem—and they sang to it:

"Yarra da la danya yi!
Yarra da la danya yi!"

"I was afraid of this," Rainse whispered after a while. "It's a war corroboree. They're drinking water from skulls. There must be close to a thousand abos here. When the war dance gets serious, they'll send the lubras and children away."

Quiet fell suddenly, as if a great door had been shut, and only the hissing of the fires and the growling of the dogs could be heard. Then a man got up from the circle of chiefs, and Rainse drew a sharp breath. King Warri! He would have recognised the old savage anywhere, in spite of the new wounds cut on his chest and thighs to make decorations, in spite of his

painted face and body, with feathers plastered on him with dry clay and blood.

He rattled a war boom-rang against a shield and roared into speech. Rainse leaned over and took the trembling Sammy Boy's shoulder in an iron grip.

"What him black fella King Warri say?"

Sammy Boy roiled his eyes. He swallowed.

"Fella masta King Warri say," he faltered at last, "time him come King Warri show pickanin black fella him great masta altogether. Him say"—Sammy Boy swallowed hard again—"him say plenty beef, plenty bacca, plenty horse, plenty grub where white fella master lib."

"I had the idea," agreed Rainse grimly. "The old boy's out for prestige. He wants to start raiding all the lonely stations. One success or two and we'll have every tribe from the Territory clear to Port Augusta running amuck."

"But he must know he can't succeed in the long run," Burks said.

"He probably does, but he's hoping he can. It's his last fling. If he doesn't do something like that he's finished as king. And if that happens, he'll be easy for the Mounted to pick up, unless one of the young warriors kills him for his wives. He's a sly old bird."

"Well, what do we do?" Burks demanded. "We can't take him out of a full corroboree—a war corroboree."

"Can't we?" said Rainse grimly. He got to his feet. "What do you think the Mounted's for? Ball-room dancing?"

Burks gulped and scrambled up beside him, and a shell into his rifle barrel, and loosened his revolver in its holster. The two trackers, shaking and ash-faced, stood up also. Whether they liked it or not, they had to follow the policemen.

And then what seemed like a thunderbolt fell on all four men from behind. A boomerang knocked Sammy Boy down before he could utter a word. A club all but brained Ambrose.

Rainse went on his knees with a heavy, acid-smelling body on his back, and strong hands groping for his throat. He heard Burks thrashing around close by, and then, getting his gun free, he twisted and fired.

The body dropped from his back, but before he could straighten two dark forms closed and took him down again. Then something struck his head and he lost consciousness.

RAINSE came to in the midst of a deafening, hysterical uproar. It was still dark and the fires were still roaring high. He was bound hand and foot, with Burks at his side, their backs resting against a fallen tree. Sammy Boy and Ambrose groaned near his feet and before him a howling, fanatical mob of armed warriors and screaming lubras stamped and danced and mocked, shaking spears threateningly, waving boomerangs. And King Warri stood by, grinning evilly, slapping a butcher's knife against the palm of one hand.

"Well, this looks bad, Burks," Rainse managed. "Warri must be pretty desperate or pretty sure of himself to go this far. It's not often they touch the Mounted."

Burks answered with a groan. Sudden silence fell again, and King Warri eyed the captives. He chattered rapidly, evilly, waved the knife and then came closer to Rainse.

"Much time you white fella police takum King Warri alonga long you," he spat. "Much time King Warri lib too much white fella master prison. Now me fassum. No more white fella master. All too much black fella master, big fella King Warri!" He turned to the silent corroboree and broke into rapid, impassioned speech. Rainse kicked Sammy Boy.

"What him say?" he demanded. "Him say he showum. He showum thing makum white fella yill. Makum white fella cry. Makum white fella lib no more. He showum him real fella King. White fella him no good. He takem kidney-fat. Him showum kill all white fella."

"So he's going to torture us," Rainse muttered. "To show he's not afraid of white men. He must be barmy."

Please turn to Page 22

THE BRIDE'S COLUMN

By Mary Sheraton

June is Bride's month, so the magazine editors tell us. Why June seems to be blessed with such romantic attributions I cannot tell. Perhaps it is tradition. Tradition with we British is steeped with old folk lore. And the Nuptial Ceremonies certainly are full of quaint, but likeable, customs.

It is all so much part and parcel of to-day's Ceremony, that it is now called Etiquette.

To help the Bride-to-be over those hundred and one little difficulties that crop up before, during, and after the Wedding Ceremony, I have prepared the Bride's Book of Wedding Etiquette.

This book is free to engaged girls only, and you can obtain your copy by calling to see me at Behar-falls, or by filling in the coupon below, and posting.

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Ask for free entry form in Behar-falls Brides' Homeplanning Competition. Nothing to buy; just tell us how you would plan a simple home. It will give wonderful experience to inexperienced home furnishers. Our new, 40-page Catalogue will help country brides.



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Name
Address W.W.

Trained Nurse Offers Remedy for Grey Hair

Recommends Simple Home-Made Mixture That Quickly Darkens It.

Miss Mary J. Hayes, a well-known nurse, makes the following statement about grey hair: "The use of the following remedy, which you can make at home, is the best thing I know of for streaked, faded, or grey hair, which turns black, brown, or light brown as you desire. Of course, you should do the mixing yourself to save unnecessary expense."

"Just get a small box of Orlex Compound from your chemist and mix up with 1 ounce of Bay Rum, 3 ounce Glycerine, and 1 half-pint of water. This only costs a little. Comb the liquid through the hair every other day until the mixture is used up. It is absolutely harmless, free from grease or gum, is not sticky, and does not rub off. Itchy dandruff, if you have any, quickly leaves your scalp, and your hair is left beautifully soft and glossy. Just try this if you would look years and years more youthful."

If Your Ears Ring with Head Noises.

If you have roaring, buzzing noises in your ears, are getting hard of hearing and fear Catarrhal Deafness, go to your chemist and get 1oz. of Parment (double strength), and add to it 3 pint of hot water and a little sugar. Take 1 tablespoonful four times a day.

This will bring quick relief from the distressing head noises. Clogged nostrils will open, breathing become easy and the mucus stop dropping into the throat. It is easy to prepare, costs little and is pleasant to take. Anyone who has Catarrhal trouble of the ears, is hard of hearing or has head noises should give this prescription a trial."

Prizes for Letters

Each week £1 is paid for the best letter, and 2/6 for every other letter published. Address "So They Say," The Australian Women's Weekly. Full address will be found at the top of page 3.



Start a Controversy

Write briefly, giving your views on any subject you please. Controversial letters are welcome. Pen-names are not permitted. Readers made this rule for themselves by ballot.

FAMILY BICKERING

IN the rush of busy life to-day, many of us seem to become impatient with our families. Wise parents do not pay too much attention to this, or worry about what seems like irritability.

In most cases members of families do not take each other very seriously, and even a heated argument is soon over and forgotten.

All day we move among comparative strangers, and are forced to guard our words and deeds. When we come home and we can be natural, we look for understanding even in our quarrels and eccentricities.

£1 for this letter to Millie Mills, 24 Park Ave., Randwick, N.S.W.

LACK COURTESY?

WHAT is the reason for the growing lack of good manners of Australian men?

Several times lately I have noticed men of my acquaintance fail to remove their hats when they meet me in the street. Instead, they lift a languid finger in the direction of the brim of their hat, or if carrying a newspaper raise that in salutation.

Also, the number of men who smoke when walking with a feminine friend is increasing daily. Small courtesies seem to mean nothing to them.

Miss W. Seaton, Glen Osmond Rd., Eastwood, S.A.

ILLOGICAL WOMEN

HOW illogical women are! Recently I heard several of them speaking most contemptuously of an acquaintance who "dyed her hair."

Yet as I listened I looked at the rouge on their cheeks and the lipstick on their lips.

Why is it such a dreadful thing to color grey hair, but quite desirable to paint sallow cheeks? Are not all these things aids to beauty, the difference being merely one of degree and not of kind?

Yet women who tint their grey hair always feel guilty, and hide the fact.

Mrs. D. Durno, 11 Ashgrove Ave., Ashgrove, Brisbane.

PRACTICAL GIFT

A RECENTLY-ENGAGED girl announced her intention of having a sewing machine as a betrothal gift instead of an engagement ring.

This decision appalled many of her friends, who said she was devoid of sentiment, and had made a choice which she would regret. According to them, she could buy a machine later on, but an engagement ring was a memento which it was foolish to refuse.

The bride-to-be, defending her choice said she preferred to have something which would help her with her trousseau and be of lasting value.

Did she make a wise decision?
E. A. Paterson, 23 Mackenzie St., Seaford, Vic.

WEDDING RING

RECENTLY I saw for the first time a young man wearing a wedding ring.

His devotion to his wife and child, his pride in them, and his obvious happiness made me sure he wore the ring because he really wanted to.

How very nice if other men followed suit! Surely there are some who are not ashamed to show the world that they are married.

And what greater compliment could a man pay to his wife?

Miss R. McGrath, Box 57, Brookton, W.A.

Are dogs really worth all this attention?

YES, Miss Forsyth (29/4/39), listening to an uninterrupted discourse on the family pet's antics is apt to be bored. But talking of dogs is not the only boring subject.

The ideal hostess should gauge the interest of her guests and set the conversation accordingly.

Sometimes it may be polite to inquire after Fido's health.

Mrs. I. M. Jackson, Middleton St., Highett 821, Vic.

Good company

DOGS can become a bore and a nuisance, but they serve too useful a purpose to be condemned on that account.

The boy or girl who owns a dog generally belongs to a home where tolerance and kindness are placed above meticulous orderliness, and a happy background in childhood is a sure stay through life.

In homes where the children have grown up and gone away or in childless homes a dog is a friend indeed.

Miss R. Walker, 168 Rowe St., Eastwood, N.S.W.

Helps conversation

I THINK Miss Forsyth misunderstands the motive of the hostess who talks of her dog.

Often this is done in a breezy way to set the guests at ease, and to give them something that they can all talk about.

To speak of anything impersonal is certainly preferable to talking of one's clothes, or operations, or neighbors. And there is nothing worse than hearing a hostess give the praises of her husband and children, unless it is a recital of their faults.

Thanks be to any animal that saves us from embarrassment.

Mrs. J. R. Crees, Campbell St., Bowen Hills 11, Brisbane.

Lose dignity

IT is very annoying indeed to be introduced to animals which are treated as though they are of more importance than humans.

Women lose dignity when carrying dogs in their arms in public. They would look much happier and contented with children.

To adopt a child or help some hard-worked mother would be better than to pay unnecessary attention to a small overfed dog.

Miss Betty Brady, c/o P.O., Geelong, Vic.

Gives affection

PERHAPS many women do show more devotion for their dogs than for their husbands, but this may be excusable.

A woolly little stub-tailed dog



Shares afternoon tea

that barks and jumps with glee every time he meets his mistress has, perhaps, a greater claim to her affection than a man who slouches in for tea and complains about the way the soup is made.

John F. Kerr, 101 Fry St., Grafton, N.S.W.

Can irritate

SOME women talk silly baby-talk to their dogs and ignore the annoyance to visitors when the animals jump all over their clothes.

Who likes being licked by a big dog, or having a snuffling little poodle breathing all over the afternoon tea? I think it is disgusting to allow a dog to stay inside the house, yet often we see "darling Fido" occupying the most comfortable position in front of the fire.

Miss J. Selwyn, Anzac Highway, Glenelg, S.A.

Differing views about men's clothes

DISCUSSING color in men's clothes, Mrs. C. Buest (29/4/39) states that men should hesitate to wear more than one color.

While not advocating drabness, I agree that men should use colors sparingly. The smartness of color uniformity in male evening dress is certainly a powerful argument in favor of quietness.

When men strive for brightness in colored clothes and accessories, they often look effeminate or like characters from a musical comedy setting.

Mrs. E. Kellie, 18 Caulfield Ave., Hollywood, Adelaide.

Feminine right

WOMEN should be the last persons to advocate gayer colors in men's dress. Think of the competition that would arise!

In past centuries, when men wore vivid silks and satins, we are led to believe that they outshone the women in magnificence. Surely we don't want that sort of situation to arise again.

We have come to regard color in dress as our own feminine prerogative, so why give up the advantage we have gained?

Would our prettiest evening frocks look so effective if our escorts were also wearing bright colors?

Eve Main, Pacific Highway, Killara, N.S.W.

New Personality

A WOMAN, however charming and entertaining when single, loses a great deal of her individuality when she marries. She then assumes new responsibilities and with them a new personality.

The principal interests of a young married woman are her home, husband and children, and these gradually assume such importance in her life that she finds it hard to show any interest in outside affairs.

Where once she entered into spirited discussion on general topics, her conversation now centres on domestic affairs. Sooner or later, alas, her friends are forced to admit that she is "rather a bore."

Mrs. G. Harris, Mia Mia, Salisbury Rd., Willoughby, N.S.W.

Color influence

I DO not agree with Mrs. Buest that men's dress should remain plain. A man has as much appreciation of color and needs color just as much as women, so why should he be condemned to go around indefinitely in a dark suit?

There is no doubt that color does influence life. When a woman feels "in the dumps" she goes out and buys herself some new colorful fad-deal to drive away her depression. Why should a man be debarred from this relief?

S. Wilmington, Box 38, P.O., Bundaberg, Qld.

Too conservative

MY contention is that men are too conservative in their dress. What looks more ridiculous than to see a man sweltering in a thick suit when the temperature is over 100°?

If linen suits were worn, they would look well and, what is more important, would feel cool. Wake up men and try them!

Mrs. H. Goodsir, Debonair, 34 Cornwall St., West Moreland N12, Melbourne.

Brighten sports

IF men would adopt brighter colors for their clothes, what a difference it would make to sports gatherings everywhere.

We see the girls wearing pretty dresses, whether they are merely on-lookers or participants, but the men wear the same old drab suits every time.

Mrs. Stone, Victoria Pde., Abbotsford, Vic.

Should Australia follow British customs?

I AM sure, Miss Rosman (29/4/39) that every true Australian will welcome the appointment of the Duke of Kent to the office of Governor-General of our country. But



Old customs best.

I agree that there is no need for us to adopt formal British social procedure.

On the contrary, I feel that His Royal Highness would prefer us to be natural, and that he should have the opportunity of seeing Australia and Australians as they really are.

Miss R. Woolley, 220 Gilbert Rd., Preston, N18, Vic.

Less ceremony

AUSTRALIANS definitely do not want the pomp and class-distinctions of England.

Our forefathers built this country on a spirit of equality, combined with intelligence and humor, so let us retain this worthy outlook.

Isobel Knight, Rob Roy, Icely Rd., Orange, N.S.W.

Keep traditions

MISS ROSMAN'S ideas are not very consistent, as even "free and easy" Australia to-day has much stiff formality.

"Rules of precedence" are followed in every grade of society, sport, work, and religion.

Just as every nation and country in the world (even the totalitarian States, which are opposed to everything democratic), carry out the rules of precedence and old traditional customs, so do we!

Let us keep the good old courteous customs!

Mrs. R. J. B. Hardy, Mountain View, Springbrook, Qld.

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Use **STABLOND** THE FAIR HAIR SHAMPOO

If flowers break

If a bloom breaks at the head of the stalk when you are arranging flowers, bind it with a thin strip of adhesive plaster, and it will last almost as long as the others.

WHAT does it matter," Burks growled, "if he means it? We're hundreds of miles in the Never-Never. It'll be weeks, months, perhaps, before word goes back. He'll get away with it."

"You don't know the Mounted yet," Rainse said, laughing a little, without mirth. "They'll get him, if it takes them years and they have to turn Australia upside down."

In the front row of the warriors, gazing fiercely and intently at King Warri, was a fantastically attired black whom Rainse recognised. Baldy Bill!

So this was where Baldy had come for his walkabout! Rainse called. Baldy Bill's eyes flickered towards him, glistening mad, without recognition, and Rainse growled.

The fever was still upon his head tracker. Not even all the years they had worked together, starved

and thirsted together, almost died together, could bring memory back to Baldy right away. He had reverted to type. Normally, the Baldy Bill he knew would have died for him. But in such a corroboree as this—a full war corroboree, which had undoubtedly been going on for days—Baldy Bill would be one of the first to rip him apart, unless—

"Baldy!" roared Rainse, all the old crackling whip-lash authority in his voice. "What for you standum there? My word, I come knock devil out longa you! Getum horse! Getum grub! Getum rifle! We make patrol!"

King Warri stopped speaking and half turned, scowling. Baldy Bill blinked and gazed blankly at Rainse.

"What for we bin tie up? What for you no savvy me? You big fella

Full Corroboree

Continued from Page 20

tracker. You best fella tracker all over. I savvy longa that King Warri fella! Him no good black fella! He finished with a roar: "Come here, you Baldy Bill!"

As in a dream, Baldy Bill came forward.

"What for white fella policeman talkum alonga you?" challenged the king. "You savvy him too much?"

"Me"—Baldy Bill hesitated, shook his head as if to clear it—"me savvy him too much," he stammered, dazed and bewildered. He stared at Rainse, and the Sergeant saw glimmerings of sanity in his staring eyes.

"What sort big fella tracker belonga you?" Rainse said scornfully. "What sort belonga police boy? You walkabout see black fella and him fella no good. Belonga long prison. What happened fella that belonga you? What happen fella rifle? What happen fella trousers? Sammy Boy no good. Ambrose him no good. Only Baldy Bill, best fella tracker belonga all Australia. What for you stand there? Come here!"

Baldy Bill came, like a man in a dream, until King Warri checked him. King Warri spoke in the dialect, and Sammy Boy growled.

"Him tell Baldy Bill if him friend alonga you him kill Baldy Bill too much. Him eat kidney-fat. Him say Baldy Bill take knife and killum police fella master."

The corroboree shivered with excitement as Baldy Bill approached Rainse.

"Baldy," said Rainse huskily, "if it's got to be done, let someone else do it. Not you. I—hang it all, we've had the long patrols together. You savvy me altogether, Baldy?" And then he gulped. As Baldy Bill faced him and was turned away from King Warri and the tense corroboree, he saw that the tracker's eyes were clear and sane and that a little smile played about his lips.

ME savvy," Baldy whispered. He bent lower, as if to stab the Sergeant. "Me cuttum hand quick," he said tensely. "Me takum gun quick, you cuttum leg. You cuttum big fella master Burks."

"Right!" snapped Rainse. "Let's go!" Baldy Bill reached over Rainse's shoulder and drew the razor-sharp knife across his wrist lashings, a hasty stroke that sliced flesh as well as cord. But Rainse's hands were free. Baldy dropped the knife, jerked Rainse's revolver clear of his holster, and whirled. Then King Warri roared and hurried the great war boomerang.

Baldy Bill dropped to one knee, so it thudded against a tree in the timber beyond him, and then the roar of the revolver smashed through the night. King Warri spun, staggered, and howling with the sting of a wounded shoulder, fell to one knee.

Rainse had his legs clear and Burks' revolver in one hand while he cut Burks' lashings with the other. The trackers were freed.

Rainse straightened, hitched up his belt, and took charge.

"King Warri," he snapped, "you are under arrest for the murder of three station hands at Alice Springs. You come longa long me. You lib for prison too much. You no kill white fella. You no kill black fella any more."

Rainse jerked his handcuffs from his hip pocket, strode forward, and snapped them on King Warri's wrists.

"What black fella seeum King Warri killum station black fella longa

Alice Springs?" he demanded of Baldy.

"Black fella him name Neranga. Black fella him name Torli. Lubra she name Monin. I savvy more, but no see."

"They'll do," Rainse decided. "Order them out here."

The three witnesses came, not altogether willingly, but urged on by an awed curiosity. Rainse took Burks' handcuffs and linked the two men together. The lubra he linked with King Warri, to that warrior's snarling disgust.

All the ingrained awe of the South Australia Mounted had descended on the corroboree.

"Where you takum fella rifles?" Rainse demanded. Baldy Bill spoke, and presently the rifles came, passed from hand to hand.

"Now we'll go back to the horses," Rainse decreed. "Take Sammy Boy and Ambrose and the prisoners, Baldy. Sammy Boy will show you the way. We'll cover the rear."

They backed slowly out of the circle of the firelight and into the darkness of the trees, and no one moved. Once in the dark, they hurried, while behind them there rose first a curious, thin wailing, then the shrill, taunting cries of the lubras urging the men on. Rainse did not draw an even breath until he was astride his horse again and the prisoner and the witnesses were secured.

The patrol travelled until dawn before they made camp. The following warriors gathered at a distance and made gestures, but there was no attack, and after a while they sullenly drifted away, baffled without a leader. Baldy Bill came to Rainse as the Sergeant was swabbing out the sullen Warri's wound.

"You savvy me sorry altogether," began Baldy Bill hesitantly. "Me go walkabout. Then head him walkabout too. Then stomach him walkabout. I savvy not much. I altogether makum fool."

Rainse did not answer. Baldy Bill shifted from one leg to the other, and tried again.

"Me head fella tracker?" He waited. "Me best fella tracker longa all Australia, huh?" he added. Rainse glared at him.

"What for you no fixum camp? What for you let Sammy Boy fixum? What for you no seem to horses? You still walkabout altogether? My word, I knock devil outum you! Jump!"

"Wah! Me jump too much," choked Baldy Bill happily. He began industriously scrubbing his body with sand to get the paint and feathers off. That done, he approached Sammy Boy with an ugly scowl.

"What for you wantum hat?" he demanded ferociously, jerking off Sammy Boy's battered sombrero. "What for you wantum shirt, wantum trousers? Takum for me." Sammy Boy sulkily disrobed. Baldy Bill put on the clothes and seized the rifle.

"I tellum," he said scornfully. "What sort head tracker you thinkum? No savvy trail. What for you let big fella master Sergeant getum caught? What for you no listen wild black fella come behind and jumpum? Head fella tracker! Wah! You makum lubra laugh too much. Now you move, fore I knock devil outum you. Feedum horse. Waterum horse. Makum fire too quick. I tell you. Head tracker tell you. You run... So!" And he planted a heavy kick on Sammy Boy's naked body. The walkabout was over.

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Fallen stomach, weakened intestines (see picture above on left), and many obscure nerve disorders can result from an under supply of Vitamin B₁—the important NERVE VITAMIN.

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Mandrake the Magician



THE STORY SO FAR:

MANDRAKE: Master magician, and
LOTHAR: His giant Nubian servant, unmask the cat-faced figure which has tried to prevent
ELLEN: From staying in her house for a month so that she can collect a legacy. They learn that the eerie figure is really
DON: Ellen's fiance, who is poor and does not want Ellen to become rich. Ellen is overjoyed at the discovery

and explains that if she loses the fortune it goes to an institute. Mandrake is considering who could be the "ghost," which has also visited the house, when, after a knock at the door, they find outside
MRS. WOODS: An elderly woman who says she used to live in the house and has come for a box she left there. They follow her upstairs and suddenly Ellen faints. **NOW READ ON:**



TO BE CONTINUED

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Assorted Creams

EACH OF THE 15 VARIETIES IN PEEK FREAN'S FAMOUS ASSORTED CREAMS IS AN ENTICING COMBINATION OF DELICIOUSLY FLAVOURED CREAM AND PERFECTLY BAKED BISCUIT. PEEK FREAN'S CREAMS ARE LOW COST LUXURIES



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They live on these
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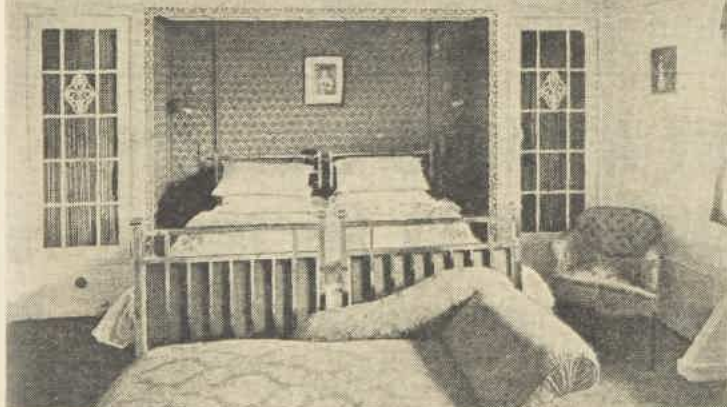
Canada and
back in
luxury
liners



IN CIRCLE:
The spacious
entrance to
"A" deck on
the liner
Empress of
Australia,
chosen for the
outward
voyage to
Canada.



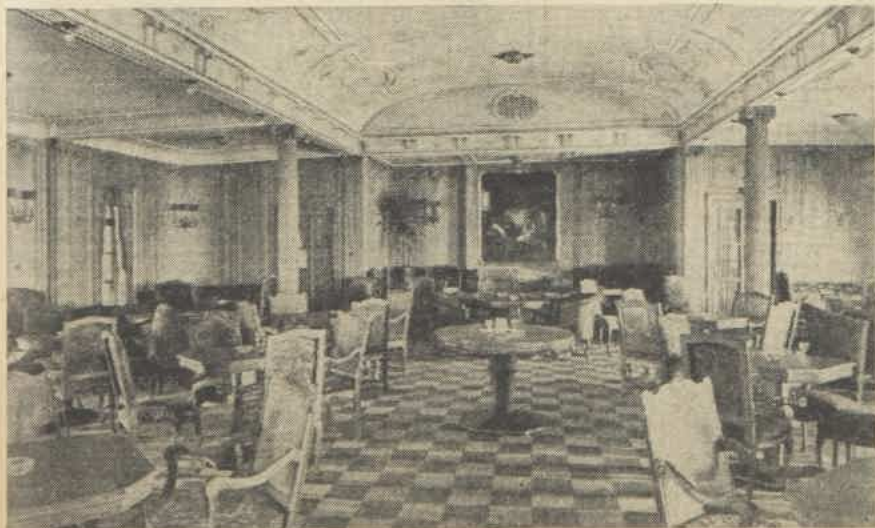
THE KING AND QUEEN on the yacht Victoria and Albert. The Empress of Australia, chartered for the Canadian tour, was commissioned as a Royal yacht.



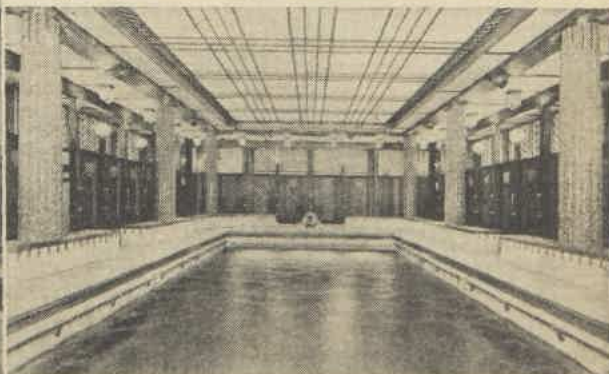
A CABIN DE LUXE on the Empress of Australia. The ship was refurnished to accommodate the King and Queen and the Royal suite. Dignity is the keynote of the ship's new decor.



THE EMPRESS OF BRITAIN, recently in Australia, will carry the King and Queen back to England. Above is shown the writing-room.



SMOKING-ROOM on the Empress of Australia. Comfort and restrained luxury are features of this room in a floating castle.



THE KING is an enthusiastic swimmer. The Olympic pool on the Empress of Britain will be a favorite spot with him on the return crossing from Canada.

WHEN EU-thymol daily!

The regular, twice-daily introduction of Euthymol into the mouth, provides the greatest protection which science can devise.

And what grand protection it is, for Euthymol actually kills the deadly dental decay germs in 30 seconds contact. Used on the toothbrush, Euthymol breaks into myriads of minute bubbles which search out and penetrate every tiny crevice, destroying the bacteria and bringing fragrant cleanliness. Euthymol, though pleasant to use, is selected by leading members of the profession, because of its unique ability to cleanse the mouth, polish the teeth and provide protection against gum infection.

Because clean, healthy teeth are better than a lot of vain regrets, Euthymolise twice a day—every morning and every evening.

Obtainable at chemists
and stores everywhere.
1/3 per tube.

Euthymol

TOOTH PASTE



Nervous, Weak, Ankles Swollen?

Much nervousness is directly traceable to poisons in the Kidneys and Bladder, which also cause Getting Up Nights, Burning Passages, Swollen Ankles, Backache, Rheumatism, Cries Under Eyes, Stomach Acidity, Low Pulse and Headaches. The Doctor's prescription Cystex starts eliminating these poisons in 3 hours, quickly ends Kidney and Bladder troubles, restores energy, health and steady nerves. Cystex must prove entirely satisfactory and be exactly the medicine you need or money back is guaranteed. Ask your chemist for Cystex today. The guarantee protects you. Now in 3 sizes: 1/9, 4/-, 8/-.

Cystex
GUARANTEED for Kidneys, Bladder, Rheumatism

American girls like to be told their faults

Flattery is not way to their hearts,
says Australian lecturer

By INGRAM SMITH

Australian delegate to World Youth Conference held in New York.

You mustn't praise American University girls—they think you are not sincere. Criticise them and they'll love it.

After I had tried the praise technique at American Universities where I lectured, an American girl student put me wise.

"WHY do you think Bernard Shaw is the most popular Britisher in America?" she asked. "I'll tell you—While the boat's still out in the Atlantic an enterprising radio man asks him to say a few words of welcome to America.

"And what does he say? Why, he tells us we're a race of barbarians, that we lack culture, that we can't tell bally-hoo from sincerity, that our politics are child's play.

"In fact, he can't think of one good reason why he should come here except that it pays him to do so.

"And what is our reaction? We love it. We lap it up. Say, try telling us some of our faults. You'll do better that way."

So for the first ten minutes of my lecture next day I told four hundred students some home truths about themselves, mixed with a little humor.

I need not have been dubious as to the success of such tactics. As my benefactor had said they would, they lapped it up and asked for more.

But, to make sure I got away with it, I concluded with, "I knew you were big enough to take it. That's why I handed it out."

This tickled their pride, and everyone was pleased, and particularly me, because I had learned a sure-fire method of attack.

American girls are like that. They want the facts.

Each year now more and more

co-eds are taking subjects previously considered the sole prerogative of man.

Science, law, and business principles have their followers, while some are even encroaching on the wholly masculine territory of mining and civil engineering, and they are making a job of it.

But along with this there is no loss of charm.

Courses in dietetics give instruction in what to eat for a balanced proportion of calories, starches, and acids to achieve abundant health along with a slim figure.

Lessons in beauty

IN beauty culture there are lessons for correct stance, poise, dress, and the art of make-up.

What shades of color suit the co-ed best, and the manner of their application—these are included in the curriculum of most Universities. And the student can take a degree in these not unimportant subjects.

Nor is this training and knowledge wasted, for in travelling through the States it remained a source of constant amazement to me how young and delightfully fresh American women look—no matter what their age.

One Saturday evening I was invited by a co-ed to a ball. Oh, yes, it was quite maidenly for her to do the asking, for there is one evening in every year when the co-ed has her choice of a man, but—she pays for the privilege. It is called "Co-ed night."

Here is the invitation; she makes the arrangements; buys the tickets; orders the taxi or borrows a car.



MR. INGRAM SMITH, Australian lecturer, says American girls do not resent criticism.

She arrives in her own time to pick him up, bringing a buttonhole which she pins to his lapel; her own corsage came out of her purse.

On this particular night the co-ed who invited me to partner her had her own car. As it was raining she brought an umbrella and insisted on sheltering me from the blast while we made the car. I was refused the driver's seat. This was her show.

At the ball she continued to take the lead by arranging the dances to suit herself, and by paying for the drinks and cigarettes. When she felt inclined she asked another fellow to dance with her. Just one night

when the co-ed, can really show her independence and get away with it.

Most of the Universities are co-educational, but some, such as Harvard, Yale, and Princeton, are exclusively male and others conclusively female.

Of these latter the most notable are Vassar and Smith.

Vassar is a beautifully situated college at Poughkeepsie, on the Hudson River, within a few miles of the President and Mrs. Roosevelt's New York residence.

It is to this home the First Man and Lady in the land retire whenever they can manage a few days away from their duties.

MANY A MAN IS DISCUSSED LIKE THIS by his employers



HORLICKS guards against NIGHT-STARVATION

FARMER'S

Mail orders to P.O. Box 497 AA, 'Phone M2403.



Fairy-blue, new cardigan in the "WINDBELL" STITCH

Gay little windbells have danced into the pattern of this snug cardigan-jumper in fairy-blue, with the cosy neckline. The pattern is exclusive to Farmer's and given free with your wool. You need 5 skeins Lincoln Mills Spira, costing

8'9

Knitting Wool, Ground Floor
Mail your order

★ Usually 19/6, and now reduced to only 13/6 each.

★ Moore lined, fitted with inner zipper and mirror.

★ Colours are black, navy, and a few in teal, wine.



Blithe leather bag . . .

The "Vagabond"

Introducing the new jollity in bag fashions—of soft dolphin leather which takes lots of knocking about. Very roomy, it has a simple envelope fastening, and two leather handles which you swing over your arm. Also with long shoulder straps.

13'6

Ground Floor. Mail Orders, P.O. Box 497 AA.



Cardigan time

Reductions on fleecy-fine fashions

Your soft, fine cardigans for winter, in all the flowery, lovely colours which make this one of the gayest times of the year! Specially priced so that you can start the cooler weather in style . . . both made in cosy all-wool, S.W. to O.S. Normally 29/11, now

17'11

SPORTSWEAR, SECOND FLOOR. MAIL ORDERS TO P.O. BOX 497 AA.



8'11. Us. 12/11
Halo breton, wine,
navy, green, brn.



9'11. Us. 16/11.
Amer. sports block
. . . Many colours.



12'11. Us. 18/11
Doll's hat in navy,
wine, black, brown



10'11. Us. 16/11
Halo breton, navy,
wine, black, brn.

All Sydney acclaims the fact that it's

Hat Week at Farmer's

★ Never before a
feature Hat Week.

★ 2000 models reduced!
All styles, colours.

★ Models from Paris
and America, too.

Never before in Farmer's history! 2000 hats of every wanted style and shade dramatically reduced—in the first feature Hat Week ever held in this store! Hats we wouldn't ordinarily dream of selling at these prices . . . hundreds of imported models included . . . sacrificed for this unique week only.

MILLINERY SALON, THIRD FLOOR.

STOCKS FOR MAIL ORDERS.



BABY FOODS have progressed yet another step with the aid of modern science. Vegetables, soups, fruits and cereals are "homogenized", by famous Libby's, improving their nutritive qualities. Per tin, 10½d.

Ground Floor. Mail orders.



PLAYING CARDS to lend interest to family nights at home or for when friends drop in all set for fun. Handsome double packs, linen-grained, with pictorial backs, normally 3/11, now specially priced at 2/11

Stationery, Ground Floor.



FLORAL BASKETS of fine "Majolica" twisted porcelain. We've imported them from Italy to grace your occasional tables . . . daintily hand-made, and five inches long. Usually 10/6. Remarkable value at only 4/6

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BEAUTY BAND by Kleinerts . . . comfortable, washable, durable. A soft rubber band, it holds the hair off your face when applying cosmetics, and is wonderful for strengthening sagging chin muscles. 1/11

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USE Michels

AND COUNT YOUR COMPLIMENTS

Compliments galore—and romance—come to the woman whose mouth is kissable, whose lips are kept young and lovely with Michel Lipstick. Michel Lipstick is a well-balanced lipstick. It spreads evenly, gives a feeling of dewy freshness. Keeps lips soft and appealing. It is truly permanent. Its colors are flattering and its perfume inviting.

6 BEAUTIFYING SHADES

BLONDE CHERRY
VIVID CAPUCINE
SCARLET RASPBERRY

Price 2/- each

OBTAINABLE FROM ALL CHEMISTS AND STORES



What Women are Doing

Appointed to take charge of railways' model nursery

BECAUSE she loves children, Sister Muriel Polkinghorne is delighted with her new appointment as sister in charge of the Victorian Railways' model children's nursery. She succeeds Sister M. Northcott, who resigned recently.

Assisted by other members of the staff, Miss Polkinghorne has charge of more than 500 children each week.

"The idea of the nursery," she said "is that mothers can leave their babies here while they go shopping. We take children from two weeks old to about nine years in the case of girls, and about six or eight in the case of boys.

"Although the kiddies have all kinds of toys to play with, they seem to like most of all to watch the real trains." Sister Polkinghorne continued, pointing to a row of little heads at a big window overlooking the railway yards.

"They love, too, the birds we have in big aviaries along the wall, and the goldfish in their glass tank."

Sister Polkinghorne, who was born in Latrobe, Tasmania, gained her nursing experience at the Geelong and Hobart general hospitals, and at the Tandarra Welfare Training School, Vale Street, East Melbourne. She has always been keenly interested in baby health centre work.



A TRICYCLE race, with Sister Polkinghorne as starter, about to begin at the Victorian Railways' Nursery.

Advices country women on rural problems

RARELY is Miss Lorna Byrne in her Sydney home, as most of her time is spent travelling in the country districts on her work as organiser of the women's section of the N.S.W. Agricultural Bureau.

The bureau helps farmers' wives by supplying them with information of technical and cultural value.

Miss Lorna Byrne was appointed organiser in 1927, and she has been responsible for the formation of many branches of the bureau in rural districts.

Amusing stories are told by Miss Byrne of the early attempts by the bureau to interest country people in the movement. Men thought that the idea was to train rural women in the art of ploughing, harvesting, and shearing, and they were diffident about giving their support, as they wondered who would do the necessary housework.

Women were equally shy about discussing their housekeeping problems, but the work of the bureau in recent years has had splendid results.

On May 29 Miss Byrne will begin a weekly session of broadcast talks to country women on rural citizenship, relations of the home to the farm, and many other subjects. She will enlist the co-operation of trained authorities on drama, good reading, vegetable growing, bee-keeping, bush fire control, grasshopper control, and other matters of interest to country women.



Miss Lorna Byrne

Trained nurse for sick dogs now has own hospital

WHEN Lady Dugan returns to Adelaide on her way to Victoria, where Sir Winston Dugan will become State Governor, she will have a happy reunion with Jimmy, her little Australian terrier.

While Lady Dugan has been in England Jimmy has been in the care of Mrs. S. G. Bailey, of Adelaide, who for seven years has run a hospital for dogs.

Mrs. Bailey treats the dogs as if they were human patients, and in winter the wards in which the dogs are housed have fires day and night, and each animal has its own warm jacket for night wear.

Brought up on an English farm, where she was always encouraged to look after the animals when they were sick, Mrs. Bailey became nurse for a veterinary surgeon.

An Australian studying with the surgeon engaged her to come to Australia to take care of his canine patients. This position she held for twelve years.

Then she bought a property and began her own "hospital," which is open for "free" as well as "paying" patients. The "free" patients consist of animals which have been run over, are strays, or are the property of people who cannot afford to pay for treatment.

Jimmy was a patient from Government House on several occasions, but his present visit is merely that of boarder, not patient. Mrs. Bailey will take him by car to Melbourne when Lady Dugan is settled in Government House there.

Writer on child welfare praises work here

QUAINT little stories of the life of a real child are the main features of "Lancelo Asks Why," a book written by Mrs. Eirna Schneller, a Viennese doctor of history and literature, who is living in Melbourne.

Mrs. Schneller wrote her book for young mothers, nurses, or governesses and based it on the diary she kept after her own little daughter was born.

Published in German it has been translated into French and Hungarian.

Especially interested in children's welfare and education, Mrs. Schneller has visited many of the kindergarten and holiday homes in Victoria, and has been greatly impressed by the infant welfare work done in Australia.

Girl cycling champion breaks four records

UNKNOWN in the cycling world six months ago, Miss Gretchen Hill, of Adelaide, is the first girl cyclist to attempt to establish new records in South Australia.

When she became interested in cycling she did not imagine that in such a short time she would not only break existing Australian women's records held by Miss Joyce Barry, but also break a man's record over the course.

Miss G. Hill—Mora.

The Adelaide - Gawler - Adelaide course.

Till four months ago, Miss Hill had used only a roadster cycle to travel between her home and the city, but, fond of sport, she read of the records established by Joyce Barry, and determined to try her ability at cycle racing.

Each evening she trained on a racing cycle by herself, till it was considered that she was proficient enough to attempt a record for the Adelaide - Gawler route. Under official surveillance she covered the distance in record time, despite most trying weather conditions.

Miss Hill is wicket-keeper for the Waratah Women's Cricket Club, which is affiliated with the South Australian Women's Cricket Association. She has studied music, and is a fine pianist.



Miss G. Hill—Mora.

Get More Security For FALSE TEETH Loosened by Shrinking Gums



The illustration shows how shrinking gums cause a dental plate to become loose by depriving it of the firm, even foundation it needs. Have your dentist re-adapt your plate to changed gums. And until your dentist has made this change you can use and count on PASTERETH to give valuable daily aid in holding a wobbly plate more securely. PASTERETH, sprinkled on your plate, forms a thin, retentive seal between plate and gums that helps you eat, talk and laugh with greater confidence. Helps safeguard your public appearance from the annoyance and embarrassment of a loose plate. Being mildly alkaline (non-acid) PASTERETH checks gum soreness or burning due to chafing of a loose plate or excessive acid mouth. No oily, sticky taste or feeling. Get PASTERETH today from any chemist, and enjoy ease and confidence of a more securely held plate.

Any dental plate held tighter by PASTERETH leads to better eating enjoyment and social pleasure.

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Aladdin KEROSENE MANTLE LAMP!

Price £4/10/- complete with shade.

Now's your chance to get a Modern White Light Aladdin for your family at a big saving. Swap that old petrol or air gas lamp on a liberal trade-in allowance of £2 and save real cash. Don't wait—act now. Write to-day for details. Dept. A.W.W. Aladdin Industries Pty. Ltd., 61-71 Bourke St., Watson.

SEND IN ANY TYPE OF PETROL OR AIR GAS TYPE LAMP AND Get This Liberal TRADE-IN ALLOWANCE on the beautiful Aladdin shown at left.

Enjoy this Modern White Light—Now at a Big Saving



TROPIC BEAUTY for your FINGER TIPS

From the Tropics, where Nature's loveliest colors are found, fashion experts bring the perfect shades for your nails. See how exquisitely Glazo captures their subtle beauty... select your own flattering shade to-day!

FAMOUS STARS CHOOSE TROPIC. Hollywood—The favourite beauty aide, nail polish shade is Glazo's sunny, delicate TROPIC. "I love it," says Joan Bennett. "It's fascinating!" Like all Glazo colors, TROPIC gives you days' longer wear.

PARK AVENUE GOES CONGO. New York—The deep, luscious orchid-rose of Glazo's Congo is seen at the smartest places. Every Glazo shade gleams with rich non-fading brilliant lustre.

PALM SPRINGS TAKES CABANA. Palm Springs—At this style-making resort, the popular nail shade is Cabana—Glazo's gay rusty-red color. Glazo nail polish goes on easily and evenly; does not streak or run; and dries quickly.

IN BERMUDA IT'S SPICE. Bermuda—The tempting exotic, burgundy color of Glazo's Spice is the vogue. Get the becoming new Glazo shades at all chemists and stores.

Other Glazo fashion-shades: Sunset; Old Rose; Thistle; Rust; Russet; Shell. All shades, extra large size, 2/-

Glazo's NAIL-COTE guards nails against splitting and breaking; gives added gloss; makes your polish last longer. Only 2/-



GLAZO The Smart Manicure

THE GENUINE 3-IN-ONE OIL



3-IN-ONE OIL

For sewing machines, typewriters, guns, bicycles, tools, etc.

BRONCHIAL ASTHMA JUST A FEW SIPS AND—LIKE A FLASH—RELIEF! Sleep Sound All Night.

Spend 2/3 to-day at any chemist or store for a bottle of Buckley's CANADIOL Mixture (triple acting)—by far the largest-selling cough medicine in all of blizzard cold Canada—take a couple of doses and sleep sound all night long. One little sip and the ordinary cough is "on its way"—continue for 2 or 3 days and you'll hear no more from that tough old hang-on cough that nothing seems to help. [9 million bottles sold.]

Buckley's CANADIOL MIXTURE



As supplied to Canadian Government and to the Canadian Mounted Police. A Single Sip Proves It

Tone up your skin
—bring it radiant,
NEW BEAUTY—



with Pear's
Tonic Action

ECONOMY NOTE

There is no waste with Pear's Soap. It stays firm till it is worn to softer thickness. The softer, moistened, fits snugly into the hollow in the palm, and becomes part of it.



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A. & P. PEAR'S LIMITED

Pardon for Patricia

Patricia is a beautiful child of 11. When I called on her family, Pat was shut up in her room. "She's so sullen and bad-tempered these days," explained her mother, "that I don't know what to do with her."

At my suggestion, the child was pardoned and one glance told me the cause of her ill-temper. "Yes, she's been constipated for some time," agreed her mother. "I'm now giving her lots of 'bulk.' Don't you think it's the best thing?"

I didn't. I pointed out that "bulk" alone could not correct constipation. For nearly always the bowels want more strength, not more work. The whole trouble is that our modern food is scandalously lacking in Vitamin B.

To end or avoid constipation, then, we must have lots more Vitamin B! My own family take a spoonful of flaky Bemax with our cereal every morning. This provides the 200 extra units of Vitamin B that doctors say we all need. No wonder it improves health and vitality! Already, after only a week of Bemax, Pat's mother is delighted at the change in the child.

Gladly sent free—a little book named "Vitamins and Health." Send a card to B. Max (Dept. P12), P.O. Box 3679, S.S., Sydney.

Bemax—From Chemists and Stores, 1/6 a tin—a month's supply for an adult.

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SOOTHED AT ONCE**

Pain Driven Clean Out

Don't be a martyr to crippling lumbago pain! One application of St. Jacob's Oil and your agonizing pains go. First you feel your skin begin to tingle. Second, your afflicted muscles relax. Pain goes. You actually feel this soothing oil sinking deep into your painful muscles. You feel it drawing the pain clean out! St. Jacob's Oil does not burn the skin. Always keep a bottle handy. Your chemist sells St. Jacob's Oil.



PROF. GEORG SZELL and his wife, laughing after they had exchanged a few candid comments on the Professor's packing.

WOMEN to blame for those MANNERISMS

Famous conductor says musicians "play up" to feminine audiences

If a musician resorts to antics and mannerisms on the concert platform impressionable women are probably to blame for it, according to Professor Georg (pronounced Gay-org) Szell, the famous conductor.

The professor is conducting a series of concerts in Australia for the Australian Broadcasting Commission.

"ALL musicians like their playing or singing to impress women in their audiences," the professor said in an interview.

"But if this tendency to please women is too strong musicians may strive to captivate impressionable, uninformed women among their audiences with mannerisms and eccentricities. Their standard as musicians may suffer in consequence, though they may enjoy a high reputation as artists, which they do not deserve."

"But women can have a special influence on musicians."

"When a musician is closely associated with one particular woman—his wife, for instance—who is interested in his problems and has a knowledge of his art, she will inspire him to greater achievements, and her sympathy and understanding will be a good influence on him."

The professor's tall, charming wife smiled modestly while he paid this indirect tribute to her.

Romantic meeting

THE Szells first met, very romantically, while swimming in a lake in Austria. Their visit to Australia last year was a honeymoon trip.

While the professor talked his wife was busy with her packing. The professor explained he had already dealt with his.

"I am a master at packing," he stated, while his wife hid a derisive smile behind the billows of a white chiffon gown she was folding.

"What is my method?" "I use every inch of space. Books and shoes go in the bottom, and I fill the crevices with socks and handkerchiefs. Everything crushable—"

"Is crushed," interrupted his wife. "My suits emerge from packing as if they had just been pressed," he went on, ignoring the interruption.

"As if they had been stowed away for ten years," Madam Szell retorted with smiling scorn.

"There are still a lot of people

who express surprise when a musician is also a business man," he continued.

"Because my career is a musical one I don't see why I should not also be a business man."

"Many people still believe that a musician can't be very good unless he has long hair, flowing tie, and many flights of temperament. The musicians of a few decades ago had to be temperamental to suit their clothes. Nowadays we wear business-like clothes and behave, we hope, in a business-like way."

"Look at me. Now, don't I look like a business man?"

The professor does look like a business man, and a very well-dressed one, too.

Both he and his wife are interested in clothes. He has brought fifteen suits with him, and she has brought many beautiful evening frocks and lovely furs, with very smart little fur hats to match.

The professor was asked why there are no great women conductors.

"Conducting an orchestra is very strenuous work," he said. "There is a tripartite of effort, a combination of physical, mental, and emotional strain."

"The conductor also needs the capacity of 'putting over' his personality with the members of his orchestra as well as the audience."

"Perhaps women do not possess all these qualifications."

"There are many excellent women musicians, especially singers. And there are a number of women instrumentalists, not only string players but also wind players, with whom I like very much to work."

Both Professor Szell and his wife are Czechs. He began his career as a pianist. Before he was twenty he was appointed assistant conductor to Richard Strauss at the Berlin Royal Opera. Other appointments as conductor followed in Strasbourg and Czechoslovakia.

He is now permanent conductor of the Scottish Symphony Orchestra in Glasgow, and has so many engagements to fulfil that he made the trip to Australia by plane.



You'd think
somebody
would tell
her....

... she'll
never have "line"
till she wears Kestos

Maybe she thinks a brassiere isn't necessary...

Maybe she's been told she has a perfect figure...

Maybe she has a mistaken idea about "girlish" charm...

She'd be so much wiser to wear Kestos. It enhances even a perfect figure—and does wonders for the not-so-perfect.

It gives real attractiveness, because it gives "line."

Doctors very rightly commend the Kestos Brassiere for its design; but design is not all. The 3/11 model is admirable for everyday; but there is also a Kestos Decollete Brassiere at 4/11, or in crepe de chine or satin at 9/11, for those occasions when only crepe de chine or satin will do.



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Broken Sleep from Weak Bladder

Great Relief in 24 hours

"My bladder got so weak I could not hold urine. I am happy to say Dr. Southworth's Urodyne relieved me—and I have had no return of the weakness."—Prof. Goldsmith.

No matter how stubborn your own case may seem—don't give it up as "hopeless" because ordinary remedies have failed. You cannot know until you have experienced the remarkable effect of a three-fold action, which—One—quickly stops burning effect of excessive acid.

Two—flushes kidneys of poisons, and thoroughly cleanses the bladder.

Three—soothes and heals entire mucous membrane of the urinary tract.

That is how Urodyne brings complete—lasting—relief from bladder trouble, burning spasms; frequent night-rising; headache and dizziness; pains in back and legs.

Dr. Southworth states that Urodyne tablets will bring relief in 24 hours—and great improvement in 10 days, or their cost will be refunded. Don't delay. Ask your chemist for Urodyne. It has been used in private practice for over 40 years, and has brought blessed relief to thousands all over the world. Ask for Urodyne Tablets.

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*Flawless
skin loveliness
within every
woman's grasp!*

WITH REGULAR USE OF

REXONA MEDICATED SOAP



Cadyl, REXONA'S compound of medications, keeps skin healthy, naturally lovely

Radiant natural loveliness is the result of skin health... the result of using Rexona Medicated Soap! With so much dust and grit in the air your skin constantly needs the protection only Rexona can give. For Rexona is more than a beauty soap, it's a complete skin treatment... the only soap medicated with Cadyl. This highly protective compound of medications corrects a dull skin, makes a normal one naturally beautiful.

Use Rexona soap regularly to keep skin blemishes away.

REXONA'S medications protect the skin against PIMPLES, BLACKHEADS, BLOTCHES, ROUGHNESS, ENLARGED PORES

If you have a lovely skin, cherish it! But if you have any sign of skin blemishes you need Rexona Soap urgently... to-day! For doctors say that pimples and blackheads multiply quickly... soon become deep-seated. But Rexona's compound of medications gets to the very depths of the pores—where these skin blemishes begin. Irritating foreign matter is gently drawn away and Rexona's medications soothe the inflamed tissues... bring back smooth, healthy clearness. So protect your skin with regular use of Rexona Soap.



REXONA SOAP best for Baby... takes care of CHAFING, RASHES, all common ailments

Nurses and doctors advise Rexona Medicated Soap for babies. It's so soothing for rashes... chafing... all the common skin irritations that make baby so cranky. Keep her happy. Keep her skin like a rose petal and her hair like silk with Rexona Soap.

TO CURE CRADLE CAP: Wash baby's hair with Rexona Soap. Dry, and apply Rexona Ointment. It's a quick, complete cure!

Skin health first step to loveliness... REXONA SOAP care basis of beauty

Rexona's deep-cleansing, highly efficient medications also have a gently stimulating effect. As it purifies, the medicated lather awakens long-inactive tissues to their normal functions. The skin becomes radiantly healthy... glows with natural loveliness.

REXONA PROPRIETARY LIMITED

These revitalising medications in REXONA SOAP give radiant skin health and beauty

EMOLLIENTS, to soothe and soften and heal.

NUTRIENTS, to nourish and revive.

ASTRINGENTS, to refine pores and improve texture.

TONIC ELEMENTS, to stimulate and strengthen vital tissues.

REXONA wonderful shampoo for lovelier hair—healthier scalp



You can't imagine how much lovelier your hair can be until you have a Rexona Soap shampoo. It gives your hair a lustrous, silky sheen... reveals undreamed-of highlights. Cadyl, Rexona's compound of medications makes your scalp really healthy... keeps dandruff in check. Bring your hair to its full glory with this wonderful medicated soap!

Complete REXONA skin treatment... SOAP and OINTMENT together



If blemishes don't yield quickly to Rexona Soap care, then your skin needs the complete Rexona treatment—Rexona Soap and Ointment together. This wonderful combination rapidly heals all blemishes... leaves the skin radiant with health... clear and unmarked.

TREATMENT: Wash frequently with Rexona Soap, using warm water. At night smear a little Rexona Ointment on the affected parts.

REXONA OINTMENT necessary in every home—USE IN CASES OF:

Burns	Bruiises	Heat Spots
Cuts	Sore Feet	Insect Bites
Piles	Sunburn	Blackheads
Bolls	Blister	Stiff Joints
Sores	Ringworm	Surfer's Foot
Scalds	Dandruff	Chapped Hands
Eczema	Abscesses	Cracked Lips
Ulcers	Sore Throat	Skin Blemishes
Rashes	Cold Sores	Aching Muscles
Pimples	Rheumatism	Poisoned Wounds

To treat children who stammer

This is the second of a series of articles on the treatment of "difficult" children.

The Australian Women's Weekly has asked a psychologist to describe some typical cases with which she has dealt, and her experiences may be helpful to those faced with similar problems.

By MARY MANN

"I HAVE come to ask your advice about my daughter," said a headmaster, who is prominent in the world of education.

"I did not know you had a child," was my reply.

"To tell the truth, I have felt a bit ashamed of her—she stammers. My brother-in-law is a stammerer, likewise; she scarcely ever sees him, but," shrugging his shoulders, "it seems hereditary.

"I know you do not believe in heredity, that's why I apply to you as the last hope. Maud spoke well enough as an infant; only began stammering between five and six."

I went to see Maud in her home surroundings. She was a tall girl of 12, and when I arrived a friend some years younger had come to play with her.

Maud laughed and talked incessantly, inclined to show off at tea, while her father looked at his plate and her mother tried to keep her quiet. She was stammering frightfully, and breathing badly.

She tried to speak while drawing in the breath, and the words seemed to suffocate her, but I asked her questions and talked to her as if I did not notice anything.

After tea we had a game of draughts, and she became much quieter, altogether absorbed in her game.

We had a third game, when her mother came in to bring some sweets for the children. The very moment she came into the room, Maud began stammering, so I knew that the child was in some protest against her mother or perhaps against her parents.

I invited her to come with her game of draughts to see me at my house, and after some hesitation she said: "Yes, but not without my friend."

Feared scoldings

SO the two girls came, and while we were playing I noticed that Maud was especially keen on "killing" my kings, as she called it.

"Are you very fond of your father?" I suddenly asked.

"He is always scolding me," she answered, "and does not care a bit for me," and the girl's eyes filled with tears, which she angrily wiped off.

"He wants me to be perfect, and is ashamed of my stammering, as if I can help it!"

"I think you can," I said, "and if you will trust me I'll teach you in a very short time."

Unconsciously she had breathed badly in order to produce stammering. This had proved an effective weapon against her father's ambition.

The parents and the school co-operated wonderfully with me in encouraging her, in giving her self-confidence and in making her more and more secure within herself.

After some time she was allowed to take a part in an amateur performance at her school.

For a time she rejoiced with the others to know herself cured. But I knew very well that that was not all, that some re-education had to take place, that we had to put something valuable in the place of her stammering.

Then, all of a sudden, she refused to come, and feeling a sort of vacuum in her life she tried to stammer again. Nobody would believe in it any more, and her good feeling to me turned into violent hatred.

She never came back to me, and the treatment had to be continued through the medium of her parents and teachers.

Real Life Stories

Short and Snappy

A "FOWL" FOUL

THE regatta we were watching had reached its most interesting stage.

Two eights were racing towards the winning post, when a swan suddenly decided to alight. Swooping quickly, it missed its mark and, instead of landing on the water, dropped on to the legs of one of the rowers.

The shock of the impact caused the unlucky man to miss his stroke, with the result that his oar caught him under the arm and tossed him into the water!

His crew lost the race, but the crowd enjoyed the diversion.

10/6 to Miss Esther McLennan, Lyons St. North, Ballarat, Vic.

COLD COMFORT

BEING young and travelling from England to Australia, my sister and I were naturally anxious to explore the ship.

The captain, however, was pictured as a bogy-man and we were told that we could look over the liner only if the "skipper" did not see us.

One day we visited the cold-storage chambers, and had just entered the refrigerating room when we heard the captain's voice. The engineer told us to keep quiet and went out, closing the door after him.

It seemed good fun until our fingers started to chill and our teeth chattered. Then it was not so pleasant, and the poor engineer who let us out fifteen minutes later had to take us down to the engine-room to thaw us out. After that we were put to bed with hot-water bottles and lots of blankets.

2/6 to Mrs. W. Collett, Pritchard St., Annandale, N.S.W.

NEIGHBORLY!

A FRIEND of mine had an inveterate borrower for a neighbor.

Once she had borrowed her wheelbarrow, and had not returned it, when a load of top-dressing was delivered.

It came while she was out, and when she returned the man had dressed the lawn for her.

"You found the spade, I see," she said to the man.

"Yes," he answered, "But as you didn't have a wheelbarrow I borrowed one from next door. The people there were very obliging!"

2/6 to Mrs. R. Lurline, Jimbour, Qld.

INTERRUPTED PLAY

WITH my wife I was seated in the front stalls of a Newcastle theatre, when I heard my name called loudly.

Started, I looked round at once to locate an old friend from the country, who was seated in the dress circle.

Forgetting where he was, he had called out to say he would meet us after the show. However, it is doubtful whether we were really pleased to see him, as he had made us so conspicuous.

2/6 to H. Pearce, Christie Rd., Tarro, Newcastle, N.S.W.

AMAZING "THIEF"

I ADEN with parcels, while shopping in Sydney. I was unable to stop the wind from blowing my straw hat up and down on my head. Naturally, when I felt it wrenched from the place, I blamed the wind and turned to look for it.

For a few seconds I could not locate it; then, farther along the street I noticed it dangling from a man's umbrella.

Evidently he had hurried past me and had not noticed that one of the fies had caught in my hat and lifted it off.

When I claimed my property, he looked most embarrassed.

1/6 to Mrs. M. A. Maher, Main St., Kangaroo Point, Brisbane.

How craze for swimming was cured

IN 1925 I was one of the passengers on the s.s. Sophocles, which, owing to a strike that occurred during the voyage, was held up for six weeks in Table Bay, Capetown.

To avoid costly port charges, after the departure of the striking seamen, the captain, with the aid of volunteer stokers and firemen from among the passengers, took his ship out about three miles and dropped anchor to await the settlement of the dispute.

Being unable to get ashore, several other youths and myself relieved the boredom of the long inactivity by organising various games, and on the second day, definitely against the ship's regulations, we decided to have a swim.

Being a moderately good swimmer and boyishly adventurous, I set out to swim around the ship, but I soon discovered that a 14,000-ton liner requires some circumnavigating, particularly in a choppy sea.

When well around the opposite side, I was swimming laboriously, and hanging in close to the ship's side for protection from the pull of the swell, when suddenly I received a succession of heavy blows on the head and was immediately submerged, as a result of what, in my semi-conscious terror, I imagined to be a heavy net enveloping me.

Down and down I was forced, until my ears roared and my head seemed on the point of bursting. Somehow the instinct to survive made me struggle desperately, and in a half-drowned condition I rose to the surface.

Fortunately I was not far from the ship's side, and in an exhausted state I managed to pull myself as far as a gang ladder, which, luckily for me, had been left lowered. How long I clung on I don't know, but eventually I attracted attention and was assisted to the deck.

It seems that I had been directly under an ash-chute when the volunteer stokers had emptied their can of clinkers, and I had been struck by the full force of the load. The result was that my head and shoulders were badly cut and bruised.

This unpleasant experience cured my craze for swimming. Had there been the remotest trace of enthusiasm left it would have disappeared a couple of days later when I saw huge sharks cruising round the vessel.

2/1/- to P. Gormley, Byee, via Murgon, Qld.

Lucky accident

FATHER used to prospect in the hills near his farm.

While at work one evening he suddenly sank to his waist in the earth, and only by grasping a small, scrubby gum bush, was saved from falling into a shaft 75 feet deep and half-full of icy-cold water.

With an effort he pulled himself to solid ground just as the bush gave way, and when he had done so he saw clinging to its roots rock sparkling with gold.

The reef thus exposed gave up gold valued at £20,000. Eighty years previously the sinkers of the shaft had missed it by less than half a yard.

2/6 to F. Coppin, Union St., Windsor, Melbourne.

Saved by tiny mound

IT was Christmas Day and my brother-in-law had brought his small son to see us.

The little boy went out to the car to get a toy, and hearing a frightened cry I looked out the window and saw the car moving towards the creek a hundred yards away.

Hearing me scream, my brother and brother-in-law rushed out, but they had no hope of reaching the child. When only a few feet from the bank, however, one of the wheels of the car struck a tiny mound of dirt and swerved into a log.

The boy escaped with a bump on his head and a bad fright.

2/6 to Miss D. Preston, Gorgett P.O., via Mackay, Qld.

SEND IN YOUR REAL LIFE AND "SNAPPY" STORIES

ONE guinea is paid for the best Real Life Story each week.

For the best item published under the heading "Short and Snappy" we pay 10/6. Prizes of 2/6 are given for other items published.

Real Life stories may be exciting or tragic, but must be AUTHENTIC. Anecdotes describing amusing or unusual incidents are eligible for the "Short and Snappy" column.

Full address at top of Page 3.



Sensed peril

STANDING near the cultivation fence I was watching a heifer which had been born without eyes, when suddenly a funny splitting noise faintly reached my ears.

Simultaneously, the heifer turned swiftly and sped like the wind away from me. The noise continued and I was horrified to see a large tree come hurtling towards me.

I was too frightened to move and the tree came to earth, smashing the fence and leaving me standing unscathed among broken limbs and flying pieces of wood.

What puzzled us even more than my escape was why the blind heifer turned away from the danger instead of running into it.

2/6 to Miss B. Brady, Blair Athol, Qld.

Well meant

A YOUNG bride of my acquaintance gave a card-party, and asked my advice about refreshments.

I suggested savories, which included gherkins.

I helped her prepare the repast, which was duly enjoyed by the guests, but she wondered why they all smiled when, turning to me, she remarked: "And to think that I never knew what a gherkin looked like until I met you!"

2/6 to Mrs. B. Reede, 437 Bathdown St., Carlton N3, Vic.

KELLOGG'S CORN FLAKES first for flavour

—Unanimous vote of 403 people in Kellogg's sensational Blindfold Test

FAMOUS chefs, wine judges, tea experts, prize-winning cooks and dozens of Australian families have now taken part in Kellogg's Blindfold Test, and everyone has voted Kellogg's Corn Flakes first for flavour. "You've got to hand it to Kellogg's Corn Flakes—they just romp home for flavour." "Corn Flakes are much more delicious." That's what they all say! Kellogg's Corn Flakes are made from specially grown white Australian corn, flavoured with malt, sugar and salt, baked crunchy and golden in Kellogg's shiny ovens... the richest-tasting breakfast cereal you ever tried!

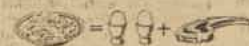


THRILLING NEW RADIO SERIAL. Listen to Kellogg's new program, HOWIE WING, a Saga of Aviation, every Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday at 6.45 p.m. from 2GZ, 2TM, 2LM, 3DB-LK, 3SR, 3TR, 5AD-MU-PL-SE and 6IX-WB. From 2CH and 4BK-AP at 7.30 p.m. Also 2KO every Monday, Wednesday and Thursday at 7.30 p.m.

"NO FUSS AND BOTHER AT BREAKFAST WHEN YOU HAVE KELLOGG'S CORN FLAKES. EVERYBODY LIKES THEM!"



Scientific Proof of the Great Energy Giving Power of Kellogg's Corn Flakes



Recent analysis made at the Sydney University showed that one plateful of Kellogg's Corn Flakes gives you as much energy as two eggs and one pork chop. Kellogg's Corn Flakes keep you going till lunchtime.

Your grocer sells Kellogg's Corn Flakes. Open fresh in Kellogg's exclusive Waring packet, and all ready to serve.

BRISK YOUNG MODERNS . . .



● SHE STEALS THE LIMELIGHT at polo matches or in town in a current classic by Dorville. The tailored primness of the buttoned jacket is artfully contradicted by the whirly "little girl" skirt, which has taken fashionable London by storm.

... WHO GO PLACES



● SHE GREET'S THE SNOWIEST WEATHER with lighthearted poise in Dorville's daffodil-yellow saunter coat and jacket that bring a breath of spring to the winter scene. For added chic, a grey, box-pleated skirt, and the popular jersey turban, sponsored by the Duchess of Kent.



"UNBELIEVABLE sums of money pass through women's hands."

ARE YOU ONE OF THESE eight types of women with money?

Does your husband hand over his pay envelope to you?
Does he give you a definite housekeeping and dress allowance?

Or does he insist on running the family budget?

No matter what system, if any, your household finance is based on, Ruth MacKay's "Money Without Men" will interest you.

TIME was when a woman's chief money problem was how to steal forth from the four-poster bed, rifle her husband's pockets and creep back into bed again while he slumbered peacefully beside her," Ruth says.

"But since women entered the business world they have demanded a more satisfactory economic status in the home as well.

"We wonder if women have met this newly-gained responsibility with any dazzling display of consideration and intelligence.

"We've economised, if need be; we've earned money, if need be; but have we brought to the problem as a whole any degree of discernment comparable with the unbelievable sums of money that are yearly, daily, hourly placed in women's hands?

"Savings bank accounts, life insurance, homes, representing millions of pounds, are in women's names.

Effect of change

COUPLED with these factors is the steadily increasing number of women earning their own living and sometimes supporting dependants. Then there are many young women who earn their living for the first few years of marriage to furnish their homes according to modern standards.

"To-day there is this new peril—money.

"Those who watch these changes are asking whether or not the hand that rocked the cradle is going to be as appealing, as charming, as expressive of everything good and desirable when it grasps a roll of bank notes.

"It is axiomatic that money can't buy happiness. Yet it can buy unhappiness, packaged and ready for delivery."

Ruth MacKay sums up eight types of women "who are rushing to the bargain counter of unhappiness." Here they are:

1. The Disarmingly-Domineering Type. With quiet, relentless determination she gets her way. The family live where she likes. They see the people she enjoys. It is her house and the children are her children. She is going to welcome money as one more controlling interest in a marriage that has long since ceased to be a partnership. She's in the driver's seat.

2. The Noble-Gesture Woman. Tells her daughters apologetically she married their father when she was so very, very young she didn't know what it meant. Father was very, very young also, too young to know what it meant to support a luxury-loving woman and daughters, but Mother never mentions that. She has held nobly to her bargain.

Fortunately she has found compensations. Not so fortunate for Father, whose cheque-book stubs give evidence that the compensations grow more expensive each year. For her, any increased control of money will be one grand field day.

3. The Tells-All Tattler. The married woman who talks about her money as "my own." What does she mean by HER money? Didn't someone contribute to the earning of it? Indeed not, she insists. She went right out and earned it all by her bright little self.

"I bought it with my own money," she says when you notice her new coat. But your admiration is dimmed by the thought of all the fathers with shiny suits who patiently turn over their earnings to the family. Do they speak of their "own money"? By what prerogative are a woman's earnings just hers?

"TIME WAS when a woman's chief money problem was to rifle her husband's pocket while he slumbered peacefully."

4. The Make 'Em Pay Species. Has grown so accustomed to luxury, she tells the judge, that she finds it impossible to go back to the simple life. (She lived the simple life with one room and a sink for twenty or thirty years, but that is a secret). She may collect handsome alimony, but she won't collect happiness. The two don't mix.

5. The Maiden-name Type. She signs herself "Mildred Pompous Jenks." Dear Papa Pompous. He was a financial wizard. Poor son-in-law has to hear the whole recital a thousand times, and his wife wonders why he is so irritable when her maiden name is mentioned.

6. The Sisters-Under-the-Skin-Flint. No matter how cheap potatoes are she examines the peellings to be sure they are pared as thin as her soul. The Skin-Flint isn't going to bargain for much joy. She is too engrossed in quibbling over pennies. Her economy isn't an asset. It's an obsession. Money to her in any significant sum is going to be miser's gold.

7. Madam Knows-Not-She-Knows-Not. No one can tell her anything. Usually her husband is a professional man who finds money as puzzling as his formulae would be to a financier. So she takes things in hand. Now, fortified with suspicion and spurious facts, she has everything under control.

She doesn't think men know anything. We pity her. She is a desperately unhappy creature.

8. The Just-Too-Bright Business Girl. She earns as much and maybe more than the young men who take her out. She is considering marrying one of them, but can she get along without her generous pay cheque? And if she keeps her job and it so happens that her income equals or exceeds her husband's can she avoid an unhappy situation in her home?

"We surmise that a woman's earning power is not progressive like a man's unless she chances to fall into the small group of super-executives.

"If you don't agree, consider how few women who have worked for several years are able to provide themselves with a car and a radio and all the rest of the comforts supplied by the husbands of even the moderate income group.

Faith in husband

AND the woman who is not going to suffer?

"She still believes that marriage is a pretty nice job, and works at it. Clear-headed, gentle-hearted, and co-operative, she is going to remind herself that the strain of modern business exacts a heavy penalty from men.

"Assuming that her husband is willing for her to be comptroller of the family treasury she is anxious to apply herself to the task.

"Her sympathy and respect for



her husband have increased since she has taken over these duties. He is still 'head man,' she tells him, and proves it in any discussion about investing or enlarging their insurance programme. She recognises that he picks up bits of information during the day and does not, and cannot, relay everything to her that affects his decisions.

"She has faith in his judgment and if she differs from him states her case and lets it go at that.

"She has come to have a comfortable feeling of accomplishment. People remark that her husband looks better, not as harried and strained. He is pleased with her no end, and one night when they had the Airedale out for a walk he told her he thought she was pretty clever about the whole thing."

"Money Without Men," by Ruth MacKay. (Farrar and Rinehart)

Smiles Grow Lovelier with Ipana and Massage!



Poor lonely Sue! Life's no fun at all for a girl without telephone calls or dates. (But what man wants to play Romeo to dull teeth and dingy gums—a drab, lack-lustre, unattractive smile?)



There's hope for Sue. Her small sister could teach her the importance of gum massage to a winning smile. (For Little Ann has already learned in school that gums as well as teeth need special care.)



Life's a lot of fun when a girl has a lovely, appealing smile! How popular Sue could be—how many good times she could have—if she would start with Ipana and massage today. (For Ipana Tooth Paste with massage is especially designed to help the health of the gums as well as to keep teeth bright and sparkling.)

Ipana and massage is a modern way to help keep your gums firm and your teeth sparkling!

HOW SWIFTLY masculine eyes and hearts respond to a lovely, attractive smile! And how pitiful the girl who ignores the warning of "pink tooth brush," who lets dull teeth and dingy gums cheat her of life's fun.

Don't be foolish—don't risk your smile. If you see a tinge of "pink" on your tooth brush—see your dentist at once. You may not be in for real trouble, but your dentist—and only your dentist—should make that decision. Usually, he'll tell you that yours is a case of lazy gums, deprived of vigorous chewing by modern soft foods. He'll probably suggest that your gums need more work and exercise—

and, like so many dentists, he may advise "the healthful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

For Ipana is especially designed not only to clean teeth but with massage to help the health of your gums as well. Massage a little extra Ipana Tooth Paste into your gums every time you clean your teeth. Circulation within the gum tissues is aroused—lazy gums awaken—tend to become firmer—more resistant to trouble.

Buy an economical tube of Ipana Tooth Paste to-day. Adopt the easy, common sense dental routine of Ipana and massage as one helpful way to healthier gums, brighter teeth—a radiant smile.

Choice of a dentifrice calls for professional assistance, therefore Ipana is sold by **CHEMISTS ONLY**. Regular Size 1/- . . . Super Size 2/-

CHANGE TO



IPANA AND GUM MASSAGE

Housewife?



Your Hands Can Be As Smooth As These

Housework, washing, sun and wind are constantly drying out of your hands the supply of "skin-vitamin" vitamin A, which is essential to skin health and beauty. That's why hands get rough and old-looking. But now you can restore the precious vitamin direct to your skin—now you can keep hands soft, smooth and alluring, no matter how busy you are, with Pond's Hand Lotion containing "skin-vitamin"—the same "skin-vitamin" as in Pond's two famous creams. Pond's Hand Lotion feels silky on your skin. Not a bit sticky or greasy. 1/- bottle at all stores and chemists.

POND'S HAND LOTION

Containing Active "Skin-Vitamin"

USE POND'S EVERY TIME YOU WASH YOUR HANDS



Girls exploited in search for careers

Women inspectors urge stricter laws over trade schools

By Our Special Commissioner

For young girls seeking a career the problem of selecting a suitable school or training centre is a difficult one.

Hopeful, credulous, and inexperienced, they are easy targets for exploitation by "quack" career schools, say women inspectors of the Department of Labor and Industry.

"MANY girls enter hair-dressing salons, beauty parlors, or pay to learn chiropody, dancing, or frock modelling, and at the end of their tuition find themselves on the labor market only partially instructed, unemployable at anything above a beginner's wages, and minus their tuition money," said one inspector who was in charge of a recent clean-up of some doubtful schools.

"That is not to say that there are not honest salons and teachers, but there are a great many dishonest ones," she went on. "The Department of Labor and Industry has hundreds of records of such cases, but except in the industries where there is a State award there is nothing we can do at present."

"Existing laws provide only a loose check over a great many such schools," said another inspector. "Anyone may claim to be a teacher and set up a business. There is no way of testing their technical knowledge in advance—nor their mental equipment for the job of teaching."

"We wish we had wider powers over all these trade and career schools."

When there is a question of premium involved or payment for tuition girls should make fullest inquiries before they enrol for career training.

In hairdressing, for instance, how many aspiring young hairdressers or their parents know that there is an absolute prohibition under the N.S.W. State Hairdressers' Award of the acceptance of premiums from pupils?

Careful choosing

To become a hairdresser you do one of two things. You can find an employer willing to apprentice you for four years at standard wages rising from 17/2 a week up to £2/17/-.

Then the Apprenticeship Commission will investigate the shop you are going to and inquire whether there are proper facilities for teaching and sufficient business to give you adequate experience.

Alternatively you can go to a hairdressing college, pay the fees, and qualify for the college diploma.

But at college you are not protected by an Apprenticeship Commission, and you must be careful in choosing.

Would-be pupils must guard against a type of college discovered by the department's inspector. Graduates were supplied with equipment to set up their own salons, on hire purchase terms which allowed of no elasticity.

One such college was found to be closing down on girls who couldn't pay to the day so that they forfeited all their payments to date and the college did a neat little business in the resale of equipment to the next girl.

There are other colleges which go to a great deal of trouble to help their girls to find suitable localities and give them very generous terms on their equipment.

BEAUTY parlors present another problem. They are not nearly so extensive as hairdressing salons, and there is no Beauticians' Union or Award.

The inspector, when asked if there were not some Government regulation compelling every teacher to give a fair deal to pupils, shook her head regretfully.

"Legislation always follows the growth of new occupations," she explained. "Beauty parlors and chiropody, for instance, have developed so recently that we have not yet evolved appropriate regulations to deal with them."

It is the custom for beauticians to

charge premiums ranging from £10 to £100 according to the type of salon—and what they can get.

A chance here to make easy money at the pupil's expense, and yet there is no way a girl can protect herself except by discussing beforehand exactly what she is going to be taught and inquiring how often she will have lessons and how much time she will be able to practice.

Chiropody is in much the same state as beauty work. There is no union or award.

But there is a central body of chiropodists who grant a certificate, and full inquiries should be made as to whether tuition will enable a girl to qualify for this certificate, how long it will take, and what chance of employment there is when she has finished her course, and what wages she can command.

Mannequin work

THEN there are the hundreds of girls who want to do mannequin work and become photographers' models. There is plenty of room for quack teachers here.

Beware of anyone who holds out high hopes of employment. The number of mannequins employed in Australia is very small.



CLASS LEARNING MAKE-UP at a beauty school. Career schools of this and other types in Australia should be more rigidly regulated say women inspectors familiar with their methods.

To begin with it is no use contemplating this type of work unless you have approximately the right measurements: Height, 5ft. 6in. to 5ft. 8in.; bust, 34in.; waist, 25in.-26in.; and hips, 37in.

It is true a few outside women are used for corset demonstrating, but the number is negligible.

At the moment there is an agitation to form a mannequin's union to fight the amateur society mannequins who work either for fun or pocket money and spoil the market for the girls to whom this career means a livelihood.

For a well-groomed girl, properly trained in deportment, there are various odd jobs. Visiting plays require them for walk-on parts; if they photograph well there may be casual advertising work, and there is a small but steady demand for such girls to demonstrate cosmetics.

But for the girl who has to earn a steady living in Australia, no teacher or school could honestly advise her to pay for mannequin training.

Those who want to go on the stage face the same problem as the

would-be mannequin. Well-known theatres employ girls from recognized schools, but the proportion of employment to the proportion of aspirants is very low.

FOR ambitious dancers there is another set of considerations. Girls who want to earn their living as dancing teachers have only one safe course open to them. They must go to a teacher who will qualify them for one of two diplomas.

In ballet dancing the standard is set by the Royal Academy of Dancing in England.

At present, this whole matter of careers is one in which girls must use their common sense to protect themselves. Where there are no unions and no awards they must rely only on their own investigations. Stricter licences, supervision and regulation of all trade and career schools would be welcomed by parents, pupils and all reputable schools and teachers. There is no reason why this should not be done in the same way as prevails in other State educational institutions.



—thanks to a
CLEAR SKIN

Regular use of Wright's Coal Tar Soap keeps a man looking fit and fresh, no matter what his age. Wright's acts like a tonic on the skin. Its luxurious antiseptic lather goes deep into the pores—flushes out impurities—destroys infection. Your skin always looks young and clear—free from spots and blemishes. Wright's is the only soap to contain "Liquor Carbonis Detergens," the soothing skin medicine used and recommended by leading dermatologists. Protect your health and complexion through the years with Wright's Coal Tar Soap. Keep YOUR skin fresh and clear—use

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COAL TAR SOAP**

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BREAD 3¹/₂ LOAF
SEND 4/6 FOR SAMPLES OF 3¹/₂ LOAF FOR 14 DAYS. KEEP 12 MONTHS FULL DIRECTIONS AS WELL AS FOR SINGER AND HOW BEST, ETC. TRADING AGENCY CO. 25 CROWN ST. MELBOURNE 2, C.

FLORILIN YEAST PLUS

**NONSENSE!
I'VE TRIED EVERYTHING.
YOU CAN'T TELL ME
A FOOD WILL GET RID
OF THIS AWFUL
CONSTIPATION!**



**BUT IT WILL.
WHEN YOU UNDERSTAND
WHAT CAUSES
CONSTIPATION
YOU'LL SEE WHY!**

**Not a medicine — not a drug — but
a crisp nut-sweet breakfast cereal that
corrects constipation naturally**

THE muscles of the bowels are like any other muscles. When they become weak and flabby from lack of exercise, they cannot do their work properly and we become constipated and feel rotten. We get headaches, feel bilious and slack, look pasty and out of sorts.

It's no use taking purgatives and "cleansing medicines." They move the bowels but they don't strengthen the bowel muscles. In fact they weaken them, so that as time goes on you come to depend on medicines more and more.

To strengthen those muscles and get rid of constipation, we must give them something to "take hold of." We need what doctors call "bulk," but bulk is lacking in our modern foods.

**It's "bulk" that makes
the bowels move**

Our daily staples—meat, fish, eggs, white bread, potatoes and milk—contain little or no bulk. These foods are almost completely absorbed by the system and don't leave enough residue for the bowel muscles to work on.

The best way to get the

necessary bulk to make the bowel muscles work normally is to eat two heaped table-spoons of this crisp, flavoured nut-sweet breakfast food — Kellogg's All-Bran — every morning. Eat it with milk and sugar alone or sprinkle it over your favourite breakfast cereal.

Kellogg's All-Bran gives

the bowels the bulk they need to make them work naturally, getting rid of the poisons that make you feel wretched. When you eat it regularly you need no medicines!

Get a packet of Kellogg's All-Bran from your grocer today. Eat it every day for a week and you'll be simply amazed at the results.



**SOLD AT ALL
GROCERS**

**Eat it every day
and "never miss
a day"**

WINDOWS GLEAM

3 TIMES
QUICKERSHAKE SOME
WINDOLINE ONTO
A SOFT CLOTH......APPLY LIGHTLY TO
WINDOW—NO HARD
RUBBING IS NECESSARY...ALLOW A MOMENT
TO DRY—THEN GIVE A
QUICK POLISH WITH
A DRY CLOTH

This is the way to make windows sparkle like diamonds! No water to splash on carpets—no more hard rubbing. Windolene cleans in a jiffy—removes all grease and fly-spots—gives a rich, lasting gloss. It's economical, too—a tin of Windolene actually cleans over 300 square feet of glass! Try it on your windows, mirrors and picture-frames. Send for a free sample tin of Windolene to Reckitts (Over Sea) Ltd., Dept. A, Bourke Street, Redfern, N.S.W.

Windolene
CLEANS WINDOWS EASILYSOUR
STOMACH
PAINS AFTER
EATING

quickly relieved with

CALIFIG
NATURE'S OWN LAXATIVE
California Syrup of FigsHere is a chance
for stage talentPrizes for acting and plays
in new 2GB competition

A revival of interest in amateur dramatic societies is sweeping New South Wales.

This is indicated by the remarkable interest shown in the competition which is being conducted by 2GB to discover stage talent and budding playwrights.

MANY original plays have already been received, and the judging committee is examining them to determine those which should be performed by the competing players.

The competition is divided into two sections—for authors and amateur players.

Authors are invited to submit original plays containing no fewer than three and no more than five characters. Each play must be suitable for a ten-minute broadcast.

Plays accepted for the competition will be distributed among the competing amateur players, who will have a selection of a number of plays in the order in which entries to both sections are received.

One guinea will be paid to the author of each script used in the competition, and the authors of the plays used by the three prize-winning player

groups will receive—first prize, £15; second, £10; third, £5.

At the end of the competition, which is open to both professional and amateur writers, all rights in the play will revert to the author.

The second section of the contest governs the presentation of the selected plays by the amateur entrants.

These are the principal conditions:

The competition is open only to amateur players, but it is immaterial whether or not they belong to or form a recognised dramatic society or group. Any group of three, four, or five players may enter.

Broadcasts arranged

AN amateur is defined as one whose principal means of livelihood is not derived from theatrical work.

No player may appear in more than one group, irrespective of the number of dramatic societies to which he or she may belong.

After the plays to be used are selected, two will be broadcast each Monday night, and the competition will be run in the form of heats, semi-finals, and finals.



QUEENIE ASHTON has been chosen for the title role in "Mary of Scotland," 2GB Radio Theatre production, on May 21.

Production will be in the hands of the individual groups until the final rehearsal, when Mr. John Appleton, who will be in charge of the arrangements for the competition, will take the players through a final rehearsal of microphone technique.

Musical backgrounds and sound-effects necessary in any production will be supplied by arrangement with 2GB.

The final adjudication will be by popular vote. The public will be asked to send in their votes to reach 2GB not later than 9 a.m. on the Friday following each broadcast.

Voting may be carried out either by telephone or by letter, but each person voting must speak on the phone personally or send in an individual signature.

Prizes for the amateur players will be: First, £30; second, £15; third, £10.

A booklet has been prepared, embodying the conditions of every phase of the competition.

THE AUSTRALIAN
WOMEN'S WEEKLY
RADIO SESSIONS...
from STATION 2GB

WEDNESDAY, May 17.—4 to 4.30 p.m.: Judith Hayes tells of her Beauty Talk with "Janette."

THURSDAY, May 18.—4 to 4.30 p.m.: Music of the Stars with June Marsden.

FRIDAY, May 19.—4 to 4.30 p.m.: The Australian Women's Weekly Tea Party with Judith Hayes.

SATURDAY, May 20.—4 to 4.30 p.m.: Dorothea Vautier in Hollywood.

SUNDAY, May 21.—4 to 4.30 p.m.: June Marsden and Music of the Stars.

MONDAY, May 22.—4 to 4.30 p.m.: Judith Hayes tells of her Fashion Talk with Rene.

TUESDAY, May 23.—4 to 4.30 p.m.: June Marsden and Music of the Stars.

"Mary of Scotland"

"MARY OF SCOTLAND" will be the next play to be presented by the 2GB Radio Theatre. The title role will be played by the well-known actress, Queenie Ashton.

Few artists have crisscrossed more variety into their lives than Miss Ashton.

She danced with the Duke of Windsor when he was Prince of Wales, and she has succeeded on the stage and in radio and film. In one play she appeared with Noel Coward.

When in England Miss Ashton drove her own racing car around the famous Brooklands track.

Refugees seek
lost beauty

By Air Mail from Our London Office.

SCORES of women refugees who have been allowed to leave Central Europe with small amounts of money are crowding West End beauty parlors seeking to eliminate traces of their past bitter experiences. They are trying to regain their lost beauty.

One young hairdresser-manager of one of the many beauty salons that dot London's West End said: "In the past few weeks almost a quarter of my clients have been refugees from Germany and Central Europe."

"Suffering shows itself chiefly round a woman's forehead and eyes. Some quite young women have aged in appearance from ten to fifteen years because of their experiences. There is a special face-pack for getting rid of these traces."

"Other women, because of persecution and hardship, have lost heart regarding their appearance, and have forgotten how to look smart."

Many refugee women are also undergoing treatment to transform their appearance.

Smuggled out of the totalitarian countries, these women are scared of being recognised in London. They fear that if they are discovered their relations and friends whom they left behind will be punished.

Simple Remedy
for Bad Stomach
Gives Swift Relief

No Need of Strong Medicines or Diet
Safe and Simple Recipe Keeps
Stomach in Fine Condition.

If you are a victim of Stomach Trouble—Gas, Sourness, Pain or Bloating—you may have quick and certain relief by following this simple advice.

Don't take strong medicines, artificial digestants, or pull down your system with starvation diets. For within reason most folk may eat what they like if they will keep their stomach free from souring acids that hinder or paralyse the work of digestion.

And the best and easiest way to do this is to follow every meal with a teaspoonful of Salix Magnesia—a pleasant, harmless, inexpensive preparation that promptly neutralises acidity and keeps your stomach sweet and clean.

A week's trial of Salix Magnesia, which any good chemist or store can supply, should quickly convince you that 90 per cent. of ordinary stomach distress is absolutely unnecessary. Be sure to get Salix Magnesia.

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Use SIREN THE QUALITY SOAP, AND SAVE
THE CROSSES FOR FREE GIFTS!

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SHANTUNG
SILK APRON

British made, charming
colours and exclusive design.

Save 64 Blue Crosses

Charming
SUPPER SETS

Extra good quality in primrose, green and blue. Large supper cloth 42" x 42" and 4 serviettes to match 12" x 12".

Save 148 Blue Crosses

BATH TOWELS

EXTRA LARGE SIZE. 33" x 40" coloured in gay modern designs, or WHITE ADMIRALTY. Size 20" x 40". Extra thick and long wearing.

Save 48 Blue Crosses

TABLECLOTH

Size 64 inches x 70 inches. Linen-finished Damask.

Save 144 Blue Crosses

BREAKFAST CLOTH

Size 44 inches square, with gay coloured border.

Save 76 Blue Crosses

GLASSCLOTH

Size 23" x 32". Pure Irish Linen, red, green, blue or gold side stripes.

Save 24 Blue Crosses

PILLOWSLIP

Size 21" x 31". Hemstitched and nicely embroidered.

Save 36 Blue Crosses

AND ALL THESE
OTHER USEFUL
LINEN GIFTS
TO CHOOSE FROM

1 BLUE CROSS
WITH EACH
UTILITY TABLET



Save these
CROSSES

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Many other GIFTS
available - WRITE
FOR LIST TO LINTAS
DEPOT

Betty's "racey" narratives

It costs only £2 to nominate your horse for a Melbourne Cup

By BETTY GEE

If you own a racehorse don't overlook the fact that the general entry day for all the rich classics of the future is the first Tuesday in June.

On that day owners nominate their horses for races worth over £150,000, embracing the greatest racing prizes in the Commonwealth.

IT is a curious custom the menfolk evolved to take all these nominations on the one day throughout all the capitals of Australia.

They include the Caulfield and Melbourne Cups, and the Derbies, and all the big events for baby two-year-olds.

What a job it is for people who own ten or 20 racehorses. They have to make out great lists of entries, telling the clubs the names and breeding of their horses, their colors and sex, and the racing colors they will carry.

For Turf magnates who have huge racing teams it is an expensive business, too, but not so to the modest racehorse owner. Imagine! It costs only £2 to enter for the Melbourne Cup, worth £10,000, or the Caulfield Cup, worth £7000.

Isn't that a luxury, being able to enter for a Melbourne Cup and getting odds of 5000 to 1 against your original nomination fee?

What a wonderful experience to pay your two pounds when you enter your horse in June, and then sit back to watch its progress until it wins the Melbourne Cup five months later—early in November.

There are some races among these June entries in which you begin nominating a generation ahead! They call them Sires' Produce Stakes.

The father is entered. When his stock come along they are eligible, and in their turn they are nominated when they reach one year of age.

They are the richest events for two-year-olds on the Australian Turf, worth £3500 at Flemington and Randwick.

Looking ahead

NEXT month owners of these fathers of future generations of racehorses will be nominating for races run in March and April of 1941. That's looking ahead, eh?

They pay £5 for each thoroughbred stallion nominated, and these "sires" are added to the ultimate prize-money their offspring race for.

Just as in the human race, Daddy does all the paying.

There are certain classic races for which one-year-olds are entered, yet they are not decided until they are nearly four years of age.

These are the Legers. Just imagine how long it is to wait. You buy them in April, 1939, and you



Baby racehorses are nominated for the classic events while they are still in the nursery.

don't see the winner of the Leger adorned with his red ribbon until April, 1941.

But here lies the glorious uncertainty which makes racing the greatest of all long-distance gambles.

That spindle-shanked, long-legged youngster you see dance fearfully round the yearling selling might be the winner of the Derbies at Randwick and Flemington, the Caulfield and Melbourne Cups, and the Legers in slightly less than three years.

He might be a veritable Ajax. What a thrilling lottery it all is!

Just as a warning, however, to lady owners about the conditions governing entries for these classics.

If you are a bookmaker's wife or daughter or female dependent, or a trainer's wife or daughter or female dependent, horses cannot race in your nomination in Victoria. You are all right here in N.S.W., but when you take them over the border they can't even run in your name in any race.

A funny rule. Bookies and trainers can race them. And I know many wives who are worthier than their husbands in those professions.

A jockey's wife or relative of our sex can't race at all anywhere. Neither can the jockey, so you see there's an equality between sexes there, but Victoria has some snobbish reason for letting a bookie or trainer own a horse, and not his womenfolk.

Here's hoping

IN conclusion I hope some of my lady readers have young thoroughbreds to enter. I hope they turn out winners of these great races. I have none, so I hope for these good wishes you that have will tell me when and which they are going to win.

There is no doubt about it, our women racehorse owners have done well.

A lady owner won the Melbourne Cup last year with Catalogue, you remember. Perhaps some other woman is dreaming of winning this year's Cup with her horse—just to show the menfolk that they haven't got a monopoly on the big Turf prizes.

Anyway, I wish them luck. The races are again at Moorefield, the Punters' Paradise, on Saturday. Here the prize is to the swift who can lead all the way. At the last meeting a fortnight ago five races were won by front-runners.

So the Head Waiter says El Valor, whose swiftness is a byword among the stable-boys of Randwick, is a good thing to bet on, Miss.

Another who goes with the speed of a snake through the grass is Merry Smile, in the Pillies' division of the Juvenile.

She may be short odds, but, according to the Flower Shop lass whose swain is from Rosehill way, where she is trained, Merry Smile is a can't-lose proposition.

Mischief has been bottled up for the Flying Welter, according to the Ice Man, who calls on Mr. Les Carpenter, his owner.

Goliath I have straight from the stable of Bill McGee, of Randwick, for the Rockdale Mile as something to get my winter worms with.

I'll teach You to Play the Piano on a money-back guarantee

Tom Langford



No Previous Knowledge Necessary

READ WHAT THESE STUDENTS SAY

Post Office, Macleay, Q. Last Tuesday I received your first two lessons, and by SATURDAY I knew them by memory. The course seems to be one of those "hoping success" ones sometimes hear about. I have always wanted to be able to play jazz decently, and now that I have started your course, and see its simplicity, I feel amazed that I did not start sooner. Your B.A.S. IN GRAND! (Signed) ROBERT F. SMITH.

Coughtry, St. St. Clare, Dundee. Up till now I've had no trouble, because it is clearly explained. I have tried American courses, but your course is far ahead of any other. (Signed) G. HOLFELL.

Write in to Len Langford at Station 228 every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday at 7.30, 8.15, break-fast session; also Station 228 every Monday at 8.30 p.m. and Station 228 every Wednesday at 7.30 a.m.

I'll give you concrete PROOF inside 30 days that I can turn you into a MASTER JAZZ PIANIST, and this offer is subject to an iron-clad money-back guarantee! Just think of it! Under my amazing home study course you'll find yourself playing popular tunes in a few brief weeks—not "this" uninteresting melodies, but the complete "real" hot interpretations complete with swing base and "breaks" just like you hear over the radio.

YOU CAN'T GO WRONG

You need no special talent or previous knowledge of music to learn quickly and easily at home. My method is a short cut system that does away with the old idea of tedious scales and monotonous finger exercises—instead you have the fun of playing snappy tunes almost from the word "go". You can't go wrong because everything in the course is simplicity itself. First you are TOLD to do a thing—then a picture shows you HOW—then you actually do it yourself and HEAR it! It's real fun!

Practising becomes a fascinating pastime instead of a wearisome task.

Test the Langford Course Free!

Don't take my word for it! Try my course for yourself for 30 days under the Lang-

ford money-back guarantee. It at the end of 30 days I don't prove you will become a master jazz pianist—back your money IN FULL!

Now, as a first step, I want you to send in for my free book, "Secrets of Syncopated Piano Playing." Here is a book that should be in the hands of every music lover, check full of interesting information. It will show you in word and picture just how simple it is to become a Master Jazz Pianist.

RUSH COUPON NOW!

YOU LEARN To play from real music, there is no SPECIAL music to buy—To "build-up" any tone from sight—To play left hand and right—To use "breaks" and "fill-ins"—To play "swing" and hot style—To play in a band, accompany singers or play for dancing yourself.

THIS BOOK IS YOURS FREE!

To LEN LANGFORD PIANO SCHOOL, 227 George Street, Sydney. Enclosed is 4d. in stamps. Please send me, without obligation or cost, your free book, "SECRETS OF SYNCOPATED PIANO PLAYING."

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"The Play Is On"

For

Radio Competition Amateur Dramatic Groups and Authors

The winning groups will receive:

1st, £30; 2nd, £15; 3rd, £10

The authors of the winning plays will receive:

1st, £15; 2nd, £10; 3rd, £5

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The North Shore Gas Company

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THEY BUILD UP THEIR STAMINA with SUPPERTIME COCOA



BOURNVILLE GIVES Extra NOURISHMENT

Milk in itself is a valuable food, but when Bournville Cocoa, and a little sugar, is added to milk you obtain 45% more nutriment than from milk alone; think what that means in nutritive value for the growing boy or girl. In Bournville Cocoa you provide a beverage eagerly sought for when milk alone is refused. The rich, chocolatey flavour is the secret.

Make a Big Jugful Tonight!

Cadbury's

BOURNVILLE COCOA

A cup of Bournville is a cup of food. © 1939

B

BETWEEN them, they guided George Mellin to the lift and up to his room. By now, he was almost incoherent, still muttering about his bid for fortune and his bride to be. As they supported him along the corridor, a wallet dropped from his pocket and flew open, scattering some papers on the carpet. Frances hurriedly picked them up and thrust them back into his pocket.

As soon as they had deposited their almost helpless charge upon the bed, she rang for the floor valet. A broad grin spread over his face as he gazed at Mr. Mellin.

"Crikey!" he muttered. "He's had a lot, hasn't he?"

"You'll look after him, won't you?" asked Frances.

"You leave him to me, Miss Frankie. I'll be a mother to him."

"Thanks, Jerry. And thank you too, Pip," added Frances as they left the room. "Decent of you to help."

"That's all right. Fine-looking fellow, isn't he? But he's certainly had one over the eight-to-night."

"He doesn't strike me as a man who takes a lot to drink."

"Those are the kind who get bowled over by it when they have a bit of a celebration."

Walking back along the corridor Frances noticed a scrap of paper lying on the floor. Evidently it was one of those that had fallen from George Mellin's wallet, and she had overlooked it when returning them. Picking it up now, she saw that it was a newspaper cutting, an advertisement of an auction sale. Nothing of any importance.

"I'll give it to him to-morrow," she said, thrusting it into her handbag. Quite early next morning, she went along to George Mellin's room to see how he was feeling after the night before. A man lounging in the corridor swung round as she tapped on the door, and hurried up to her.

In a Miner Key

Continued from Page 5

"You can't go in there, Miss," he said, curtly.

"Oh. Why not?"

"Never mind why not. What do you want, anyway?"

Frances raised her eyebrows.

"Your manners seem rather peculiar," she remarked. "What are you doing here?"

"I'm attending to my business, Miss. If you must know, I represent the police. Now perhaps you'll tell me who you are, and what you want."

"I'm Frances Layburn, dance hostess here." Frances was startled. "Is anything wrong?"

"You haven't told me yet what business you have in that room."

"None at all, really. But Mr. Mellin was—well, ill, last night, and I came to inquire—"

"Ill, was he? You mean—bloot?"

"Yes. Is anything wrong, officer?"

"Plenty." The plain-clothes man's attitude softened. "Sorry I can't tell you anything more, Miss. The manager wants it kept quiet."

"Mr. Mellin isn't—dead?"

"No. But not far from it. He's in hospital. Now be a good girl, and don't try to tempt me away from my duty."

Rather scared, Frances hurried down to the manager's office. Mr. Sacchiotti looked up with a smile as she entered.

"Ah, you have heard? A very unfortunate business. Naturally, I do not wish it to become known in the hotel."

"But what is it, Mr. Sacchiotti? What happened?"

"You will not gossip about it? But of course not. Mr. Mellin attempted to commit suicide last night."

"Suicide?"

"Yes. It is lucky that he is not dead. Some time during the night his telephone rang. The clerk could

get no reply and as the buzz went on, indicating that the receiver had been left off, he sent the porter up to investigate. There was no reply to repeated knocking, so eventually the porter opened the door with his master key and went in. Believe me, Miss Frankie, he was only just in time. Mr. Mellin lay on his bed with an artery in his wrist severed and blood streaming to the floor. Such a mess! It will mean new carpets for that room. The telephone lay on its side near the bed. Evidently, after taking the desperate step, he had grown frightened and tried to summon assistance. He was quite unconscious when the porter found him, and the doctor says that five minutes longer would have meant his death. The misguided young man is now in hospital, and I believe there are good chances of his recovery. So things might have been worse, Miss Frankie. You will remember not to talk about this, I hope?"

"Of course," promised Frances. "I won't mention it at all."

Some time during the morning an uncomfortable thought began to stir in Frances' brain. She tried to concentrate on her work, but this thought would not be denied. It kept repeating to the rhythm of the gramophone music. When he recovered . . . when he recovered . . . when he recovered . . . Perhaps too late . . . perhaps too late . . . perhaps too late . . .

Her attention wandered from the lesson she was giving. And quite suddenly that unpleasant thought shot up like a fungus, bloated and swelling, filling her mind to the exclusion of everything else. Getting rid of her pupil as quickly as she could, she went to the telephone, and called Phillip Trent's office.

"Can you come round here, Pip?" she asked, hastily.

"Trouble of some sort?"

"I—I think so."

"Right. I'll be with you in two ticks."

"Come to the bathroom, will you? I want to talk to you."

"Very well."

A surprisingly short time elapsed before Phillip Trent entered the bathroom to find Frances moodily pacing towards him.

"I expect you'll think I'm a fool, Pip, but I—I'm very worried."

"Tell me all about it."

There was something comforting in his presence, his ready response to her appeal.

"You're a darling, Pip," she murmured. "Maybe I am a fool, after all."

She repeated what Mr. Sacchiotti

had told her. Phillip's face grew grave as he listened.

"It's a rotten business, certainly," he said, when she had finished. "But I don't see that it's any concern of yours."

"It isn't, really. But—well, I can't help wondering if there's something queer about it all."

"Queer? Surely you don't mean—"

"That's just what I do mean, Pip! He was so happy last night. Full of beans, and looking forward to the future. He was going to be married; and to-day something important was going to happen to him. I don't know what. He said something about a bid for fortune. Why should he want to kill himself?"

"He was drunk when he was talking to you," said Phillip slowly. "Sometimes when an exhilaration of that kind wears off an intense depression results."

"But supposing he wasn't drunk?"

"Now, Frankie! We both saw him, didn't we?"

"Yes. But he told me himself that he hadn't had much to drink. He was rather puzzled about his condition. And it was very quick, wasn't it? I mean, he seemed fairly all right when he came back to the restaurant. But a few minutes later, he was quite helpless."

"YOU think he might have been drugged?"

"Oh, I don't know. But I just can't see him trying to kill himself last night. And even if, as you say, he'd been caught by a sudden insane depression, he wouldn't have telephoned for help, would he?"

"That's certainly rather contradictory."

"I've been thinking and thinking about it. Listen, Pip. Isn't it possible things may have happened this way? Remembering what he said about the bid for fortune to-day. That's obviously something in connection with money. Supposing someone had wanted to prevent him from doing something to-day?"

"You're thinking about Maurice Slater?"

"I can't get him out of my mind," admitted Frankie. "The girl George Mellin's engaged to is his sister. I know that Slater himself is capable of anything underhand. And if his sister's anything like him—"

"You don't know—"

"That's the trouble. That's what I want your advice about. I started thinking about him not being able to keep an appointment to-day. Then the whole thing seemed to grow up, quite clear and plain. He was drugged last night, so that this suicide could be faked. Sometime during the night Maurice Slater—or someone paid by him—got into Mellin's room."

"K

NOwING that his victim was helpless, unconscious, he opened the artery in his wrist. Then, because he didn't wish to commit an actual murder but simply to ensure that Mellin was out of the way for a while, he lifted the receiver off the telephone and cleared out, knowing that someone would investigate and find the unconscious man before it was too late. Pip, it sounds horrible. But, somehow, I can't help feeling that that's the truth. Don't you think I ought to tell the police about it?"

Phillip looked thoughtfully at her for a few moments before replying.

"It's all supposition, Frankie," he said then.

"I know. But don't you think yourself that I may be right?"

"You may. Always assuming that someone desired Mellin out of the way for a while. It sounds quite possible. And yet—well, there isn't an atom of proof. It may be purest moonshine."

"But we must do something, Pip. If there has been dirty work, it's been to prevent him carrying out something to-day."

"Your idea, then, is that he's been knocked out to prevent his keeping some kind of appointment to-day, some appointment on which his whole future depends?"

"That's right."

"And we haven't the foggiest notion what it's all about, where he was going, or whom he would see. He can't tell us. What possible chance have we of helping him?"

"Precious little," Frances smiled wistfully. "But I've got an idea, Pip. It's mad and ridiculous and wild, and I don't suppose for a moment that it's the slightest use. Still—"

She dived into her handbag and brought out the newspaper cutting she had picked up in the corridor outside George Mellin's bedroom last night. "He was carrying this around with him. The sale is this afternoon. Do you think there's the slightest chance that this is what we're after?"

Phillip took the cutting and studied it closely. On the instructions of the executors of Frederic Levy, deceased, the auctioneers announced a sale at two-thirty that afternoon of various stocks and shares. A trace of excitement lit up in his eyes as he saw that some of the shares were those of South American mining ventures.

"There may be something in this," he muttered.

"He's a mining engineer, Pip, just come back from South America."

"Yes. I don't see where the fortune he spoke of comes in. Still, it does seem that this sale might be important."

Please turn to Page 40

DO YOU KNOW?



PRIMITIVE MAN USED OIL OF CLOVES FOR TOOTH-ACHE!

THE WORLD'S OLDEST TOOTHACHE REMEDY—OIL OF CLOVES—PRESCRIBED BY THE "WISE WOMAN" OF PRIMITIVE TRIBES; IS STILL IN USE TO-DAY! KEEP YOUR TEETH SAFE FROM DECAY—SURGICALLY CLEAN WITH KOLYNOS.

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80. "I find that warts soften and fall out if you rub them with 'Vaseline' Jelly night and morning." 5/- to Miss Kennedy of Jervois West.

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PETROLEUM JELLY

Intimate Jottings

by Caroline.

LIKE—
Marie Brennan's initial shoes
brown kid with a gold metal
W on the left foot and B on the
right.



Mrs. Custance,
wife of Rear-
Admiral W. N. Custance,
who arrived in
Sydney last week, views
the harbor from the roof of her
flat at Elizabeth Bay.

Vice-Regal farewell tour

LORD AND LADY GOWRIE are making a farewell tour of the States before their departure in September for England. Queensland came first on the list, and they left last week for a brief visit to Brisbane, where many official engagements awaited them. They were the guests of the Governor (Sir Leslie Wilson) and Lady Wilson at Government House. The Governor-General is due back in Sydney this Tuesday, but Lady Gowrie is remaining on until May 28. She will travel further south and visit Dunk Island to stay with her nephew, Hugo Brassey.

Early in June the Vice-Regal couple will visit Adelaide, Alice Springs, and Darwin. On June 20 they will attend the International Ball in Sydney.

Mrs. S. J. A. Marshall, of Hunter's Hill, has taken her two sons, Ted and Jim, to the Barrier Reef for the school holidays. Her small daughter Meg will visit friends at Merriwa.

Wedding news

DUTCHIE SOMERVILLE, the G. C. Somervilles' daughter, will have her wedding when she weds John Backhouse at St. Mark's, Darling Point, on Friday. Geoffrey Carter will be John's best man. Delphinium-like taffeta frocks with cyclamen roses at the waist will be worn by the bridesmaids.

Colonel and Mrs. Somerville will entertain at the Queen's Club after the ceremony.

Cyclamen and blue is also the color-scheme chosen for the bridesmaids' frocks at the wedding this Thursday of Joyce Garside and John Lewis. Joyce's sister Phyllis will wear soft blue crepe, and the bridegroom's sister, Jean, has chosen a frock of similar crepe in a lovely shade of cyclamen. Joyce has decided on traditional bridal white for her gown.

The ceremony will be an afternoon one at St. Stephen's Church, Macquarie Street.

The Bill Smiths, of Denmark. Point Piper, motored up to Scene at the week-end. Bill owns St. Aubins.

Motored from Brisbane

MRS. ARNOLD WIENHOLT, of Brisbane, spent a few days in Sydney last week, motoring herself down and back. On the return journey she was accompanied by her daughter, Anne. Lunching at Prince's on Wednesday Mrs. Wienholt looked extremely smart in a grey skirt, striped in faint green and yellow. With it she wore a plain grey jacket and a french-grey felt sports hat.

On furlough from China

BOB ELSWORTH, R.N., of the China Station, is at present holidaying with his uncle, Major Charles Elsworth, and Mrs. Elsworth, of Yammattree, Bethunga. Bob had two months' furlough and flew down from Singapore by Imperial Airways. His first experience of Australia.

His sister, Barbara, who recently spent two years at Yammattree, writes happily from London, where she is tremendously busy with the Women's Auxiliary, working on air-raid precautions, and such like.

Popular annual dance

THE R.S.P.C.A. Ball, at Prince's this Tuesday, will be one of those extremely pleasant evenings when the right number of people are present and you know everyone. I hear nearly three hundred dancers are expected, and the committee has decided to exclude most of the floor shows and cabaret turns in favor of straight-out dancing for the guests. Of course the puppy from the King Edward Dogs' Home will be well in evidence.

Lady Julius is taking quite a large party, and Mrs. Claude Plowman, Mrs. Claude Mackay, and Mrs. Norman Macleod are going along, too. Ainslie Baker and her mother are taking about ten guests. Mrs. Baker is wearing black, and Ainslie has chosen a lovely thing in grey chiffon.

Entertaining English guest

ENGLISH visitor Ford Geddes, son of the chairman of the Orient Company, who has been travelling up and down Australia these last few months, has recently been sampling Queensland's hospitality. He was the guest of Mrs. William Collins at her station home, Nindoolmbah, for a few days, and in Brisbane was the guest of honor at parties given by Mr. and Mrs. Max Way and Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Way.

Mr. Geddes is due back in Sydney next week, and may go on to New Zealand before returning to London.

During building operations on their charming new home at Bathurst, Mr. and Mrs. Adrian Sutherland are occupying the Maurice Bartons' house. Mr. and Mrs. Barton are at present abroad.

Stage ambitions

PHYLL ARNOTT, recently back from abroad, is in search of a job. She studied singing in London and Paris, and hopes to reach the footlights stage side. Judging from Phyll's voice and charming personality, I shouldn't think she'll have far to look.

She is the daughter of Dr. and Mrs. H. R. Arnott... recently moved to Killara from their lovely Wahroonga home.



Lots of attractions

LOTS of attractions being planned by the committee for the Honolulu Ball at the Trocadero this Tuesday. There will be a hula hula dance by Miss Freda Spinks, and the North Bondi Surf Club has promised a ballet.

Members of the Australian team competing in the Honolulu surf carnival will be present, and proceeds of the ball will help to defray the expenses.

Mrs. Adrian Curlewis, president of the committee, is arranging a large party, and Mrs. George Millar and Mrs. Geoff Cohen will also be among the dancers.

Inspecting new home

FRAN and Alec Binnie, motored to their new home at Singleton last week. They had been staying at the Australia for a while after their return from their honeymoon in New Zealand. Fran said she wanted to go up and have a look at the place. It is not quite finished yet, but they will make frequent trips to the city until it is completed.

DO YOU KNOW—

That Mrs. Henry Dawson is in town from Coolamundra on a brief shopping bout? She motors back to the country this week.

Lady Gordon's matinee

LADY GORDON will have another success to her credit after her matinee at the Theatre Royal this Tuesday in aid of the Sydney Day Nursery Association. There has been a great demand for seats. So appropriate, too, that many of the hundreds of young socialites taking part in the tableau should still be of nursery age. Tiny Betty King, young Pam Bowman, Suzanne Pointing, and Joan Rich were among those who trotted off happily to rehearsals at Heather Gell's studio.

Older girls taking part include Heather McLeod, Betty Maxwell, June Bracken, Eve Playfair, and Pam Darling.

Party for nephew

MRS. ROYSTONE DAVEY is entertaining at the Macquarie Club this Wednesday for her nephew, Henry Hordern. Henry returned from a trip to Honolulu in the Mariposa this Monday, and Mrs. Davey says she thinks things are always rather dull after a holiday, so she decided to invite one hundred guests to cocktails. It's Henry's birthday, too, which was an added incentive.

Mrs. Davey, who will be assisted in entertaining by Mr. Davey, has chosen a black and silver lame afternoon frock in which to receive her guests, who will include Sir Hugh and Lady Denison, Sir Hugh Poynter, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Baird, Shirley and Jocelyn Poynter, Ros and Allison Bowman, Nancy and Betty Westgarth, and Dr. Bill Marsh.

A beautiful "angel"

KATRIN ROSSELLE, seventeen-year-old Viennese starr in "I Married an Angel" at the Theatre Royal, makes a beautiful "angel" in her angel frock of flowing white georgette, trimmed with white fur, and her white fur cap.

Lots of regular first-nighters at the premiere on Saturday, Sir Harry and Lady Moxham and Mrs. C. W. Witt had seats in the dress circle. Also Mr. and Mrs. K. G. Hornefield.

The Modern Wife



Takes
**Beecham's
Pills**



Like her Mother and Grandmother before her the modern young wife keeps healthy and happy by taking Beecham's Pills. And so her complexion is clear and unblemished. Her breath is sweet. She avoids sick headaches, biliousness and digestive upsets. The happiness of youth shines from her eyes.

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VITALITY AND STRENGTH WITH ROBOLEINE



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"A teaspoonful of Roboleine in a glass of warm milk is the best restorative in bodily weakness and nervous debility," says a leading Doctor.

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BACKACHE

Only those who suffer can realise the utter misery, the maddening torture, the dreadful weakness that backache brings. Yet thousands of chronic sufferers go on in their pain and weakness until perhaps they have to give up, becoming bed-ridden; mother unable to carry out her daily duties; wage-earners lose money; pleasures just a thing of the past. Sufferers, you must realise that awful Backache is Nature's urgent signal of deep-seated trouble within the body—Kidney Trouble.

Weak kidneys—yes, that is what makes life a misery for so many, many people, although they do not know it. Are you going to stay crippled by pain, or will you prove how quickly, how surely and permanently, you can end your trouble by taking De Witt's Pills?

De Witt's Pills, in 24 hours, show you how they have acted directly on the

kidneys. If you will only persevere, their cleansing, tonic action will rid your system of the poisons and impurities that cause your pain.

Remember this, De Witt's Pills are made for the one purpose only—to end the pain and weakness caused by kidney trouble. They cleanse the system and build up health, strength and vitality. De Witt's Pills go to the seat of all your trouble—the Kidneys.

They are safe and sure in all cases of

**RHEUMATISM BACKACHE
JOINT PAINS LUMBAGO
SCIATICA KIDNEY TROUBLE
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Made specially to end the pain of Rheumatism, Lumbago, Sciatica, Joint Pains and all forms of Kidney Trouble. Of all chemists and storekeepers, 1/6, 3/- and 5/6.

"WELL, shall we go?"

I can see your point about the police. We're not likely to do any good by telling them—so far as helping him is concerned, I mean. But if we went to this sale and kept our eyes and ears open—What do you say, Pip? Will you take me?"

"You bet I will. Come on! Let's have a spot of lunch, then we'll get along."

The auctioneer's establishment was a grubby little place off Farringdon Street. It seemed full of musty, dusty books and furniture. There were quite a lot of people there, wandering around in apparently aimless fashion. As soon as she entered, Frances clutched Phillip's arm.

"Look!" she whispered. "Over there! Maurice Slater and his sister."

"We're on the right track, then, Frankie."

"Looks like it. Oh, Pip, I'd like to outwit them."

"You really think they're responsible for what's happened to Melin?"

"They must be. It's too much to be just coincidence."

The auctioneer mounted the rostrum and proceeded to put the company in a good humor. The late Frederic Levy, he explained, was a very old bird. Feeling quite sure that the world was full of sharks, he had directed in his will that all his somewhat extensive holdings in industrial companies should be sold by public auction. This, of course, as the auctioneer explained, cut both ways. He was sure of obtaining a fair price for his shares. At the same time, an acute buyer had his opportunity. There were bargains to be picked up. There was really no need for him to emphasise this point to such an intelligent company. Lot number one consisted of fifteen hundred seven per cent. preference shares in Amalgamated Dairies, Ltd. Would anyone care to start the bidding for this lot?

The sale proceeded. The various lots readily fetched prices only a fraction below their market value. Frances watched Eleanor Slater and her brother closely. They made no

bid and appeared to have no interest whatsoever in the proceedings. She herself felt a mounting excitement as the auctioneer drew nearer to lot number fourteen.

When number thirteen had been disposed of, his attitude changed. The next lot, he informed the company, was frankly a gamble. Twenty thousand ordinary shares in the Blue Cat Mine, situated in British Honduras in South America. A controlling interest in the mine. The shares had been issued at par, and were fully paid up. Anyone buying them, to all intents and purposes owned the Blue Cat Mine. Admittedly the shares were no longer quoted on the Stock Exchange. He had no desire to mislead anyone in any way. It might be said that the mine was completely valueless. It had, indeed, been abandoned, and was now derelict. But there was always the chance that such a mine

ONCE—

*Some day you'll meet her
Walking by the shore—
She goes there when the tide
is low—
And you will stare in troubled
wondering,
So consciously aware and
sure you know
Her strange, sweet face.
And I'll not tell you, no, not
I,
That she is love, and once
you passed her by.*

—YVONNE WEBB.

might one day be worked again. Sometimes new lodes were found which would make it profitable to open up again. If such a thing happened in the case of the Blue Cat Mine, the lucky owner of these shares would be made for life. It was a gamble, pure and simple. Would anyone care to open the bidding?

"Fifty shillings," said someone. The auctioneer smiled. "Now, gentlemen, be reasonable, please."

"Five pounds," said Maurice Slater, looking rather bored with everything.

Frances caught her breath. She turned to Phillip.

"Will you back me up, Pip?" she asked.

"How do you mean?"

"I WANT to bid against him. I don't want him to get this mine."

"You think—"

"Yes. If I'm right, he'll go up a long way. Much farther than I could go—unless I can call on you."

"Okay." There was no hesitation in Phillip's voice. "What's mine's yours. Carry on."

"Twenty pounds," said Frances.

"Thirty," said someone at the back of the room.

"Fifty," said Maurice Slater.

There was silence for a while. The auctioneer, who had hardly expected the bidding to go so high, looked round hoping for further offers. No one seemed interested. He raised his hammer and was on the point of dropping it when Frances bid again.

"One hundred."

"A hundred and fifty," said Maurice Slater.

"Two hundred," said Frances.

People turned to stare at her. After one glance in her direction, Maurice Slater rose from the chair in which he was sitting. He looked very correct, very distinguished.

"Excuse me, sir," he said with a deprecating smile, "but before we go any further I suggest it might be as well to inquire into the financial standing of the young lady who has just bid. Unless I am very much mistaken she is no more than a dancing instructor at the Colosseum Hotel. It seems hardly likely that her bid will turn out to be serious."

"It is quite serious," Phillip pushed his way forward. "Miss Layburn is bidding on my behalf. In case my name is not known to you, perhaps I might as well—"

He drew some documents from his pockets, and laid them before the auctioneer. Frances, watching him, started as she felt a tug at her sleeve. She turned and looked into the watchful blue eyes of Eleanor Slater.

"What's your game?" demanded Miss Slater, in an angry whisper.

In a Miner Key

Continued from Page 38

"I'm afraid I don't understand you," said Frances.

"You understand perfectly well. Why are you bidding for the Blue Cat Mine?"

"Oh, that," Frances decided on a little bluff. "I'm really acting for Mr. George Melin. You're his fiancée, aren't you? I suppose you've heard that he was attacked in the hotel last night. The police have got a queer sort of notion that the person who was responsible for this would try to buy the Blue Cat Mine this afternoon. So Mr. Melin asked me if I would come along and buy it for him, so that there'd be no further trouble."

The anger vanished from the blue eyes, leaving only a startled fear. Eleanor Slater turned abruptly away.

"I'm quite satisfied that this young lady is a bona fide bidder," resumed the auctioneer, with a nod to Phillip. "Her bid stands at two hundred pounds. Have I any advance on that? Now you, sir—"

He broke off, staring in surprise at the seat which Maurice Slater had occupied. Slater had just risen again, and was accompanying his sister towards the door.

"Hey, you! You've had a lot to say. Aren't you bidding any more?"

Slater muttered something inaudible in reply, and passed out with Eleanor into the street. The auctioneer shrugged.

"Any advance on two hundred? Going, Going, Gone! The Blue Cat Mine is yours, young lady, and I sincerely hope that you'll find it a most profitable investment."

"I don't know how I'll ever be able to thank you," George Melin, still pale from loss of blood, but otherwise progressing well, looked up at Frances and Phillip, who were leaning over his bed in the ward. "I can't remember anything about being drugged, but I can't remember anything, either, about this supposed attempt at suicide."



Let me show you how to
"DAMP-SET" your hair
with VELMOL

HOLLYWOOD and the movies were quick to use this "damp-set" idea . . . it's the discovery of a famous consultant to New York, London, and Paris beauty-salons . . .

Now, Velmol makes it so easy—so simple—that you can "damp-set" your own hair, at home . . . yourself!

FIRST: Run a wet comb through your hair to damp it.

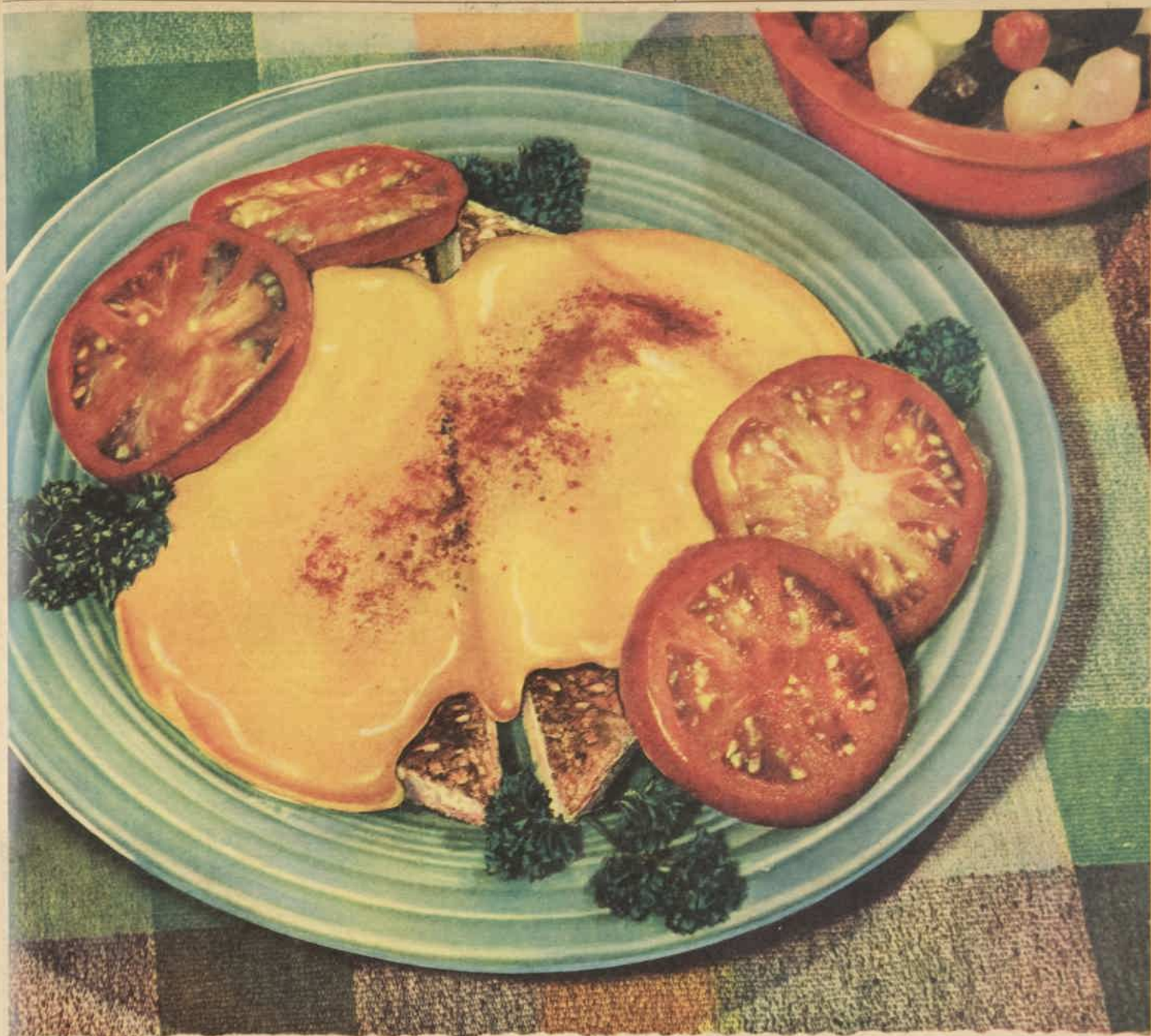
NEXT: Moisten your brush with a few drops of Velmol and brush evenly through the length of your hair.

NOW: Set the waves or curls in your hair with fingers and comb. That's all! (Holds a finger wave for days!)

Yes, definitely. "Damp-setting" with Velmol has come to stay . . . It saves time . . . temper . . . and money, too. A 2/- bottle lasts for months. Ask for Velmol at your chemist, store or hairdresser.

A "damp-set" with Velmol works on hair of any texture, any colour, on any wave. In just four minutes—with a few drops of Velmol—you can set your own hair into deep, firm, lustrous waves or curls—just as you like them best.

Velmol is not sticky—non-greasy—non-powdery. It leaves your hair with a thrilling new beauty of natural sparkle.



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FOR breakfast on a chilly morning, for a savoury luncheon, for Sunday night supper . . . whenever you want an easy-to-prepare dish that tastes extra appetising, just slice Kraft Welsh Rarebit on toast, melt it under the griller till it's bubbling and golden brown, serve with a garnish of tomatoes. And remember, every time you have Kraft on the menu, it provides all these essential food elements in your diet . . . tissue building proteins, energy units, vitamin A, and the milk minerals, calcium and phosphorus, which build strong bones and sound teeth. It takes a gallon of milk to make a single pound of Kraft! Kraft Welsh Rarebit, in 2 and 4 oz. packets, sold at all food stores.

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Please send me a copy of the new Kraft
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ELBOWS on the table are permissible, if dining in a crowded restaurant, during conversation after the meal is finished.

ETIQUETTE

AN AUTHORITATIVE GUIDE TO
PUBLIC AND SOCIAL LIFE

Simplicity keynote of correct speech and conduct

Should you take your escort's arm on entering an hotel dining-room or restaurant?

Is it bad manners to put your elbows on the table?

What is the correct response when being introduced?

These and many other questions are answered by Mrs. Massey Lyon, noted authority on social procedure, in this week's instalment of her book, which is being published by The Australian Women's Weekly as a serial.

By MRS. MASSEY LYON
(Published by Special Arrangement)

THE code of to-day is one of freedom and lack of stiff formality, but there are times when ceremony must be observed.

It is not always easy to realise the occasions on which ceremonious speech and conduct are necessary, and when they are not.

There are times when son or daughter speaks of parents with full ceremony, using their titles, others when they would never think of doing such a thing.

Speaking generally, except on occasions which have a ceremonial character of their own, simplicity is the best form.

No one, for example, is "taken" in to dinner these days unless they are occasions of marked formality; but instinctively those of lesser rank make way for those above them, and the younger for the elder, other things being equal.

On the one hand, solemnity to

take arms and parade from room to room is "wrong," but so, more definitely, is it for girls to push before married women, or for anyone to ignore actual rank.

At informal functions small enough to render place cards unnecessary, it is in some such simple words as "Will you sit next to Joan?" or "Next to my mother, please, Mr. Vaughan," that hostess and host tell their guests where to sit.

"May I have the salt?" takes the place of "May I trouble you for the salt?" and everything is conducted on simple, straightforward lines.

We are rarely wrong in regard to greetings, for the "How do you do?" which alone is correct is almost a slogan.

"Pleased to meet you," or any such form of greeting is deplorable.

Rather illogical is our "How do you do?" for, although it is a question, it needs no answer, and indeed is often met by the same phrase, equally without intention of reply.

Nor is the other form, "How are you?"—more favored by men than women—intended to elicit information.

Those invitations

IF anyone really wanted to know how we were they would ask, "How are you getting on?" or, perhaps, "Escaped the flu, I hope?"

Telephones have brought fresh pitfalls for the unwary. Invitations given over the telephone must be of an informal character only. Hundreds are so given every day to friends to tea, bridge, to lunch and little dinners.



WHEN being introduced a man stands up, but he should not extend his hand until the woman does. The correct response in an introduction is, "How do you do?"

The fact that the invitation is given in this way denotes informality. If you arrive at a dinner to find the hostess in gorgeous raiment, and the host in the full panoply of tail-coat and white tie, they were more than a little casual in the manner of their invitation.

An obvious exception is an intimate friend who is asked in a hurry to fill a gap left at the last moment, but the nature of the party is then made plain in the message.

Rings are often worn only in the evening, and except for pearls and on occasions when very elaborate afternoon dress is worn jewellery should be worn in moderation.

There is no logical reason why certain things are "wrong" and others "right," but we all want to do the "right" things.

There is the question of "taking arms," for instance.

It simply "can't be done," except for two exceptions—taking women in to a formal dinner, when they give their right arms to their partners, and at weddings when the bride enters leaning on her father's arm and comes back from the altar on her husband's.

None of the people following her—bridesmaids and groomsmen, or parents of bride and bridegroom—should "take arms," according to fashionable tenets.

The same thing applies at dinner in hotels, restaurants, and so on, and at lunches everywhere.

Going in to dinner

IF couples are arranged, as they are at dinner, they simply walk side by side to the table or in single file, each man walking after the woman he has been asked to accompany. They never "take arms." And this holds good for occasions that are in the least ceremonious.

When a husband and wife enter a room to be formally announced, the wife walks first, her husband after her. Going to formal supper at a dance, couples walk side by side.

Incidentally, on the two occasions when people "take arms," the woman's arm should rest quite lightly on that of her companion. She should neither hang on him nor come quite close.

The only other exception to this rule of not taking arms is the practical one of old age or feeble health. Then, of course, a man would give a woman his right arm to afford support and protection.

Everyone crosses legs and puts elbows on the table nowadays.

But these attitudes have their permitted and forbidden occasions, especially the elbows-on-the-table habit. Like lolling back in chairs, they are distinctly of the "free-and-easy" order, and therefore, if adopted on any occasions of ceremony, amount to a social soleism.

No one need sit with elbows on the table. At the same time, there is often no reason why he or she should not.

It is often a graceful and practical attitude, as when people are dining

together in small parties in a noisy restaurant and, having finished the meal, are lingering over cigarette and coffee in desultory conversation. To sit forward with one elbow on the table makes conversation easier.

Similarly, at a private dinner, if seated at the ends of oblong tables, to rest their elbows on the table to bring them a little nearer to the guests at their side. But it would be distinctly wrong for any guests at the sides of the table to do the same thing.

NEXT WEEK
FURTHER advice on matters of etiquette in everyday life is given in the next instalment of Mrs. Massey Lyon's book.
The small courtesies which constitute good manners in men, good taste in dress for women and men, and affection in speech are some of the aspects of everyday etiquette which will be discussed.

It's Not Her Fault

She's Tearful, Troublesome
and Often in a Temper...

The Doctor knows it's—

Faulty Elimination

Where constipation is easily recognised and can be promptly checked, faulty elimination, or incomplete bowel action is insidious and many times more dangerous, because unsuspected. Bowels may appear regular yet are doing only half their work, allowing food waste to pour undetected poisons into the system. The blood-cleansing organs, the liver and kidneys, are over-taxed with work and become sluggish. That is the real danger, and that is the cause of "crankiness," crossness and temper.

Act quickly, but act carefully.

Medical science knows one medicament with gentle, direct action on the bowels, inducing natural movement, thus relieving and toning up the over-worked liver and kidneys. You get this medicament in Laxettes. In place of dangerous ingredients of some aperients that scour the natural lubricant from the bowels and cause even more serious subsequent trouble, Laxettes contain only safe, natural properties. Laxettes are so pure, safe and pleasant to take that they are recommended for babies, as well as for children and adults.

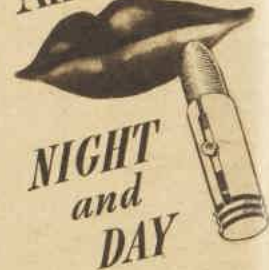


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Lipstick

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AN elderly man- servant let them in. Rudolf, divesting himself of his overcoat in the large hall, had time to realise the substantial wealth of his surroundings.

Then he was shown into a long paneled library. It was dimly lit, and in front of the fireplace at the far end stood the strange lady and a tall fair red-complexioned bull of a man of about his own age.

"This is my brother," said the lady, "Mr. Geraldine. I am Iris Geraldine."

Mr. Geraldine's brick-red complexion sharpened by contrast the paleness of his cold blue eyes. He made no attempt to conceal the hostility with which he measured the saturnine and faintly smiling face of his guest.

"So now you realise," he said, "why I told my sister not to give you her name for had you known it you wouldn't have come."

"You misjudge me, Mr. Geraldine. For the sake of a woman like your sister I should willingly risk much more than a disagreeable encounter with a man like her brother. Now what is it you want with me?"

"Surely, Prince Rudolf, you can easily guess what I—"

"Wait," said Rudolf sharply. "Before we go any further you will be as good as to ask me to sit down. I thank you. Then you will invite me to have a drink. Thank you. I prefer brandy."

Mr. Geraldine's handsome brick-red face broke into a fighting grin. "Iris," he turned to his sister, "perhaps you had better leave Prince Rudolf and me together."

Miss Geraldine had not yet glanced at her kidnapped guest. She sat somewhat stiffly, in a high Queen Anne chair, her eyes lost in the leaping colors of the bright fire.

"I am here," said Prince Rudolf, "at Miss Geraldine's express invitation, and I am enjoying her company very much. I hope you will stay with us, Miss Geraldine. No doubt your brother is a splendid fellow, but he is not half so pretty to look at as you are."

She held her small head very still and erect, and he was conscious that she would much prefer to ignore his presence. She spoke to the fox in her low cool voice, as though she was thinking out loud.

"I do not like," she said, "to see any man humiliated, no matter how much he may deserve it."

"To risk that," said Rudolf. "Go ahead, Mr. Geraldine. As you said, I know you are the chairman of the great and famous private bank of Geraldine Brothers, and that you are the trustee of the estate of Miss Carstairs."

"Not only her trustee, Prince, but also her late father's most intimate friend. She told me no later than 12th afternoon that she had made up her mind to marry you."

"**S**HE ought to have told me first," said Prince Rudolf, "but her decision makes me as happy that I must forgive her. Thank you for your congratulations, Mr. Geraldine. She is a very sweet girl, and I am a very lucky man."

"Here is a great fortune," said Mr. Geraldine dryly.

"So my father has told me every day for weeks. He will be very pleased about this, as he has been so hard up lately. How agreeable it is to meet nice young girls like Miss Carstairs who think nothing of bringing a little sunshine into the lives of tired old men like my father. When I tell him to-morrow, he will be very touched."

Mr. Geraldine was smoking a cigar. You could see that he was a man who enjoyed a good cigar. His cold eyes looked thoughtfully at the long ash.

"He won't," he said, "because you won't."

Prince Rudolf's attention appeared at that moment to be engaged in an exhaustive study of Iris Geraldine's profile, and that he thought very highly of it was obvious from his expression.

"I won't... what?" he said absently.

"You won't tell your father you are going to marry Miss Carstairs, Prince, because you are not going to marry her."

"All complaints on that head," said Rudolf, "should be addressed to Miss Carstairs in person. It is her job. It is her money. It is to be her marriage. And I am her choice. So why, Mr. Geraldine, bother me?"

Midnight Adventure

Continued from Page 6

"A girl so young," said Mr. Geraldine, "does not always know what is best for her. I cannot forbid Baba to marry you, because she is of age. I can't persuade her not to by telling her that you, in spite of your great name, are a well-known waster and adventurer, that you are notorious both for your affairs with women and for your dexterity in getting your bills paid, because she dismisses all such facts as reflections on a misunderstood, handsome, and romantic prince."

"And quite right, too. That ought to teach you, Mr. Geraldine, not to go about putting nasty thoughts into young girls' heads. Just because nobody has ever thought you romantic since you were a little boy in velvet pants, why be jealous of me?"

"I am never jealous," said Mr. Geraldine, "of a crook."

"Am I to understand, Mr. Geraldine, that you have just called me a crook?"

"You are. I have."

IN that case," said Prince Rudolf, rising from his chair. "I must have another brandy. You have interested me greatly, Mr. Geraldine. Won't you please develop your theory?"

"It is not a theory, Prince, but a fact. But I had much rather not elaborate it—and I won't. If you promise not to see Miss Carstairs again."

"But that would never do, Mr. Geraldine. The poor girl would be very upset. My poor father would be very disappointed. And my poor creditors would be very angry. We

can't go about upsetting people indiscriminately."

"Very well," said Mr. Geraldine grimly. "On the formal announcement of your engagement to Miss Carstairs I shall notify the proper authorities that I have in my possession a cheque drawn in your favor by a Mr. John Anderson and cashed by you, which I have every reason to suspect is a forgery."

"But why suspect?" said Prince Rudolf. "You know darn well it's a forgery."

"So you admit forging Anderson's signature to a cheque for £1000?"

Prince Rudolf glanced aside at Iris Geraldine—and instantly found, to his surprise and consternation, that something inside him was beating painfully, thumping like a boy's because a young woman with level eyes was regarding him gravely.

"Mr. Geraldine," he said at last, and his voice for the first time was without any mockery at all, "when John Anderson died last week, did you not, as his executor, find any note amongst his papers referring to me?"

"I did not."

"I think you did. I think you have that note in your possession. John Anderson was a gambler, and like nearly all gamblers he was a very honest man. Do you still say that he left no letter in his handwriting with reference to me?"

"I have already said so, Prince Rudolf."

"Then I should like to put it on record, Mr. Geraldine, that you are a liar. This may be due to the fact that you were badly brought up, but the fact remains that you are a liar."

Please turn to Page 44

"It's time I had a rise too, Jack

—but I'm afraid to ask for it."

"Why, Bill? Why be afraid to ask for your proper value. All you have to do is point out that you have been training yourself for eighteen months to make yourself more valuable, and you will find no difficulty with any boss—much less your firm—they're quite reasonable when a man is increasing his qualifications."

"But I haven't been doing that, Jack."

"But I thought..."

"Yes, I was going to take it up when you did, but I've put it off—couldn't just see my way clear to spend the few shillings a week—have been hoping for a rise to pay for it."

"Well, Bill, of course that's different. After all, you were doing the same work eighteen months ago—why should they pay more money for the same service when you haven't even got any further knowledge. If I had waited for a rise before I started to make myself worth more, I'd be in the same situation as you—but I had been training only a couple of months when I got a rise that more than paid my monthly training commitment."

"—and was put 'on the list' because they had not been told I was training and found out only by accident."

"However, decide now to get your rise. Go up to-day to H. & R., and under their Personal-Individual Tuition Method in Accountancy-Secretaryship you will acquire the thorough training, the knowledge that will itself demand higher pay, and you yourself will gain that confidence and poise—that is born of ability and success. You will find, too, as I did, that you won't have to ask for a rise—you will soon see that, as in mine and hundreds of other cases, the rise you automatically get will handily pay the small cost of training—and that rise leads to others as you progress."

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the effects of breathing the germ-laden class-room air. Woods' Great Peppermint Cure prevents and relieves influenza, colds, coughs and throat and chest ailments. It acts quickly, safely and reliably always. Grown-ups as well as children like its healthy pepperminty flavour.

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WHAT a grand thing it would be if every middle-aged person could drop into this woman's busy shop—see her there working tirelessly all day long, a smile for every customer! Nobody would dream she's over 40, or that not so long ago she was getting stodgy, threatened with "middle-age fag." Then why so bright and cheery now? Read her letter!

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testines awake to new activity. Poisons go. Sluggishness goes. You get that "Kruschen feeling" which has brought joy to millions. Kruschen Salts is obtainable at Chemists and Stores, prices 1/6 and 2/9 per bottle.

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Midnight Adventure

Continued from Page 43

"A YEAR ago John Anderson bet me a hundred pounds that I could not forge his signature and get away with it without suspicion. It was to be for a cheque of a thousand pounds merely so that the signature should be scrutinised carefully at the bank. I succeeded, returned the thousand pounds in cash to Anderson, who gave me the bet I had won and also a receipt for the sum of the forged cheque. I have that receipt. Amongst his papers you have already found a letter signed by him telling the circumstances of the forged cheque."

"Prince Rudolf," said Mr. Geraldine, "of course I am very glad that you have John Anderson's receipt, but in the absence of any letter from John Anderson among the effects exonerating you from all blame, I am afraid that a great deal of doubt will exist in the public mind as to whether you are, or are not, a common swindler. I have not yet found that letter amongst Anderson's effects."

"So I am to understand that unless I give up Miss Carstairs you will make it very unpleasant indeed for me?"

"I prefer to say, Prince, that unless you agree to give up this misguided girl I shall have to do my best to show her what sort of a man you really are. As you know, by her father's will she comes into her estate on the day she marries. And she told me to-day that it was her fixed intention, as she is very rich and you are poor, to settle on you a very considerable sum of money which would ensure you a comfortable income for life."

"I wish," sighed Rudolf, "that my father could hear you say that. His enthusiasm would be quite touching."

"I fear he will be disappointed, Prince. But not to depress you both too much, and since after all, you are being forced to give up a considerable fortune, I am prepared here and now to write you a cheque for £4000. I shall send it to you on the day that Miss Carstairs tells me that she has decided not to marry you."

"Dear me," said Rudolf, "I see that I must have another brandy. Thank you, Mr. Geraldine. Your brandy is superb. Did you say four thousand pounds?"

"I did—merely, you understand, as a small consolation—"

"Nonsense, my dear fellow—it's a big consolation. After all, are there many men whose charms could be valued at four thousand pounds? I fear you are a flatterer, Mr. Geraldine."

"Then you accept, Prince? You will agree to leave Miss Carstairs alone?"

But Rudolf's attention appeared now to be engaged in yet another careful examination of Miss Geraldine's cold profile.

"I note with regret," he said, "that Miss Geraldine's disapproval of me has increased to such an extent that, were she not a lady, she would express it in such old-fashioned terms as swindler, gigolo, and cad."

"Cad," said Iris Geraldine, "is an unpleasant word. But very descriptive. I should prefer you, Prince, to address yourself only to my brother. I am here merely as a witness to a business arrangement."

"Not at all," said Rudolf, with sudden sharpness. "It is a romantic arrangement."

Astonished, they stared at him. He was smiling in his saturnine way. Mr. Geraldine glanced at his sister, and laughed.

"These fellows," said he, "can make anything seem romantic."

"Well, I can promise you that your sister will find what I am going to say a good deal more romantic than you will. I am going to tell you a story."

"Not to me," said Miss Geraldine with spirit. She rose, very slender and straight. "I am going to bed."

"This story, Miss Geraldine," said Rudolf slowly, "is about your sister."

They stared at him across an appalled silence. But his dark eyes saw only Iris Geraldine's still white face, at last turned full to him. With a tiny wild gesture of a fluttering hand, she sat down again.

"You knew her?" she sighed.

"But for her," said Prince Rudolf, "I should not be here to-night."

"Fantastic nonsense!" said Gerald-

ine harshly. "Diana died more than ten years ago."

"Ten years, three months and five days ago, my friend. I came into your car, Miss Geraldine, only because I recognised the faint scent you are using. It is made by an obscure perfumer in Paris, and I gave her first bottle to Diana. Then for sentimental reasons I paid my friend Louvois, the perfumer, enough money to buy the rights of the scent outright—that is, so that no one but Diana Geraldine should ever use it. I was a rich man then, you understand. Louvois, for as long as he was in business, was to send her one bottle every six months at this address."

"A year or so after she was killed in that motor accident near Fontainebleau, Louvois wrote to me enclosing a letter that he had received from England. The letter was from a girl's school near Ascot and was written by a schoolgirl to the effect that the duty-paid scent from Paris which had been delivered to Miss Geraldine was obviously for her elder sister, who was dead, but could it please go on being sent to the address in Belgrave Square so that she could use it when she was grown up in memory of her dear sister, and it was signed 'Iris Geraldine.'"

"So you will see why I so willingly came with you when you invited me. I told you, didn't I, that you weren't a stranger?"

"Diana," said Iris Geraldine, so dimly that she was scarcely audible, "was the loveliest elder sister a little girl could have. I was fourteen when she died, and as our father and mother had died long before, she was everything in the world—all heroes and all heroines in one—to me. And so I clung to the sweet dry perfume which, so she once told her little sister, a fairy-tale prince had given her to use for ever and ever."

"Well," said Mr. Geraldine blithely, "there's darn little of the fairy-tale about the Prince now."

Rudolf smiled. "That's true enough, dear me. But you must remember I was only twenty-three then—and Diana was twenty. Young people, Mr. Geraldine, are sometimes very serious indeed about such trivialities as being in love."

"Now that you have hurt Iris," said her brother harshly, "by bringing up memories of her sister, may I ask what was your point in doing so?"

"He has not hurt me," said Iris. Her eyes were hidden. Her voice came from behind an invisible curtain. "You didn't intend to, did you, Prince?"

"INDIRECTLY, my dear, I fear I must—that is, through this brother of yours, Mr. Geraldine. I told you about Diana because she used to speak of you, her elder brother and the head of the family. I know that in spite of your very respectable front as a banker you are an unscrupulous speculator. Diana—aged twenty to your twenty-five—guessed your true character."

"Now I am going to make the guess that as Miss Carstairs' trustee you have gambled with part of her funds and that in the recent Wall Street crash you have lost heavily. Wait. On her marriage you will have to show her accounts to her lawyers, with the result that you will find yourself in the dock. That is why you do not want her to marry until you can regain your losses."

"This is all guesswork, of course. But no doubt you will tell me if I am wrong. On one point I can ease your mind. I am not going to marry Miss Carstairs."

"That is not because I wish to save you, but because I have fallen in love to-night, for the second time in my life, though I fear the lady does not approve of me at all. I can only hope to win her approval in time. It shall be my one ambition to win it, and her."

"But that is another story. Tomorrow I shall advise Miss Carstairs to ask her lawyers to look into—"

But Geraldine interrupted him. His cold eyes were thoughtful, but there was a grin on his handsome red face.

"Iris," he said, "somebody ought to have warned me about the intelligence of princes. I begin to see now how even the shrewdest bankers have in the past been persuaded to lend them money."

Please turn to Page 46

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WRITTEN STARS IN THE STARS

BYROLOGY BY JUNE MARSDEN

President Australian Astrological Research Society

A happy Taurian is a delightful person. An unhappy one is inclined to be mean and greedy, selfish, and ill-tempered instead of generous, kindly, and cheerful.

TAURUS-BORN people... those with birthdays between April 21 and May 22... are seldom beautiful in the true sense of the word. But many of them have something even more attractive—they have magnetism. They are fond of life and all its pleasures, and usually live it fully and enthusiastically.

The majority are materially-minded during most of their days, craving excitement, entertainment, and love. In short, they live in the "now," with a quick appreciation of all that concerns the elements of taste, smell, sight, hearing, and feeling.

For this reason, if for no other, they are usually popular with members of the opposite sex, and make excellent pals.

Most Taurus-born males are generous, kindly, rather placid and lary, and inclined to extravagance in both temper and expenditures. This type is keenly sought for his company, since he combines all these characteristics with unbounded cheerfulness unless his anger is more than ordinarily aroused.

Usually, he has a round, glowing, plumpish face, a perpetual air of anticipation, and (when not in one of his sulky moods) a ready grin and wit.

The Taurian also has a good appetite—for 99 meals out of a 100—and is always ready for food or drink. Consequently, the maid who would catch her Taurus man should plan to "feed the brute," and feed him well.

She should also show him plenty of affection, and make a fuss of him now and again. But she should go into hiding when he is in one of his tantrums, and be content to put up with the "sulks" unless she can find the knack of wheeling him back to good humor.

Proof of affection

THE man who would catch his Taurian maid should follow a somewhat similar mode of campaign, but add to it many small evidences of his affection in the way of outings, gifts, and endearments.

This is necessary because many Taurian women are almost unconsciously "gimme girls." They make demands upon those they love especially those of the opposite sex, and because of their practical viewpoint feel sure of another's affection only when that person produces material proof of it.

And the more the gift appeals to the Taurian maid's senses, the more certain will

she feel of the affection of the giver.

Those who hope to wed—or are already wedded to—Taurians should never forget these things, for these people are "of the earth, earthy," and the sooner this fact is realised the better.

Most Taurian women are splendid cooks and make excellent homemakers and mothers. Consequently they are seldom left "on the shelf" beyond their early twenties.

It will be found that, as a general rule, Taurus-born people mate most harmoniously with those born under the zodiacal signs of Virgo (Aug. 24 to Sept. 23), Capricorn (Dec. 22 to Jan. 20), and (to a slightly lesser extent) Cancer (June 22 to July 23), Pisces (Feb. 19 to March 21), and those of their own sign, Taurus (April 21 to May 22).

Daily Diary

UTILISE the following information in your daily affairs. It will prove interesting.

ARIES (March 21 to April 21): Fair for you on May 24 and 25.

Taurus (April 21 to May 22): Finalise important matters already started; but be cautious on May 24 and 25.

GEMINI (May 22 to June 22): You can now afford to be "up and doing," with plenty of vim and optimism. This week can produce opportunities. May 20 and 21 should be turned to good account. Work hard, make changes.

CANCER (June 22 to July 23): Just fair on May 22 and 23.

LEO (July 23 to August 24): Your difficulties of the past few weeks will gradually dissolve. May 24 and 25 fair.

VIRGO (August 24 to September 23): If important matters are not already under way, try to let them wait. Difficulties, delays and worries are likely to follow over-confidence and changes at this time.

LIBRA (September 23 to October 24): Plan ahead, for opportunities are just around the corner. Meanwhile use May 20 and 21 to advantage, by getting plans perfected for future changes and improvements. Work hard.

SCORPIO (October 24 to November 23): You can have a sigh of relief that the past four weeks are over. Nothing spectacular yet, but plan ahead. Meanwhile May 22 and 23 just fair, and May 24 and 25, poor.

SAGITTARIUS (November 23 to December 23): Let your conscience be your guide, because you'll now be tempted to do the wrong thing. Be especially cautious on May 26 and 27; May 20 and 21 can also be difficult.

CAPRICORN (December 22 to



ANOTHER fashion style has captivated the Paris designers. Legroux adds a whimsical touch to a rose-pink felt topper with a matching fishnet veil covering the crown, and tying in a loose bow at the back.

January 20: Unspectacular. May 26 and 27 just fair.
AQUARIUS (January 20 to February 19): May 20 and 21 can show improved conditions for you, but the chances are slim. Better luck next week. Plan ahead, for your stars will favor you then.
PISCES (February 19 to March

21): Difficulties, delays and upsets are possible at this time. Be especially cautious on May 20, 21, 26, and 27.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this series of articles on astrology as a matter of interest, without accepting responsibility for the statements contained in them. June Marsden regrets that she is unable to answer any letters.—Editor, A.W.W.]



A MODERN WATER JUB
BY GEORGE JENSON

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encourage her children to read. To
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Midnight Adventure

Continued from Page 44

"MY father, Mr.

Geraldine, who has had more than
sixty years' experience of owing
money to the shrewdest bankers in
London and New York, says the
times are not what they were."

Mr. Geraldine smiled across at
him. His eyes were cold and watch-
ful. "Prince Rudolf, I shall not
like standing in the dock charged
with having misappropriated my
client's funds."

Rudolf nodded sympathetically.
"Nor should I. Taking other people's
money is nice work, if you can get
away with it. Given a bad character
—like yours and my father's—it's all
a matter of luck."

"Then I am sorry that you are not
your father, Prince. If you were,
I should offer you £10,000 at the end

of six months merely for keeping
your mouth shut during that time.
But as you are not, I fear I shall
have to do something drastic, like
shooting myself. But I don't like
the idea at all."

Rudolf nodded sympathetically.
"Yes, there is a degree of emphasis
about suicide which is always dis-
agreeable to a thoughtful mind. I
shouldn't commit suicide, Mr. Ger-
aldine. It will probably embarrass
more people than it will please."

"But, my dear Prince, what else
can I do? Miss Carstairs has never
liked me, anyway. And when to-
morrow you tell her of your sus-
picions, she will be only too eager
to consult her lawyers."

Rudolf turned to Miss Geraldine.
"What do you think of this, Iris? You



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occasions

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angora, with
soft dove-grey
shirt boldly
cross-checked in
pale blue and
shell-pink. The
trimly tailored
jacket is in plain
grey and fast-
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enamel clips to
match the shirt
design.

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because I know it is the sure and pleasant
road to good health

TOOTH'S SHEAF STOUT

IN BOTTLES, HALF BOTTLES AND BABY BOTTLES

55.109.36

note that I call you Iris. What do
you think of all this?"

"I think," she said very gravely,
"that my brother has been playing
with fire for a long time and that
he has at last burnt his hands. I
think that to-night will mark a
change for the better in him."

"Then you don't think he will
shoot himself?"

She smiled unsteadily. "You are
a pair of cruel babies, aren't you?"

"Mr. Geraldine," said Rudolf, "did
you hear that? You are a cruel
baby."

"You too," said Mr. Geraldine.
"Have another brandy."

"Thank you. Then, Iris, you
think I ought not to tell Miss Car-
stairs that your brother has been
doing this and that?"

"I can promise
you," said Geraldine, "that her
capital will look intact within six
months. Also many innocent people
will suffer loss if this comes to a
head now. Later on, they won't."

"But I am lunching with the girl
to-morrow," said Prince Rudolf, "and
I might possibly blurt out something.
I am always blurring out some-
thing."

"You can put off the lunch," said
Iris coldly.

"But I hate lunching alone, Iris.
Here is an idea. Will you lunch
with me?"

"I am already engaged."

Rudolf turned to Geraldine.
"There you are, my friend. I've
done my best. She doesn't like me.
She won't lunch with me. I fear
you will have to commit suicide,
after all."

"Nonsense, Iris," said her brother.
"Of course you can lunch with him."

"But I don't want to," said Iris
with spirit.

"She doesn't like me," said Rudolf
helplessly. "Give it up, Geraldine."

"I do like you," said Iris stormily.
"It's only that—"

"It's only what, Iris?"

"Well, you talk such nonsense so
plausibly that I daren't trust myself
alone with you."

"That's splendid," said Rudolf.
"Unfortunately, we shall be lunch-
ing in a public place, and I shan't
be able to do very much."

"But you can always talk," said
Iris bitterly.

"I shall talk. I shall propose
marriage."

"I shall refuse."

"Naturally. Then I shall point
out that you lack foresight. For if
you had foresight you would know
that it is sheer waste of time to go
on refusing a man whom you are
going to accept in the end."

"Very well," said Iris, "I lack fore-
sight."

"Mr. Geraldine," said Prince
Rudolf, "we have been forgetting my
father. Some time ago you called
me a crook—"

"That was politics, Prince. An-
derson had told me the real story."

"Politics cost money, Mr. Ger-
aldine. In payment for your politics
you will be so good as to earn my
father's undying gratitude by send-
ing him to-morrow the sum of £4000
in notes from an Anonymous Ad-
mirer. This gift will give him
great pleasure both financially and
morally, since he has never had
any admirers, anonymous or other-
wise. Good-night, Mr. Geraldine.
Your servant, Iris. I shall call for
you at one to-morrow."

The two men shook hands. This
was a quiet and thoughtful cere-
mony, which they appeared to en-
joy.

Iris, with a sudden high color,
walked to the door and out into
the hall. Prince Rudolf found her
there, and she walked with him to-
wards the front hall. Very lightly
she touched his arm.

"Thank you for not ruining my
brother. That was because of
Diana?"

"Because of Diana and Iris," he
said. "Because of enchantment
and gentleness. Because I am a
lucky man to have found out to-
night that, even in this world, they
never die."

He stooped to kiss her hand, and
as he did so a flutter of lips just
touched his forehead.

"Dear me," she whispered, "who
would have thought you were such
a darling!"

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OBTAINABLE
AT ALL
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DETTOL
THE MODERN ANTISEPTIC

The Movie World

May 20, 1939

The Australian Women's Weekly Special Film Supplement

Page One

1 OUTCAST Claire Trevor boards the stage coach.



2 OTHER PASSENGERS are salesman Donald Meek, matron Louise Platt, and that strange gambler, John Carradine.



3 THE COACH, forsaken by its military escort, faces the Arizona desert alone.



5 INDIANS menace the un-guarded group of wayfarers.



6 RACING FOR SAFETY, driver Andy Devine whips up his horses, U.S. Marshal George Bancroft keeps guard.



4 ROMANCE SPRINGS UP between Claire Trevor and John Wayne, fugitive from justice, both outcasts of society.

Moviedom Gossip

By JOHN B. DAVIES and BARBARA BOURCHIER, from New York and Hollywood

Surprise entrance

GRETA GARBO emerged from her seclusion to pay an informal call on Max Reinhardt's set of "Six Characters in Search of an Author." Accompanied by her close friend Selma Vinter, she was dressed as usual in grey slacks and simple grey silk shirtwaist.

Stockowski is in the East rehearsing with his Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra for a New York concert in Carnegie Hall.

Fresh fields

ROSALIND RUSSELL has written a play, in collaboration with True Boardman, about a woman who becomes President of the United States. It is called "For Us, the Living."

It is tense drama and has already been done on the radio. Rosalind is hoping that Metro will like it well enough to produce it, and put her in the starring role.

Hollywood mystery

FILM stars and other wealthy people have been robbed by a burglar, known merely as "The Phantom." He is still at large.

Among the stars robbed during the past two years, supposedly by "The Phantom," are Gary Cooper, who lost over \$3000 worth of jewellery, Miriam Hopkins, and Fred MacMurray.

Nice gesture

ENGLISH star Jack Hulbert received a splendid offer from Hollywood, to make a film of his London theatre revue, "Under Your Hat." But the British film industry has not got back into full prosperity again—so Jack has decided to give employment to his own studios by making this picture himself in England.

Gashed with Glass

DIRECTOR MICHAEL CURTIZ was the victim of an odd and painful accident on the "Dodge City" set. Mike was standing behind the camera when Bruce Cabot, playing a Western bad man, fired a shot at a mirror on the wall. A piece of flying glass gashed the director's arm, and the studio doctor had to put 16 stitches in the wound.

New name for luck

LATEST movie player to stage a comeback is Katherine de Mille, but the name isn't Katherine any more.

She has changed it to Deborah. The change was made at the suggestion of a numerologist. Perhaps she will have the same good fortune as Carole Lombard, whose luck turned when she added the final "e" to her first name.

Miss de Mille retired some time ago when she married Tony Quinn, who is at present appearing in "Union Pacific."

Epic of Overland Crossing

• "STAGE COACH," United Artists' adventure drama, goes back to American pioneering days of fifty years ago for its red-blooded action. The journey of a stage coach and the adventures that befall its five occupants and bodyguard, as it crosses untamed Arizona, occupy most of the film. The clash of these characters and the romance between an entertainer of doubtful repute (Claire Trevor) and the Ringo Kid, fugitive from justice (John Wayne), provide personal drama; Indian attacks, rough-and-tumble life in a border town give grim excitement of epic quality.

Bette's inspiration

BETTE DAVIS has a high respect for Garbo—as a woman, as well as an actress. Three times running she has rented different houses where the Swedish star formerly lived.

The first home was in Santa Monica, the second at La Quinta, and the third, where Bette is now established, is in Brentwood.

When Bette was a fledgling star, there is no doubt that living in a home once occupied by Garbo provided her with added inspiration.

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From the highest society down
For each matron and miss
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H. J. 9

New faces for The old favorites

"BEAU GESTE" IS ANOTHER FAMOUS SILENT TO TAKE A BOW IN MODERN TALKIE FORM

From JOHN B. DAVIES, New York

IN their efforts to meet the present shortage of story material, movie producers are bringing out the favorites of silent days, remaking them with a brand-new cast and modern technique.

"Beau Geste" is the latest "silent" success being prepared for repeat performance.

Paramount, who produced the silent version, has provided an entirely new cast, new backgrounds, but is keeping faithfully to the original story.

Whenever a film is made again, the first thing the public does is compare the players in the new cast with those they liked in the original version.

Particularly will this be so in the case of "Beau Geste," which stars Gary Cooper in the role Ronald Colman first made famous.

Cooper first leapt to fame playing second lead in a Colman picture. Little did the lanky cowboy of "The Winning of Barbara Worth" dream that he would twelve years later be playing the self-same role as the polished Englishman.

Contrast in players

THE story, based on the novel by P. C. Wren, tells of three idealists; English brothers who leave home one by one, only to meet together as soldiers in the French Foreign Legion.

In the original version three Englishmen were allotted the chief roles. Ronald Colman was Beau, the spectacular leader of the trio; Ralph Forbes, a new arrival from English films, was Digby, his less-gifted twin; and Neil Hamilton, then little known in films, was John, the youngest.

In the 1939 version, Cooper plays Beau, newcomer Robert Preston plays Digby, and Ray Milland is John.

In 1927 the bad man, Bokim, was a lean, cadaverous gentleman with a moustache—William Powell, playing his first important role in pictures. In the talkie version stocky J. Carrol Nash has this role under the name of Rasnoff, and a fair curled wig.

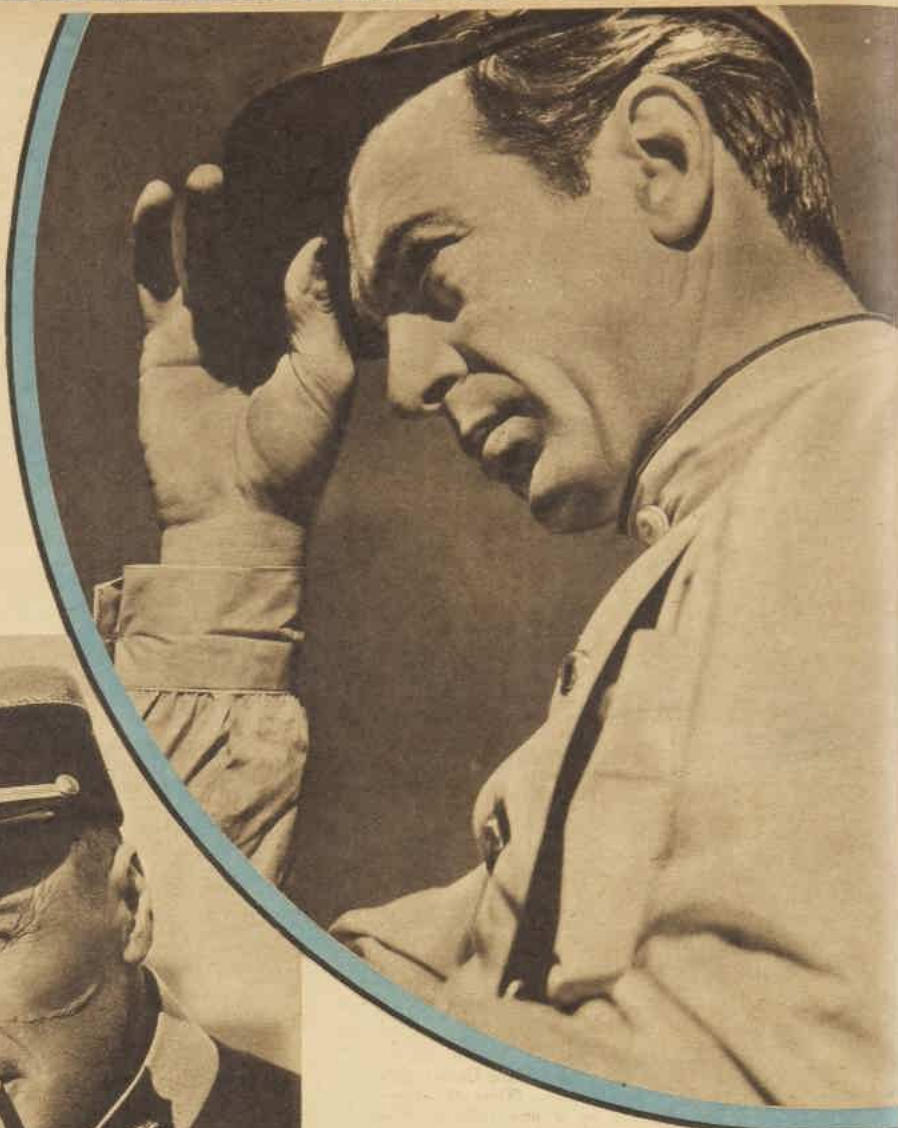
The sergeant, John's enemy, was Noah Beery twelve years ago. Youthful Brian Donlevy now has this role.

The Americans, Hank and Buddy, were played respectively in 1927 by your old friend Victor McLaglen and Donald Stewart, an actor who has since disappeared from the screen.

Broderick Crawford and Charles Barton have these roles in the new version.

And the role of John's sweetheart, Isabel, first played by Mary Brian, has been given to Susan Hayward, a stage starlet who has only recently joined Paramount ranks. Actually, "Beau Geste" is Susan's first screen role.

Herbert Brenon directed the original. Spectacular William Wellman, director of "A Star is Born" and "Men with Wings," now wields the megaphone.



• Three heroes and one villain in the new talkie version of "Beau Geste," now in production at Paramount. Above, Gary Cooper as Beau, takes a soldier's salute. At left, Brian Donlevy as Sergeant Markoff, and below, the two American buddies, played by Broderick Crawford and Charles Barton.

Once again....

Charlie laughs at dignity

CHAPLIN'S NEW FILM, "THE DICTATORS," IS SATIRE ON THE LINES OF HIS LAST LAUGHTER EPIC, "MODERN TIMES."

THIS month Charlie Chaplin plans to start work on "The Dictators," his first film since "Modern Times," made over three years ago.

Charlie, as usual, has written the script, will direct and produce the film, and has the leading role.

No film—not even "Gone With the Wind"—has roused so much interest and speculation as Charlie's new picture. Nobody knows anything about it, except that it is about dictators, and Charlie is giving nothing away.

"The story," he says, "is, naturally, concerned with dictators, but its primary purpose is to make people laugh. The political situation, as it applies to this type of ruler, makes an exceptional vehicle for comedy."

"People with an over-abundance of dignity and an over-supply of power have always in the end been targets for laughter."

However, some more enterprising spirits in Hollywood have discovered a five-act composition, written by Charlie, entitled "The Dictator." And he is believed to be basing his picture on this play.

According to the sub-titles, it is "A Story of a Little Fish in a Shark-Infested World," and concerns the

adventures of a bewildered little tramp named Charlie, who, through a remarkable resemblance, is mistaken for the dictator of his country.

Charlie, returning from a war between the mythical forces of Ptoomania and the Allians, finds his humble search for food and lodging in Ptoomania rudely disturbed by storm-troopers who are stirring up the populace in support of a dictator named Hinkle.

He finds himself in a concentration camp, attempts to escape across the border, but his striking resemblance to Hinkle causes him to be mistaken for the dictator.

Protesting feebly, he is brought back in triumph to the state of Vanilla, capital of Ostrich, delivers a speech which confounds Hinkle's supporters, but rejoices the populace of Vanilla, and finally wakes up to find himself still a prisoner in the concentration camp.

Charlie, however, maintains an enigmatic silence as to the origin of the film.

Brother Sydney is back in Hollywood to co-operate with Charlie in the making of the film. He will co-direct and assist in the production.

Charlie's leading lady, Paulette Goddard, who made her debut in "Modern Times," has been assigned the leading feminine role.



Make way for LOVE

NEW TEAMS WILL PLAY DRAMA FULL OF HEART-THROBS

By JOAN McLEOD
from Hollywood

LOVE is coming back to the screen again—love with its moonlight and roses, purple passion, and tender sighs. And about time, too.

There has not been any real romance on the films since the advent of Jimmy Cagney and his sock 'em technique.

But now all the studios are looking for new romance teams that will revive the glorious and profitable partnerships, like those of Garbo and Gilbert and Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell, which were a feature of the silent days.

Jimmy Cagney and his grapefruit-throwing were the first to wipe the bloom off the heart-and-soul making once so dear to the films, and to the public, too.

This treat-rough cycle was followed by the crazy comedies—in which love of the hero for the heroine, and vice versa, was just a running gag. You cannot have high romance when the lover is burying the face of his adored in cake or custard-pie. It was amusing for a while to see glamor girls like Lombard taking it on the chin from their ear-and-dear. But crazy comedies at last became monotonous as a screen diet.

They were followed by comedies in which a timid step was taken back towards something like human affection. Ginger Rogers and James Stewart in last year's "Vivacious Lady" were the most normally ardent pair seen in a story for ages.

Boy contradicts girl

ANOTHER angle on romance, which has been increasingly used in the last six months, has placed the meeting of boy and girl at the beginning of the film. And then shown them quarrelling with each other until nearly the end.

But while these romantic comedies have been having average success, the big period pictures, and notably Ronald Colman's "If I Were King," have thrilled audiences, who found that history was the only place in which the hero and heroine could go on living—or dying—for ages.

The return of Real Love, promised by all the studios, has already been turned into practical effect. The first move has appropriately come from Paramount, which made "If I Were King."

Paramount thinks it has found the boy and girl who can bring back the art of screen lovemaking to its proper place in the scheme of things.

Its big new romance team is that of Ray Milland and Lea Miranda. He is the gleamingly fair Italian beauty whose first Hollywood picture has just been completed. Ray Milland is, of course, known to you all.

Over at MGM they are busy making plans to team Robert Taylor and that sultry beauty, Hedy Lamarr, in a series of love stories. The studio predicts that this will be the most "torrid twosome since Adam."

And as to the choice of Taylor and Lamarr. There is behind Hedy's screen as a new Queen of Love the most amusing story.

In her much-boosted film with Spencer Tracy, "I Take This Woman," Hedy was cast in a simple role, almost that of an ingenue. But, in spite of herself and the script, every scene she played was electric, torrid, and altogether too full of sex-appeal. She was pulling the film all out of character. MGM struggled a bit and have now had to shelve the picture altogether.

Hedy's own personality is such that she must be put into a tower—romantic role or not used at all. So love has returned to the screen in the nick of time.

ROMANCE coming with moonlight and roses



● DRINKING a toast to love. Louis Borell and Merle Oberon, who appear together in the United Artists picture, "Over the Moon," as a new romantic team, share in the story of a flattered girl who falls in love with a ruthless—but very charming—cad.

Time for ten Hollywood tourists to pack their trunks

MICKY ROONEY AND BILLIE BURKE LEAD GROUP OF VISITORS WHO WILL MAKE PICTURES IN ENGLAND

IT is fashionable to make films in England now. This summer will find half a dozen American stars at work in Britain—acquiring, on the side, a taste for tea and London tailoring.

They are first-rank stars, too—all being sent over from Hollywood to act in special stories which require that authentic English flavor.

Youngest contingent will be that headed by Mickey Rooney, Freddie Bartholomew and Virginia Weidler. They are going to appear in "A Yank at Eton," being the adventures of a pugnacious U.S. youngster at the world-famous school. As you might guess, this film is planned by MGM, whose last year's "Yank at Oxford," with Robert Taylor, was so successful a venture.

"YANK at Eton"—and just imagine Mickey Rooney swaggering up those famous playing fields—will have an older leavening in its cast. For Billie Burke is coming over from Hollywood, too.

This will be Freddie Bartholomew's first visit to his home since he left for Hollywood and "David Copperfield." In spite of all inducements Freddie is still a British citizen, and will be, until he is 21. Then he can

make up his own mind. Freddie is sure of a great welcome from his countrymen.

And did you know that Billie Burke is English, too? She made her first big hit on London's musical comedy stage. "A Yank at Eton" will mean a great homecoming for Miss Burke.

Second crop of visitors will be John Howard and Heather Angel. For Paramount is planning to make all its future "Bulldog Drummond" adventures in England, with, so it hopes, the co-operation of Scotland Yard.

Last of the Drummond pictures to have Hollywood production is "Mr. and Mrs. Bulldog Drummond," which rates as eighth film in the series. Oddly enough, this picture nearly was the end of "Bulldog Drummond." The studio had so firmly decided to give up making them, that it had no mention of them on its new season's working list. But there was such an outcry that "Bulldog Drummond" goes on again.

It is not absolutely certain, of course, that John Howard will go on indefinitely as "Drummond."

John is an American. And a British actor by rights should play the thriller hero. But time alone will tell—and John Howard would not like to be deprived of at least one film in England. Travel at the studio's expense is the best type of travel, after all.

The third group of expected visitors will work at Teddington. For Warner Bros. is considering sending over Miriam Hopkins, Jane Bryan and May Robson to make "We Are Not Alone," in its rightful settings.

This drama comes from a novel by English James Hilton—perhaps

better known as author of "Lost Horizon." Its story is that of a quiet little English country town doctor, who falls in love with a German

dancer, and whose whole life is changed out of recognition. No English star has as yet been chosen for the doctor's role—but Warners would like either Ralph Richardson or James Clements to be available.

Then later on, in the autumn, MGM hopes to bring over Rosalind Russell again, to repeat in "The Ruined City" the assignment of

leading lady to Robert Donat which she had in "The Citadel." The new picture, a drama of shipyards in the depression, may have, too, the same American director, namely, King Vidor.

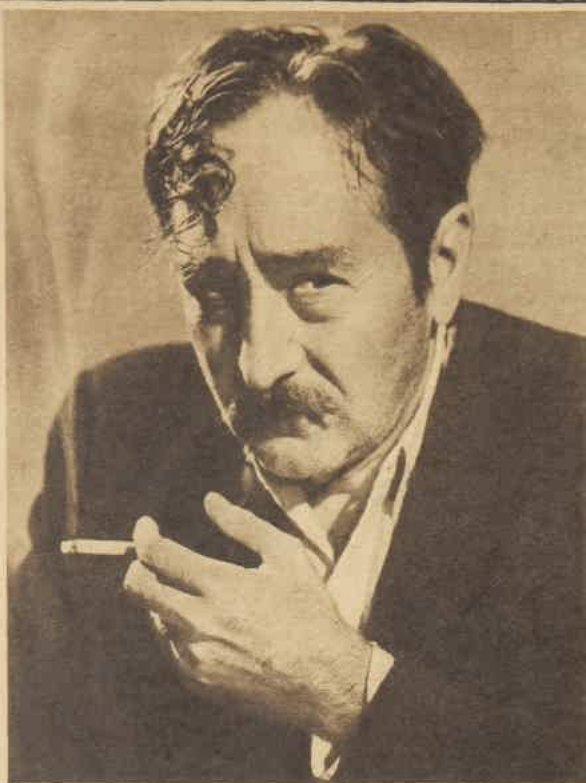
Yet another studio with English affiliations—20th Century-Fox—has declared its intention of spending £1,250,000 in England during the 1939-40 season. Mary Maguire, you will remember, was sent over last year by this studio for a Gracie Fields comedy—and remained to make picture after picture, until, by purchase of contract, she became officially an English studio actress.

In its turn England will send its first-flight feminine star, Anna Neagle, to Hollywood for a film. This will be "Marie Lloyd," a biography of the music hall actress, with an American male star in the lead. Or rather, one of the many English actors working in Hollywood. It will be made in technicolor.

ANOTHER Anna Neagle picture, "Kitchen of Khartoum," in color, will employ many Hollywood stars, but will most probably be made on English soil, after Anna returns from America.

Until last year, any actor who went from Hollywood to England to make a film did so only as a last resort. He was not wanted in America any more. To-day, one of the hall-marks of success is a trip across the Atlantic for one picture—or maybe two. And, of course, that delightful return to California with trunks full of London tailoring, marmalade, and antiques.

From
BARBARA BOURCHIER
in Hollywood.



● ADOLPHE MENJOU, unkempt, unshaven, as he appears in his new starring film, "King of the Turf."

Adolphe Menjou takes in hand . . .

Reform of a man about town

FORMER FAMOUS PORTRAYER OF SUAVE SOPHISTICATE ROLES FINDS NEW FAME AS A VERSATILE CHARACTER ACTOR

IN the past five years Adolphe Menjou has turned down more than one hundred parts in pictures.

After twenty years on the screen he's learnt that it is better in the long run to be fussy about his roles than to take the first thing offering.

Menjou is now one actor you can count on always to turn in a good performance—and never to appear in a poor picture.

Star of pictures for five years at \$1000 a week, he now prefers less glory, less money, but more lasting fame as a character actor billed under the stars.

Long and bitter experience of the ups and downs of Hollywood has taught him wisdom.

Few actors have had his long and heartbreaking experience in screen work.

On three separate occasions he

has had to start afresh on the long climb to screen success.

He first found fame as a suave "lady-killer," the screen's original sophisticated man-about-town characterisation.

This was in Chaplin's "A Woman of Paris," more than twenty years ago.

Menjou was then a struggling extra, dissatisfied with his progress.

Learning that Chaplin was looking for a "fashion plate" actor for his picture, he went off to the most expensive tailor in town, and talked him into making six suits at £35 each on indefinite credit.

"I don't know if I'll ever be able to pay you," he said, "but I'll be a walking advertisement for you."

He got the suits—and the coveted part.

Then followed "Forbidden Paradise," "The Grand Duchess and the Waiter," "The Ace of Cads," and "Fashions in Love," and other major successes, but Adolphe became one of the worst victims of the "typing" evil. For years he was not allowed to portray any type of role but that of the sophisticated but cadish man-about-town.

With this constant repetition, his career seemed to have spent itself.

But, just as everyone was saying that "Menjou is through," he surprised them by his brilliant portrayal of a hard-boiled news editor in "The Front Page."

This re-established him anew, but it is only in comparatively recent pictures, such as "A Star is Born," "Girl in a Million," "Goldwyn Follies," and "Stage Door," that he has been permitted to build himself up as a character actor.

To-day he is one of the most sought-after actors in Hollywood. He never makes a flop picture any more.

Part of this is luck. Part of it is his insistence that he be allowed to pick his own picture and his own director.

Success formula

HE has an amazing knack of recognising good parts—parts that have audience sympathy—and pictures that are going to be hits. Of his last eight pictures, every one was successful.

Twenty years in films has taught him much about pictures, directors, stories, and what is more important—audiences.

"I realise now that, in order to last in pictures, you must have audience sympathy," says Menjou. "And you must never, never, give a producer a chance to get you 'typed' in films."

Menjou believes that there is no such thing as a "has-been" in Hollywood.

"No matter how many times an actor has been down, it takes but a small turn in the wheel of fortune to rocket him back to success," he says.

"I ought to know, for I've had to climb the ladder three different times," he continues. "With the right 'breaks', the right parts, and about ten per cent. talent, I've had the good fortune to make the grade."

"In all the ups and downs of my career I've yet to see a successful star fade from view without the conviction that he or she could come back as strong as ever with just the right 'breaks'."

Although Adolphe Menjou frankly admits having been pretty low down the cinematic ladder, one particular phase of his career has remained a secret until just recently. It was the time that Adolphe played nursemaid to a dozen mice.

The secret came out much to Menjou's chagrin, during the filming of "King of the Turf." A former associate who happened to be working on an adjoining stage as a technician let the secret out.



● A MORE familiar figure—Menjou, impeccably tailored, in a scene from a recent film.

Lavender and Loveliness



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Yardley's English Lavender from 10/6 to 3/-, Lavender Soap—"The Luxury Soap of the World"—1/6 a tablet, Lavender Face Powder 2/6, English Complexion Cream 5/6. Also Night Cream (Skin Food) 5/6, Foundation Cream 5/6, Liquefying Cleansing Cream 5/6, Rouge Cream 3/9, Lipstick 4/6. Write for our illustrated booklet No. 14B, "Beauty Secrets from Bond Street," post free on request.



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● A lipstick guaranteed not to come off in a fervent embrace is the latest innovation to lighten the burdens of the screen lover.

Love scenes are usually the most tedious and onerous part of film acting. Ruined make-up is the chief worry.

Another comfort is special air-cooling for summer sets on which love scenes are to be photographed, so that the lovers won't stifle in close embrace.

Stand-ins for featured players as well as stars also relieve the tedium. No longer do they have to hold a clinch while cameras are focused and lights adjusted.

And faster films and better camera lenses are speeding up movie-making, and make still smoother the path of screen love.

"About fifteen years ago," he told the assembled cast and crew, "I was a star in a series of two-reel comedies produced by the Vitaphone Company in New York. We had a property man called Adolphe Menjou who used to come to work in neatly pressed clothes and boutonnières."

"I wanted so much to rob him of some of that dignity. So I inserted a gag in my picture calling for a dozen mice. We made Adolphe feed them, and then take them home to feed and wash them. That last was a final insult, as you can well imagine. He told the director just what he thought of him, and left two days later."

At this stage of the narrative Menjou himself interjected.

"Are you through?" he shouted. "Yes," said his friend.

"Then tell them," roared Adolphe. "That I found the mice living in the squalor of your own dressing-room."

PRIVATE VIEWS

By The Australian Women's Weekly Film Reviewer.

★ YES, MY DARLING DAUGHTER

Priscilla Lane, Jeffrey Lynn. (Warner Bros.)

MAY ROBSON walks right away with this delightful comedy. And that's saying something because hard on her heels for honors come Roland Young, Ian Hunter, and Fay Bainter.

A modern young American Miss, Priscilla Lane, finds that her sweetheart (Jeffrey Lynn) has to go to Europe for two years, and suggests that they spend the last week-end together at a lakeside resort.

To the objections of her mother (Fay Bainter) once a pioneer of women's rights, the daughter throws back the writings of that former feminist.

Granny (May Robson), Roland Young, an old admirer of Priscilla's mother, much-divorced Aunt Connie (Genevieve Tobin), and even the mother finally agree, believing in the young couple's innocent intentions.

The complications that surround this eventually harmless week-end provide some joyous comedy.

Hunter gives a perfect picture of an infuriated father; Young has his ideal role of a somewhat ineffectual middle-aged gentleman; the two young people and the others are entirely adequate, but May Robson as Granny, delighting in seeing her own daughter getting some of her own back, earns more laughs than anyone.—Century; showing.

Shows Still Running

***Pygmalion. Leslie Howard, Wendy Hiller in brilliant G. B. Shaw comedy. Victory, 23rd week.

***Mayerling. Charles Boyer, Danielle Darrieux in fine French film of tragic love story. Embassy, 2nd week.

***Gunga Din. Cary Grant and Doug Fairbanks, jun. in grand action drama. Regent, 3rd week.

***Three Smart Girls Grow Up. Deanna Durbin in bright musical entertainment for everybody. State, 4th week.

***Topper Takes a Trip. Constance Bennett in gay sequel to first Topper fantasy. Century, 4th week.

★ FERDINAND THE BULL

Disney Cartoon.

Ferdinand the Bull, who preferred smelling flowers to fighting in Madrid, is translated to the screen perfectly by Disney in his cartoon.

Every bit of the joy of the original illustrated book version is retained, with the added benefit of movement and song.

Children will adore Ferdinand, the pleaders and the matadors, and adults may read a nice little bit of peace propaganda into the show as well.—Century and Plaza; showing.

★ THIS MAN IS NEWS

Barry K. Barnes, Valerie Hobson. (Paramount.)

WELL above average mystery thriller, from Paramount's English studios, with a strong vein of chuckle-provoking humor.

It's in the familiar "Thin Man" pattern. Husband and wife in the modern manner solve murder together with interludes for marital sparring.

But it has its own individuality—principally through the efforts of Barry K. Barnes and Valerie Hobson, as nice a young English couple as one could hope to meet, and Alastair Sim, delightful in the familiar but always laughable caricature of the harassed city editor.

Story is well-knit, fast-moving, with English Fleet Street the setting, and a refreshing new lead into murder.

Barnes is the crack reporter who gets the sack because his interest in

OUR FILM GRADING SYSTEM

No stars—below average.

★ One star—average entertainment

★★ Two stars—above average

★★★ Three stars—excellent

the movements of a sinister gangster causes him to neglect his journalistic duty. After imbibing a little too freely, he rings up his former editor (Alastair Sim), as a joke and tells him this man has been murdered. Editor, delighted, splashes the news all over the page. Then it is learnt that the murder was committed, but after Barnes phoned through the news. This puts the innocent prophet in a nasty spot—Prince Edward; showing.

★ JUST AROUND THE CORNER

Shirley Temple. (Fox.)

THIS film will disappoint Shirley Temple fans, and cause pangs of ennuui to others.

Fox is supposed to be carefully supervising Shirley's diet to keep her weight down. If such is the case, they should be more rigid.

Shirley lacks her usual sparkle—even in song and dance, of which there is less than usual. She is surrounded by her small army of talented troupers, unfortunately subdued to make way for Shirley. Bill Robinson, however, does get in one excellent tap-dancing number all to himself. Likewise comical Joan Davis, that clever exponent of crazy dancing.

Shirley is again the centre of trouble, and again charmingly extricates herself. She mistakes a financier for "Uncle Sam," and sets to work to help him, and so benefit the country, and get her father a job. Claude Gillingwater is Uncle Sam, and—why ever didn't we think of it before?—bears an amazing resemblance to this popular cartoon figure.

Charlie Farrell as the father, and romantic hero, is disappointing, but Amanda Duff is an attractive newcomer.—Plaza; showing.

★ ALWAYS IN TROUBLE

Jane Withers, Jean Rogers. (Fox.)

NOT only children, but adults, will find this bright little comedy, built round child star Jane Withers, thoroughly sound film fare.

Plump, plain Jane Withers is a merry little soul, with no "precocious child" tricks. She allows no dull moment in the film. Her portrayal of the tomboy child who sets to work to humanise her too-rich, social-climbing family is natural, hearty, and invigorating.

The story is childhood's dream come true. The fact that it is also quite incredible doesn't really matter. Jane with her family, is shipwrecked, marooned on a desert island, and threatened by a gang of kidnappers. Excellent comedy bits from Eddie Collins and Andrew Tombes, and Jean Rogers and Robert Kellard provide attractive romance.—Cameo and Haymarket-Civic; showing.

★ BURN 'EM UP O'CONNOR

Dennis O'Keefe, Cecilia Parker. (MGM.)

SENSATIONAL racing thrills with sinister excitement are provided in this moderately entertaining melodrama of midgeet car racing.

There's more authenticity in this film than in most of its kind. It is the first of a series of feature sports dramas.

Shots of the midgeet car racing with which the film is concerned were taken at famous race-tracks in America, with well-known speedsters driving their own cars for further atmosphere.

Dennis O'Keefe is the smart-Alec hero, a country boy with ambition, whose enthusiasm for midgeet car racing brings him to the big city, and to romance with the daughter of an automobile manufacturer.

Nat Pendleton, apparently-dumb off-sider to Dennis, solves the mystery of the hoodoo which follows the manufacturer's cars and their drivers on the race-track.—Capitol; showing.

SCREEN ODDITIES ★ By CHARLES BRUNO



A PHOTOGRAPH OF HIS NAME IN LIGHTS ON AN ENGLISH THEATRE GOT ROBERT CUMMINGS HIS FIRST BROADWAY ROLE—(HE BRIBED A THEATRE MANAGER TO PUT UP HIS NAME SO HE COULD TAKE A PICTURE OF IT)



11-YEAR-OLD DICKIE JONES IS THE YOUNGEST TRICK ROPER AND RIDER IN THE FILM COLONY.

Here's hot news from all studios!

From JOHN B. DAVIES, New York; BARBARA BOURCHIER, Hollywood; and JUDY BAILEY, London.

LAST week came an echo of the protracted law suit for maintenance first brought against Freddie Bartholomew by his parents in 1935. The Bartholomews' attorney started proceedings to collect his fees from Freddie.

The amount involved is £1925. The attorney says that the parents are virtually on public charity, and cannot pay him, while Freddie is earning £25,000 a year.

Last year the courts decided that Freddie could suspend payments to his parents.

ONE of the bit players in "Dramatic School" is Chloë Marx's daughter. She is billed as Robin Paige, and the studio does not know her background because she truthfully gives her father's name on the casting blank as Leonard Marks.

"THE Hound of the Baskervilles" is doing so well that 20th Century-Fox is going to make an-

other Sherlock Holmes film. Basil Rathbone will again be Sherlock, and Nigel Bruce the indispensible Watson.

Just which Conan Doyle story will be filmed has not yet been decided.

JOAN CRAWFORD, who has always wanted to sing in pictures, has signed a gramophone recording contract. Records already made have titles such as "Tears From My Inkwell."

THE BRIDAL VEIL

★ A Book for Engaged Girls

So you're going to be married? Congratulations! You are about to take the most important step in life and will naturally want to do all you can to make your wedding a memorable and happy event.

Here is a book that will help you do that. *The Bridal Veil* is presented for your help and guidance. It deals fully and completely with wedding procedure and etiquette. In addition, such important things as wedding apparel, personal and household trousseau, shopping lists, traditions, the honeymoon and anniversaries, etc.

Apart from the general preparations for marriage there are deep and serious principles involved on which the success of marriage largely depends—these are outlined in *The Bridal Veil*, and helpful advice is offered concerning them.

Written by Frances Barry, *The Bridal Veil* is published by Wynyard Publishing Company, 30 Carlingford Street, Sydney. Send a postal note for 2/- to-day to the Wynyard Publishing Co., Box 3765, G.P.O., Sydney, and a copy will be posted you, or you can secure a copy through your book shop or newsagent.

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No matter how severely you suffer from aching aches, pains and consequent weakness, a few doses of HARRISON'S PILLS will make a wonderful improvement in your health and ease of mind.

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"The Nore"—zips on
over a white two-piece sunbathing
suit.



"ANGEL CAKE." — Turkish
trousers, goked blouse, and gay tie.

TROUSERS . . . they're smart these days!

Attractive tailored styles are more popular than ever

By Air Mail from MARY ST. CLAIRE, Our Special Representative in England.

Trousers for women have been "in" for several years, but women are only beginning to discover how very comfortable and sensible they are—not only for play-time on beach or cruise, but for golf, hiking, lounging about, and even for dinner and bridge.

A few years ago these trousers never seemed to fit properly, but to-day the designers appear to have overcome fitting difficulties.

AN up-to-the-minute trouser suit consists of five parts—a smartly-cut jacket that will wear equally well with skirt or trousers, a pleasing jumper that can be worn with or without the jacket, long trousers for garden, tennis, golf or hiking wear, a short pleated skirt for town wear, and wide baggy trousers for evening. A pair of matching shorts is also sometimes included.

At a country house party last week, a youthful fellow-guest brought the trouser suit and one evening frock, and she was well dressed during the entire week-end.

The suit was of cream flannel striped in navy, and the jumper was navy cashmere with short sleeves and a Peter Pan collar. She wore various ties with this to suit the occasion.

She arrived in the suit complete with pleated skirt and a brilliant scarlet bow at the neck, matching the narrow scarlet ribbon band on her cream felt hat.

For tennis she wore the pin-striped flannel shorts and opened the neck of her jumper, while for golf and lounging about the garden she wore her long "bree" and a cream-and-white striped masculine tie.

On nights that we dined and bridged at home she had the baggy pin-striped Turkish trousers which she wore with a wide cerise moire summerbund belt, a matching flow-

ing bow at the neck and a narrow ribbon of the same color in her hair. It was all most effective and definitely feminine.

The International Wool Secretariat is sponsoring wool trousers because it feels that wool materials are better adapted to good tailoring than either the corduroys or linens that some girls affect.

The pictures show four types of trouser suits in wool.

The first is an all-in-one suit from Louis, London. Shirt and trousers in dark-blue worsted are zipped up the front and worn over a bathing-suit of clinging latex.

For evening wear Rose and Blairman show the trouser suit in white nun's veiling with voluminous Turkish trousers and a broad buttoned hand encircling the waist. The blouse is plain and long-sleeved, the only touch of color being the bright gaudy-pink tie. Rope-soled sandals complete the ensemble.

The third picture—"Skipper"—shows a model that has a matching skirt. It is of wool hopsack in London-tan and is a Jantzen model. The trousers have permanent, stitched creases, and the little jacket and lovely Allen Solly wool jumper—the color of an orange ice—wear just as well with the London-tan pleated skirt as with the trousers.

Trousers from Hart's are in mauve tweed, and very smart they look worn with a short-sleeved tailored blouse. This is printed with English country scenes.

Latest in "slacks"

THESE new trouser suits are having a great vogue in England.

Attractive "slacks" are popular for garden, tennis, golf, or hiking wear, and wide, baggy, Turkish-type trousers are worn in the evenings.



ABOVE: Worn with these mauve tweed slacks is a gaily-patterned blouse.

LEFT: "Skipper"—a slacks suit of hopsack in London-tan

Do the Children get on YOUR NERVES?

"I couldn't stand the children's chatter" writes Mrs. J.S.B. of Ballarat, "and my nerve-ridden snappish temper drove my husband away. One day my chemist told me to take Phosphorated Iron. Oh, what a difference! I am a new woman!"

What a thought to the victim of nerves — To be a new woman! Here's a test worth trying for yourself — the famous

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First see how far you can walk, or how long you can work before feeling tired, achy, nervous. Next take two tablets of Phosphorated Iron with each meal for 8 days. Then test yourself again, and see the difference in the way you look, feel and act.

Phosphorated Iron seems to send new, rich, iron-laden blood straight to starved nerve-cells — and quickly builds fresh reserves of nerve-force in weak, nervous, anemic men and women. Note the way you brighten up, enjoy food again, and get back to restful, relaxed sleep at night! Ask your chemist for Phosphorated Iron tablets.

MEG LEARNS ABOUT "HIGH FINANCE"

WHAT'S THAT LONG LIST YOU'RE FROWNING OVER MEG?

ALL THE THINGS I NEED FOR THE HOUSE — JUST LOOK!

IT'S SUCH A STRUGGLE GETTING ALL THE NECESSARY "EXTRAS" OUT OF ONE'S HOUSE-KEEPING MONEY.

I SEE YOU NEED A LESSON IN THE "HIGH FINANCE" OF HOUSEKEEPING — YOU CAN GET MOST OF THESE FOR NOTHING

FOR NOTHING! WHATEVER DO YOU MEAN?

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For brown leather

To renovate brown leather, sponge well with warm water softened with borax, then rub perfectly dry with an old soft cloth. Later, rub in a few drops of glycerine, and polish well with a chamois leather.

ON the opposite side of the table Mrs. Oliver was asking Major Despard if he knew of any unheard-of out-of-the-way poisons.

"Well, there's curare."

"My dear man, vieux jeu! That's been done hundreds of times. I mean something new!"

Major Despard said dryly:

"Primitive tribes are rather old-fashioned. They stick to the good old stuff their grandfathers and great-grandfathers used before them."

"Very tiresome of them," said Mrs. Oliver. "I should have thought they were always experimenting with pounding up herbs and things. Such a chance for explorers, I always think. They could come home and kill off their rich old uncles with some new drug that no one's ever heard of."

"You should go to civilisation, not to the wilds for that," said Despard. "In the modern laboratory, for instance. Cultures of innocent-looking germs that will produce bona fide diseases."

"That wouldn't do for my public," said Mrs. Oliver. "Besides one is so apt to get the names wrong—staphylococcus and streptococcus and all those things—so difficult for my secretary and anyway rather dull, don't you think so? What do you think, Superintendent Battle?"

"In real life people don't bother about being too subtle, Mrs. Oliver," said the superintendent. "They usually stick to arsenic because it's nice and handy to get hold of."

"Nonsense," said Mrs. Oliver. "That's simply because there are lots of crimes you people at Scotland Yard never find out. Now if you had a woman there—"

"As a matter of fact we have—"

"Yes, those dreadful policemen in funny hats who bother people in parks! I mean a woman at the head of things. Women know about crime."

"They're usually very successful criminals," said Superintendent Battle. "Keep their heads well,

It's amazing how they'll brazen things out."

Mr. Shaitana laughed gently. "Poison is a woman's weapon," he said. "There must be many secret women poisoners—never found out."

"Of course there are," said Mrs. Oliver happily, helping herself lavishly to a mousse of foie gras.

"A doctor, too, has opportunities," went on Mr. Shaitana thoughtfully.

"I protest," cried Dr. Roberts. "When we poison our patients it's entirely by accident." He laughed heartily.

"But if I were to commit a crime," went on Mr. Shaitana.

He stopped, and something in that pause compelled attention.

All faces were turned to him.

"I should make it very simple, I think. There's always accident—a shooting accident, for instance—or the domestic kind of accident."

Then he shrugged his shoulders and picked up his wine glass.

"But who am I to pronounce—with so many experts present..."

He drank. The candlelight threw a red shade from the wine on to his face with its waxed moustache, its

THINGS I LOVE

I love upon green grass to lie
And gaze into an azure sky.
To see the dainty dragon fly
In the sun flash gaily by...

I love to hear the sighing breeze
Sounding softly in the trees.
To see the leaves make pattern'd frieze
And hear the drowsy drone of bees...

I love to see the small things creep
To hear the whispering grasses weep.
If very still and quiet you keep
The Fairy-folk will shyly peep!

—Jennifer Gay.

Cards on the Table

Continued from Page 9

slowly. He was looking at Anne Meredith as though he had just made the discovery that she was remarkably pretty.

"Cut, please," said Mrs. Lorrimer impatiently. And with a start of apology he cut the pack she was presenting to him.

Mrs. Lorrimer began to deal with a practised hand.

"There is another bridge table in the other room," said Mr. Shaitana. He crossed to a second door and the other four followed him into a small comfortably furnished smoking-room where a second bridge table was set ready.

"We must cut out," said Colonel Race.

Mr. Shaitana shook his head. "I do not play," he said. "Bridge is not one of the games that amuse me."

The others protested that they would much rather not play, but he overruled them firmly and in the end they sat down, Poirot and Mrs. Oliver against Battle and Race.

MR. SHAITANA

watched them for a little while, smiled in a Mephistophelian manner as he observed on what hand Mrs. Oliver declared two no trumps, and then went noiselessly through into the other room.

There they were well down to it, their faces serious, the bids coming quickly. "One heart." "Pass." "Three clubs." "Three spades." "Four diamonds." "Double." "Four hearts."

Mr. Shaitana stood watching a moment, smiling to himself.

Then he crossed the room and sat down in a big chair by the fireplace. A tray of drinks had been brought in and placed on an adjacent table. The firelight gleamed on the crystal stoppers.

Always an artist in lighting, Mr. Shaitana had simulated the appearance of a merely firelit room. A small shaded lamp at his elbow gave him light to read by if he so desired. Discreet floodlighting gave the room a subdued glow. A slightly

stronger light shone over the bridge table, from whence the monotonous ejaculations continued.

"One no trump"—clear and decisive—Mrs. Lorrimer.

"Three hearts"—an aggressive note in the voice—Dr. Roberts.

"No bid"—a quiet voice—Mrs. Meredith's.

A slight pause always before Despard's voice came. Not so much a slow thinker as a man who liked to be sure before he spoke.

"Four hearts."

"Double."

His face lit up by the flickering firelight, Mr. Shaitana smiled.

He smiled and he went on smiling. His eyelids flickered a little...

His party was amusing him.

"Five diamonds. Game and rubber," said Colonel Race. "Good for you, partner," he said to Poirot. "I didn't think you'd do it. Lucky they didn't lead a spade."

"Wouldn't have made much difference, I expect," said Superintendent Battle, a man of gentle magnanimity.

He had called "spades." His partner, Mrs. Oliver, had had a "spade," but "something" had told her to lead a "club"—with disastrous results.

Colonel Race looked at his watch. "Ten-past-twelve. Time for another?"

"You'll excuse me," said Superintendent Battle. "But I'm by way of being an 'early-to-bed' man."

"I, too," said Hercule Poirot.

"We'd better add up," said Race.

The result of the evening's five rubbers was an overwhelming victory for the male sex. Mrs. Oliver had lost three pounds and seven shillings to the other three. The biggest winner was Colonel Race.

Mrs. Oliver, though a bad bridge player, was a sporting loser. She paid up cheerfully.

"Everything went wrong for me to-night," she said. "It is like that sometimes. I held the most beautiful cards yesterday. A hundred and fifty 'honors' three times running."

Please turn to Page 55

INDIGESTION



TAKE THIS ADVICE AND EAT WHAT YOU LIKE

To-day you may be a victim of indigestion and to-morrow eating and enjoying what you like, thanks to De Witt's Antacid Powder—the most effective and economical remedy for digestive troubles.

"One dose brings relief." Time and time again those who have ended their suffering write to say this about De Witt's Antacid Powder. Others are amazed to find that less than one tin of this remedy has ended digestive misery endured for years.

Here is just one case that every sufferer from indigestion should consider.

Mr. Mark Harris, of 56, St. Paul St., Randwick, N.S.W., is a Justice of the Peace. For three years he was a sufferer from violent pains in the stomach before and after meals. After long

years of suffering, after trying all kinds of remedies without avail, he at last ended his trouble and writes:—"I have been a great sufferer from stomach troubles for the past three years, and I tried all indigestion remedies without avail. I heard of De Witt's Antacid Powder, so immediately purchased a tin and have only taken this remedy for five days when all pain and flatulence disappeared. I would advise anyone who suffers from indigestion to give this remedy a trial. I know it will be beneficial to all sufferers."

What De Witt's Antacid Powder did for Mr. Harris it will do for you. Indigestion, acidity, gastritis, dyspepsia, flatulence, heartburn are all rapidly relieved by De Witt's Antacid Powder. One dose gives instant relief, quick turns to lasting benefit. Get a supply to-day and stop digestive misery quickly and for good. Ask for and see you get—

DE WITT'S Antacid Powder

The quick-action remedy for Indigestion, Acid Stomach, Heartburn, Flatulence, Gastritis. Of chemists and storekeepers everywhere, in sky-blue canister, 2/6.

little Imperial, its fantastic eye-brows...

There was a momentary silence. Mrs. Oliver said:

"Is it twenty-to or twenty-past? An angel passing... My feet are crossed—it must be a black angel!"

When the company returned to the drawing-room a bridge table had been set out. Coffee was handed round.

"Who plays bridge?" asked Mr. Shaitana. "Mrs. Lorrimer, I know. And Dr. Roberts. Do you play, Miss Meredith?"

"Yes. I'm not frightfully good, though."

"Excellent. And Major Despard? Good. Supposing you four play here."

"Thank goodness there's to be bridge," said Mrs. Lorrimer in an aside to Poirot. "I'm one of the worst bridge fiends that ever lived. It's growing on me. I simply will not go out to dinner now if there's no bridge afterward! I just fall asleep. I'm ashamed of myself, but there it is."

They cut for partners. Mrs. Lorrimer was partnered with Anne Meredith against Major Despard and Dr. Roberts.

"Women against men," said Mrs. Lorrimer as she took her seat and began shuffling the cards in an expert manner. "The blue cards, don't you think, partner?"

"Mind you win," said Mrs. Oliver, her feminist feelings rising. "Show the men they can't have it all their own way."

"They haven't got a hope, the poor dears," said Dr. Roberts cheerfully as he started shuffling the other pack. "Your deal, I think, Mrs. Lorrimer."

Major Despard sat down rather

WHY BE FAT?

The New Swiss Lazo Chart is planned to correct the condition that causes fat. No weakening diets or harmful chemicals. EAT WHAT YOU WILL. Don't let fat rob you of your happiness. FAT GOES. JUST MELTS. Send full measurements, height, age, weight, together with remittance, 2/-, LAZO LABORATORY, Dept. D, Box 230 F, General Post Office, SYDNEY.

This Winter

LET FEMÀLURE MAINTAIN YOUR SKIN-BEAUTY...



Blistering winter winds play havoc with tender skins—face, hands and throat need added protection in winter months. Daily household tasks—hands in and out of hot water make special care essential to avoid chapped and roughened skin. Femàlure Liquid Lotion Crème is a delightful day protector for your delicate skin and complexion—it vanishes quickly into the skin pores leaving behind a dainty fragrance and a smooth satin finish so essential for a powder base. It stimulates the relaxing tissues and restores that youthful freshness to your complexion. Femàlure Liquid Lotion Crème keeps your skin soft, white and alluring.

FEMÀLURE LOTION CRÈME AND LIQUID COLD CREAM

For your regular night beauty massage use Femàlure Liquid Cold Cream, a restful Liquid Cold Cream, containing fine oils that melt away the impurities in the skin pores and supply food for renewing the tissue waste of the day—this prevents lines and wrinkles from forming. Massage your skin with this splendid Liquid Cold Cream twice every night and keep your youthful complexion and alluring loveliness.

Femàlure products are obtainable at all Chemists and Leading Stores.

A LUXURY EVERY WOMAN CAN AFFORD

Cards on the Table

Continued from Page 54

SHE rose and gathered up her embroidered evening bag, just refraining in time from brushing her hair off her brow.

"I suppose our host is next door," she said.

She went through the communicating door, the others behind her.

Mr. Shaltana was in his chair by the fire. The bridge players were seated in their game.

"Double five clubs," Mrs. Lorrimer was saying in her cool, incisive voice. "Five no trumps."

"Double five no trumps."

Mrs. Oliver came up to the bridge table. This was likely to be an exciting hand.

Superintendent Battle came with Mr. Colonel Race went towards Mr. Shaltana, Poirot behind him.

"Got to be going, Shaltana," said Race.

Mr. Shaltana did not answer. His head had fallen forward, and he seemed to be asleep. Race gave a commentary whistling a glance at Poirot and went a little nearer. Suddenly he uttered a muffled ejaculation and bent forward. Poirot, who was sitting in a minute, he, too, looking where Colonel Race was pointing—something that might have been a particularly ornate shirt cuff—but was not.

Poirot bent, raised one of Mr. Shaltana's hands, then let it fall. He set Race's inquiring glance and nodded. The latter raised his voice.

"Superintendent Battle, just a minute."

The superintendent came over to them. Mrs. Oliver continued to watch the play of five no trumps.

Superintendent Battle, despite his appearance of stolidity, was a very quick man. His eyebrows went up and he said in a low voice as he sized them:

"Something wrong?"

With a nod Colonel Race indicated the silent figure in the chair. As Battle bent over it, Poirot looked thoughtfully at what he could

see of Mr. Shaltana's face. Rather a silly face it looked now, the mouth drooping open—the devilish expression lacking.

Hercule Poirot shook his head. Superintendent Battle straightened himself. He had examined, without touching, the thing which looked like an extra stud in Mr. Shaltana's shirt—and it was not an extra stud. He had raised the limp hand and let it fall.

Now he stood up, unemotional, capable, soldierly—prepared to take charge efficiently of the situation.

"Just a minute, please," he said. And the raised voice was his official voice, so different that all the heads at the bridge table turned to him, and Anne Meredith's hand remained poised over an ace of spades in dummy.

"I'm sorry to tell you all," he said "that our host, Mr. Shaltana, is dead."

Mrs. Lorrimer and Dr. Roberts rose to their feet. Despard stared and frowned. Anne Meredith gave a little gasp.

"Are you sure, man?"

Dr. Roberts, his professional instincts aroused, came briskly across the floor with a bounding medical "in-at-the-death" step.

Without seeming to, the bulk of Superintendent Battle impeded his progress.

"Just a minute, Dr. Roberts. Can you tell me first who's been in and out of this room this evening?"

Roberts stared at him.

"In and out? I don't understand you. Nobody has."

~~~~~

## GIRLIGAGS



THERE are a lot of business women who tell you that they intend to work all their lives—and then accept the first man who is looking for a good housewife.

The superintendent transferred his gaze.

"Is that right, Mrs. Lorrimer?"

"Quite right."

"Not the butler nor any of the servants?"

"No. The butler brought in that tray as we sat down to bridge. He has not been in since."

Superintendent Battle looked at Despard.

Despard nodded in agreement.

Anne said rather breathlessly, "Yes—yes, that's right."

"WHAT'S all this, man?" said Roberts impatiently.

"Just let me examine him; may be just a fainting fit."

"It isn't a fainting fit, and I'm sorry—but nobody's going to touch him until the divisional surgeon comes. Mr. Shaltana's been murdered, ladies and gentlemen."

"Murdered?" A horrified incredulous sigh from Anne.

A stare—a very blank stare—from Despard.

A sharp incisive "Murdered?" from Mrs. Lorrimer.

A "Good Heaven!" from Dr. Roberts.

Superintendent Battle nodded his head slowly. He looked rather like a Chinese porcelain mandarin. His expression was quite blank.

"Stabbed," he said. "That's the way it is. Stabbed."

Then he shot out a question:

"Any of you leave the bridge table during the evening?"

He saw four expressions break up—waver. He saw fear—comprehension—indignation—dismay; horror, but he saw nothing definitely helpful.

"Well?"

There was a pause, and then Major Despard said quietly the had risen now and was standing like a soldier on parade, his narrow, intelligent face turned to Battle:

"I think every one of us, at one time or another, moved from the bridge table—either to get drinks or to put wood on the fire. I did both. When I went to the fire Shaltana was asleep in the chair."

"Asleep?"

"I thought so—yes."

"HE may have been," said Battle. "Or he may have been dead then. We'll go into that presently. I'll ask you now to go into the room next door." He turned to the quiet figure at his elbow: "Colonel Race, perhaps you'll go with them?"

Race gave a quick nod of comprehension.

"Right, Superintendent."

The four bridge players went slowly through the doorway.

Mrs. Oliver sat down in a chair at the far end of the room and began to sob quietly.

Battle took up the telephone receiver and spoke. Then he said:

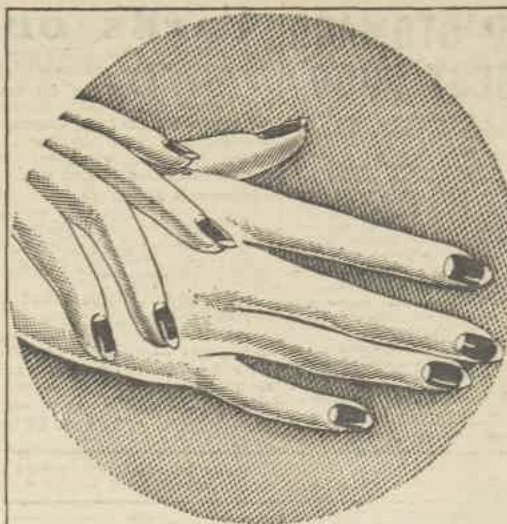
"The local police will be round immediately. Orders from headquarters are that I'm to take on the case. Divisional surgeon will be here almost at once. How long should you say he's been dead, M. Poirot? I'd say well over an hour myself."

"I agree. Alas, that one cannot be more exact—that one cannot say, 'This man has been dead one hour, twenty-five minutes and forty seconds.'"

Battle nodded absently.

"He was sitting right in front of the fire. That makes a slight difference. Over an hour—not more than two and a half; that's what our doctor will say. I'll be bound. And nobody heard anything and nobody saw anything. Amazing! What a desperate chance to take. He might have cried out."

Please turn to Page 56



## LONGER LIFE TO YOUR POLISH and TO YOUR NAILS

If you have dry nails that split easily and cause poor wear in your nail polish, Cutex Polish Foundation is made for you. It contains a beneficial wax. It helps to relieve brittle nails and makes your polish wear longer than you ever believed possible. A coat over the polish gives extra protection.



**CUTEX** CONTAINS WAX  
Polish Foundation

## NO DATES IN MARY'S BOOK... NO SONG IN MARY'S HEART...



She says she "doesn't perspire" in winter—yet underarm odour spoils her charm!

Too bad Mary neglects underarm precautions as soon as cold weather comes! It's foolish to trust a bath alone to keep you sweet... even in winter.

Wise girls use MUM under each arm. They know that even when there is no underarm moisture, odour is there. It's so easy to stay fresh with MUM. It gives you all-day-long protection, is harmless to fabrics and does not irritate the skin. Obtainable everywhere: purse size 9d., regular size 1/6, double size 2/6.

**MUM** takes the odour out of perspiration

## WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE—

Without Calomel—And You'll Jump out of Bed in the Morning Full of Vim.

The liver should pour out two pounds of bile into your bowels daily. If this bile does not flow freely, your food doesn't digest, it just decays in the bowels. Wind blows up your stomachs. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, tired and weary and the world looks blue. Laxatives are only makeshifts. A more loved movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes these good old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get these two pounds of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up." Hurray, little yellow tablets in making you feel fresh. Ask for CARTER'S Little Liver Pills by name. Stubbornly refuse anything else. 1/6.



UNDER THE SPREADING CHESTNUT TREE THE VILLAGE SMITHY STANDS.



THE SMITH WORKS HARD FROM MORN TILL NIGHT—AND GETS SUCH GRIMY HANDS.



STILL, EVERY SUNDAY AT THE CHURCH THE GENTRY BOW AND SMILE.



FOR SOLVOL CLEANS HIS HANDS SO WELL HE LOOKS A MAN OF STYLE.



## SOLVOL CLEANS HANDS IN 30 SECONDS!

CLEAN HANDS IN A TWINKLING WITH SOLVOL! THE PENETRATING LATHER CLEANS PORE—DEEP... LEAVES HANDS SPOTLESS AWAY WITH INGRAINED DIRT, GREASE AND GRIME... OUT WITH STAINS. USE SOLVOL AFTER EVERY DIRTY JOB. IT'S AS PLEASANT TO USE AS FINE TOILET SOAP.

A KITCHEN & BOND, PTY. LTD.

23-367-19



## HELP STOMACH DIGEST FOOD

With Triple-Action Remedy  
and You'll Eat Like a Horse

Your system should digest two pounds of food daily and in this work minute glands in mouth, stomach, liver and pancreas, each play their part. When you eat heavy, greasy, coarse or rich foods, or when you hurry nervously through your meals, your digestive system becomes upset and either too much or too little of these vital digestive juices is poured out. Then your food does not digest and you have gas, heartburn, nausea, pains after food—in fact you feel wretchedly ill and miserable. Alkaline powders and artificial digestants are often useless, but thousands of people have found Mother Seigel's Syrup gives quick relief and comfort. Mother Seigel's Syrup is a combination of herbal extracts which stimulate the salivary, stomach and liver glands to normal action and once this is accomplished eating becomes a pleasure and that sour, sick, depressed condition becomes a thing of the past. Ask for and insist on getting genuine Mother Seigel's Syrup.

## Cards on the Table

Continued from Page 55

**B**UT he did not. The murderer's luck held. As you say, mon ami, it was a very desperate business."

"Any idea, M. Poirot, as to motive? Anything of that kind?"

Poirot said slowly: "Yes, I have something to say on that score. Tell me, Mr. Shaitana—he did not give you any hint of what kind of a party you were coming to to-night?"

Superintendent Battle looked at him curiously.

"No, M. Poirot. He didn't say anything at all. Why?"

A bell whirled in the distance and a knocker was piled.

"That's our people," said Superintendent Battle. "I'll go and let 'em

in. We'll have your story presently. Must get on with the routine work."

Poirot nodded.

Battle left the room.

Mrs. Oliver continued to sob.

Poirot went over to the bridge table. Without touching anything, he examined the scores. He shook his head once or twice.

"The stupid little man! Oh, the stupid little man," murmured Hercule Poirot. "To dress up as the devil and try to frighten people. Quel enfantillage!"

The door opened. The divisional surgeon came in, bag in hand. He was followed by the divisional inspector, talking to Battle. A camera man came next. There was a constable in the hall.



Novelty  
in wool

FOR afternoon in town. Do-cille design the youthful little frock in navy wool with slim-making horizontal bands of matching navy braid. The prim neckline and dainty skirt are popular fashion features.



'B.O.'? ... It  
can't be true!

But..

... it may be! Unless the skin pores are thoroughly cleansed of impurities "B.O." (Body Odour) will result. There's only one way to make certain of thorough cleansing—bathe with Lifebuoy. Lifebuoy is specially made to prevent "B.O." It contains a purifying ingredient which helps Lifebuoy's rich penetrating lather to rid the pores of all stale, waste matter—leaves your skin feeling clean, fresh and sweet—you know there's no chance of offending.

LIFEBUOY KEEPS  
MY SKIN IN GRAND  
CONDITION... ALIVE,  
AND GLOWING  
WITH HEALTH



— and LIFEBUOY is one of  
the mildest soaps available!

Here is the conclusive proof of Lifebuoy's mildness. A leading Australian skin specialist has made 6,000 tests and states definitely that "Lifebuoy is one of the mildest soaps available... certainly milder than many soaps recommended for babies and women."

So you are certain that this refreshing soap, besides giving you protection from "B.O.", will be kind and soothing to the skin—no matter how sensitive. Try Lifebuoy for brings to your skin. Then you'll be a regular Lifebuoy user. Remember, its own clean scent vanishes as you rinse.

A LEVER PRODUCT.

LIFEBUOY SOAP PREVENTS "B.O."



The routine of the detection of crime had begun.

Hercule Poirot, Mrs. Oliver, Colonel Race and Superintendent Battle sat round the dining-room table.

It was an hour later. The body had been examined, photographed and removed. A fingerprint expert had been and gone.

Superintendent Battle looked at Poirot.

"Before I have those four in, I want to hear what you've got to tell me. According to you there was something behind this party to-night?"

Very deliberately and carefully Poirot retold the conversation he had held with Shaitana at Wessex House.

Superintendent Battle pursed his lips. He very nearly whistled.

"Exhibits—eh? Murderers all alive oh! And you think he meant it? You don't think he was pulling your leg?"

Poirot shook his head. "Oh, no, he meant it. Shaitana was a man who prided himself on his Mephistophelian attitude to life. He was a man of great vanity. He was also a stupid man—that is why he is dead."

"I get you," said Superintendent Battle, following things out in his mind. "A party of eight and himself. Four 'aleuths,' so to speak—and four murderers!"

"It's impossible!" cried Mrs. Oliver. "Absolutely impossible. None of those people can be criminals."

Superintendent Battle shook his head thoughtfully.

"I wouldn't be so sure of that, Mrs. Oliver. Murderers look and behave very much like everybody else. Nice, quiet, well-behaved, reasonable folk very often."

"In that case, it's Dr. Roberts," said Mrs. Oliver firmly. "I felt instinctively that there was something wrong with that man as soon as I saw him. My instincts never lie."

Battle turned to Colonel Race.

"What do you think, sir?"

Race shrugged his shoulders. He took the question as referring to

Poirot's statement and not to Mrs. Oliver's suspicions.

"It could be," he said. "It could be. It shows that Shaitana was right in one case at least! After all, he can only have suspected that these people were murderers—he can't have been sure. He may have been right in all four cases, he may have been right in only one case—but he was right in one case; his death proved that."

"One of them got the wind up. Think that's it, M. Poirot?"

Poirot nodded.

"THE late Mr. Shaitana had a reputation," he said. "He had a dangerous sense of humor, and was reputed to be merciless. The victim thought that Shaitana was giving himself an evening's amusement, leading up to a moment when he'd hand the victim over to the police—you! He (or she) must have thought that Shaitana had definite evidence."

"Had he?"

Poirot shrugged his shoulders.

"That we shall never know."

"Dr. Roberts!" repeated Mrs. Oliver firmly. "Such a hearty man. Murderers are often hearty—as a disguise! If I were you, Superintendent Battle, I should arrest him at once."

"I dare say we would if there was a woman at the head of Scotland Yard," said Superintendent Battle, a momentary twinkle showing in his unemotional eye. "But, you are mere men being in charge, we've got to be careful. We've got to get them slowly."

"Oh, men—men," sighed Mrs. Oliver, and began to compose newspaper articles in her head.

"Better have them in now," said Superintendent Battle. "It won't do to keep them hanging about too long."

To be Continued

ALL characters in the serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious, and have no reference to any living person.

## Make your lips savagely lovely

with one of these  
exciting jungle colours

Here's an entirely new idea of lip colour; reds created from the adventurous spirit of impatient jungle romance! Enticing, thrilling, savage reds that put the heat of tom-tom on lovely ladies' lips. Extremely indelible, too; SAVAGE clings savagely... yet it keeps lips soft and smooth... seductively smooth... savagely lovely! Five exciting shades!

TANGERINE... PLAME... NATURAL... BLUSH... JUNGLE



SAVAGE LIPSTICK



# THE HOMEMAKER

May 20, 1939

The Australian Women's Weekly

First Page

## MY HAIR... How should I do it?

By . . . JANETTE

COIFFURES  
FOR THOSE WHO  
WANT TO LOOK  
YOUNG AND PRETTY  
... FOR THOSE WHO  
WANT TO LOOK  
SMART AND  
SOPHISTICATED  
AND A CLASSIC-  
ALLY SIMPLE STYLE  
FOR THE DEBU-  
TANTE... CHOOSE  
YOUR HAIR-DO  
FROM THESE FLAT-  
TERING STYLES.



PARIS is sponsoring this lovely coiffure—a bun on the nape of the neck and curls on top of the head.

YOU know, whenever I hear girls discussing hair styles and yearning to discover some new hair-do that will particularly flatter them, I can practically tell their ages.

For almost always it is the girls under twenty who want to wear their hair so as to look older. And the women past thirty want coiffures to make them look younger.

Here are "wish coiffures" for both. The photos on this page are by leading hair stylists. And the ex-



THIS coiffure, worn by Alice Faye, Fox star, is ideal for the young girl who is growing up.



HAIR UPSWEPT with masses of curls on top is beautiful for evening wear. Although sophisticated it is entirely feminine. But don't wear this style unless it really suits you.

citing thing about them is that they show a wide variety of perfect coiffures—styles for the woman who wants to look young, hints for the girls in their teens who are impatient to look twenty, and advice for the women of thirty and forty who want to look attractively sophisticated.

Perhaps you've been trying the effect of piling your hair high, brushing it up off your neck.

Flashes from Paris, and from the smart beauty shops of New York, almost all tell about high coiffures, bare ears and neck.

One of the pictures on this page shows this type of hair-do. It is chic and sophisticated, and if you'd rather be smart-looking than anything else, there's a suggestion for you.

### Rather look pretty

BUT most young girls would rather look pretty than smart. And the clever women would rather look youthful than worldly, for sophistication smacks of years. That's why most Hollywood stars refuse to pile their hair on top. They believe in emphasising youth before fashion.

With a good permanent wave, however, you can change your wish and your hair-do for different moods. With evening clothes, especially with a picturesque bouffant dress, a high coiffure is lovely.



CLASSICALLY simple style in which short, deer-length hair is softly curled. Worn by Sally Gray, GBD player. Suitable for the very youthful.



## Give your hair a Beauty Wash

EVERYONE'S talking about this "new thrilling way to wash hair"—with Colinated Coconut Oil Shampoo!—Without any doubt, it quickly brings out the full radiant loveliness of your hair, and awakens alluring highlights which you never previously knew existed.

Immediately you commence "beauty washing" your hair with Colinated Coconut Oil Shampoo you FEEL the difference. The rich, live "coconut bubbles" begin to foam through your hair, dissolving dust, dandruff and oily film—leaving your hair SILKY-CLEAN and more attractive than you've ever seen it before.

Then when you look at your hair in the glass—what a thrill! A glorious picture of shimmering loveliness. Its very texture richer, silkier, and altogether adorable. Watch how the waves come out deep, crisp, sparkling, and ever so much easier to dress.

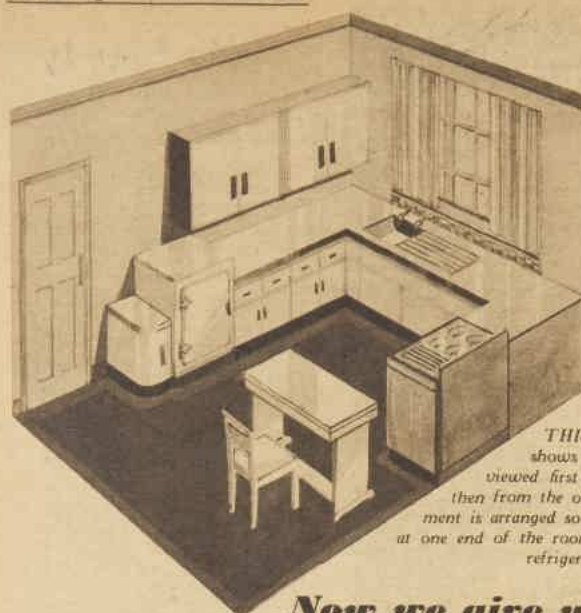
Blondes—Colinated Coconut Oil Shampoo preserves their true gold colour of your hair.

Brunettes—"Beauty washing" with Colinated Coconut Oil Shampoo finds new gleaming highlights in your hair.

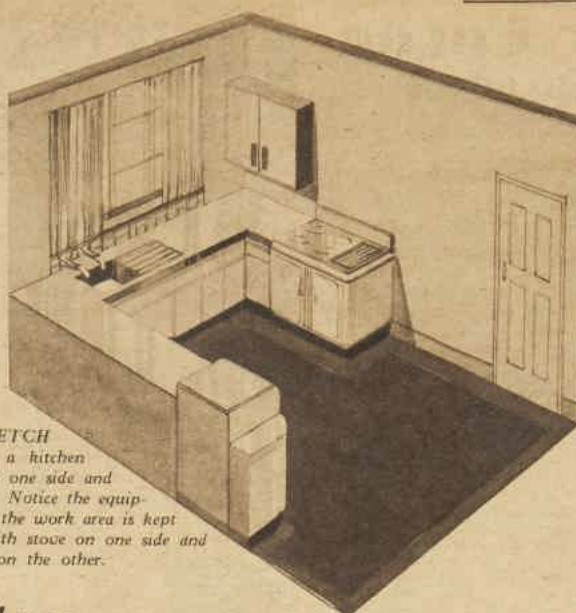
Make your next shampoo a real "beauty wash"—with Colinated Coconut Oil Shampoo—a 2/6 bottle gives you 14 wonderful Shampoos. Obtainable all Chemists, stores, and hairdressers.

**COLINATED COCOANUT OIL Shampoo**





THIS SKETCH shows you a kitchen viewed first from one side and then from the other. Notice the equipment is arranged so that the work area is kept at one end of the room, with stove on one side and refrigerator on the other.



Now we give you . . .

## Modern plans for a KITCHEN

THIS is the sixth of a series of articles which are being published in The Australian Women's Weekly from time to time on interior decoration for the average small home-owner.

By  
OUR HOME  
DECORATOR

YOUR kitchen will be well on the way to being the ideal domestic workshop, efficient and attractive, if—

1. It has perfectly operating modern equipment (stove, refrigerator and other appliances).

2. These appliances are conveniently placed.

3. There is adequate provision made for storage.

Think well before you finally decide on your equipment. Choosing a refrigerator, for instance, with a door that opens the right way for your kitchen will help to eliminate many annoying moments.

(I once saw a kitchen in which you had to shut the kitchen door before you could open the door of the refrigerator.)

Keep the work area at one end of the room and if possible have no passageway through it.

Have the main work centre between the sink and the refrigerator, and the stove beside the sink, using preferably three sides of the room.

Place cabinets, work counters and shelves between the pieces of large equipment, making a work area as continuous as possible.

Centre all small equipment at the work area where it is used.

### Supplement daylight

PROVIDE adequate lighting—provide ample well-directed artificial light to supplement daylight when and wherever needed.

Use a floor covering that is comfortable to stand on and easy to clean. The most satisfactory is linoleum.

Three of the plans illustrated show the principles of arrangement with doors at only one end of the room.

Unfortunately, this plan for the kitchen is not always possible, as many kitchens have doors at either end.

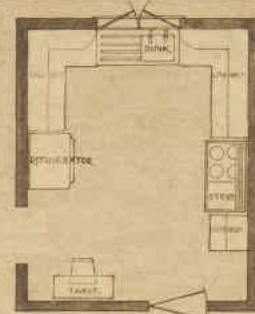
However, this handicap can be overcome by careful planning, as shown in sketch four.

Sink, cabinet, and refrigerator have been placed in the most convenient relation to one another on two sides of the room, making it possible to work across a corner between these two pieces of equipment without interruption from anyone passing through.

Pleasure in working in a kitchen results from the attractiveness of the surroundings as well as from the general efficiency. And a bright color scheme is a simple matter.

Washable window curtains are best and can be obtained in a wide variety of materials and designs.

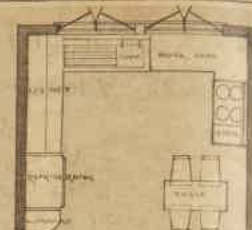
If yours is a sunny kitchen with big windows, green is the most pleasing of the cool colors. Delphinium-blue is also very cool-looking.



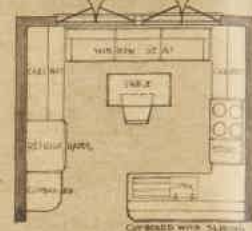
PLAN 1 shows you how to arrange equipment in a room with two doors at one end.

Warm colors such as yellow, orange, red, with cream and off-white, are an excellent choice for the darker room.

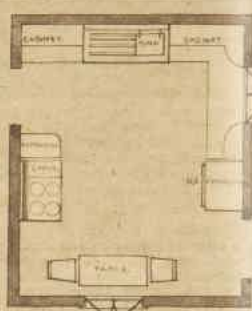
The kitchen illustrated is finished in cream enamel with penny-tan and burnt-orange for a color relief.



PLAN 2 keeps all equipment away from the passageway formed by opposite doors.



PLAN 3, suitable for a large room, makes provision for meals by two wide windows.



PLAN 4 shows how to arrange equipment when doors in the room are awkwardly placed.

I'm a  
"Smile-  
a-Minute"  
Girl now



—And those smiles start with my two delicious cups of "OLD GOLD" Cocoa a day . . .

"Three or four smiles a day used to be my limit. My popularity was at zero and that's really what made me resolve to do something about it. I couldn't look at tonics, so hit on the idea of two cups of cocoa a day — "Old Gold" because it's so deliciously smooth. The first cup of the

ONE AT BREAKFAST  
ONE AT NIGHT  
FOR ALL DAY FITNESS  
AND ALL-NIGHT SLEEP

day makes me enjoy breakfast so much that it really sets me up for the day. And the last cup at night makes me sleep like a baby. So now I'm fit as a fiddle and they tell me I smile all the while. So if anyone wants more smiles in their life, I tell them that's easy! —have more "Old Gold" Cocoa in your life!"

MacRobertson's  
**OLD GOLD**  
QUALITY COCOA



ONLY 6<sup>d</sup> 1/4 LB. TIN

—BUT WORTH ITS WEIGHT IN GOLD

In 1/2 lb., 1/4 lb. and 1 lb. tins

**Dynamel**  
your  
bathroom



Dynamel makes it easy to have a modern bathroom. Go over all that dark woodwork with some of those sparkling Creams or gay, brilliant colors you'll see

on Taubmans Dynamel Color Chart. Shower splashes can't mark Dynamel's hard mirror-smooth and washable surface. Anybody can do a good job with Dynamel.

DYNAMEL is better than enamel — sold by paint stores everywhere.

— and you'll get 1,001 other ideas to make your home lovelier in —

**"THE COLORFUL HOME" FREE!**

To Taubmans Home Decorating Service, 75 Mary Street, St. Pauli. Please send me free your enlarged and entirely new book, "The Colorful Home". I enclose 3d. in stamps, to cover postage and handling.

NAME  
ADDRESS

A.87.



## DAZZLING COLOR in your garden

WHEN spring unlocks the flowers to paint the eager soil, will your garden contain the plants to supply the colors? If not, now is the time to plant out hardy annuals and perennials.

—Says THE OLD GARDENER.

**RANUNCULI**, with their coats of many colors, linarias, in as many shades as you desire, nemesis, with nodding heads of every hue, may all be set out in the border.

Anemones, ranging from blood-red, through many shades of pink, purple, mauve to white, will supply you with the colors you require.

Columbines, with their long-garbed bells, can be obtained in tints that defy the artist, while snapdragons will tint the spring soil for many a month.

English foxgloves should be planted at now, and their tall spikes of bells will give great pleasure if they are afforded a semi-shaded position under shrubs or trees.

For sheer brilliance the English marigold, particularly the golden cambridge and Radio varieties, is difficult to fault.

They stand up to a fair amount of cold weather, too, and that is an advantage.

Cinerarias are noted for their dazzling shades. They stare boldly at the spring sunshine from masses of thick, attractive foliage, and are most decorative if potted up and taken indoors for the table.

Candytuft can be set out in the garden now, and will make dense masses of colorful bloom early in the spring.

Nigella, that quaint little flower commonly called "Love in a Mist," or "Devil in a Bush," will also make good headway during winter and bloom early if set out now.

Calliopsis and coreopsis provide the garden with gleaming masses of yellow, gold and brown for months of the year.

Sweet sultan may be set out in the border this month.



VARIETY OF PRIMULAS, delicate, colorful flowers that can be relied upon to give color to the garden. They are especially good for borders.

## HANDY HINTS SCRAPBOOK

### To prepare parsley

To save time when preparing parsley place it in a hot oven for a few minutes, then remove and rub briskly between the hands. It will become quite powdery, and certainly finer than it is possible to chop.

### To prevent breakages

Put a piece of rubber tubing about two inches long over the taps in the kitchen sink, allowing it to extend a little below them. This will prevent the breaking and chipping that so often occurs through knocking china against the taps.

### Tarnished silver

Tarnished table silver may be revived if placed in a quart of boiling water to which a good pinch of washing soda has been added. After boiling for a few minutes remove and dry thoroughly with a soft cloth. All the stains should then have disappeared.

### Hard sponges

To soften a hard sponge, place it in cold water, in a clean pan, add a tablespoonful of borax, and bring slowly to the boil. Take out the sponge, rub dry borax into it, and rinse well in cold water.

### To render down suet

It is a good plan to put suet through a mincer before rendering it down. In this way the maximum amount of fat is obtained.

### Shoes that pinch

If a patent shoe pinches any part of the foot, a rag well soaked in boiling water should be placed over the part. If this is done while the foot is in the shoe, the leather will soften to the shape of the foot.

### Brighter candle light

Candles burn brighter and last longer if they are stored for some months before being used.

## The A.B.C. of COOKERY

**Mocha:** Coffee flavored.

**Montpellier:** Name of several dishes served with rich, highly-flavored savory sauce.

**Mousse:** Whipped cream flavored and sweetened, frozen without stirring.

**Mull:** To heat (wine) with sugar and spices.

**Mulligatawny:** Soup with vegetables flavored with curry.

**Noix de Veau:** Knuckle of veal.

**Noodles:** Small shapes of paste usually served in soup. Also served as a sweet, fried.

**Neuilles:** Noodles (French).



## Take this short-cut when you clean the bath

Maybe you wonder why you see Bon Ami in so many baths. Just try it on your own bath. You'll find Bon Ami is fast—saves you time. It's thorough—saves you work. And it's not gritty. This means it rinses away completely, leaves no sediment and—instead of scratching—gives the bath a high, gleaming polish.

**Bon Ami**  
cleans quickly  
and easily



"hasn't scratched yet!"

## Really Lovely To Look At

### RED LIPS, CLEAR SKIN AND EYES

"My skin was always blotchy and sallow," states Miss J.D., of Scotland, Tasmania. "It was due to poor blood because I have been anemic for the last year. I would get up in the mornings faint and giddy, and my legs and arms would ache practically all day. I was utterly miserable with violent headaches and lack of energy."

"My Aunt advised me to take Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and after three bottles of these pills the results have been really marvellous. My skin is clear of pimples and I have a good color. I can go for long walks without getting aches and pains in legs and back. The headaches and indigestion have gone."

To be really lovely to look at and to enjoy womanly fitness you must have plenty of rich red blood flowing throughout your system. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills always help to create this good new blood, which will give you a lovely complexion, red lips, sparkling eyes, abundant energy and fullness of beauty. Your chemist or store sells Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, 3/- bottle.

## When the Darkness seems ALIVE

and nameless fears crowd around you.

BROMURAL brings deep, refreshing sleep. BROMURAL calms jangled nerves, brings peace of mind and confidence. Harmless, non-habit-forming.

**BROMURAL (ANOL)**  
Ask your chemist. 1/6.30

# Asthma Agony Ended In 2 Hours

With Famous Doctor's Prescription

### 3-Minute Action

Dr. James Russell, widely known scientist, physician, and surgeon of London, England, recently stated: "I am happy to tell Asthma sufferers that the new prescription called Mendaco dissolves and removes the underlying cause of Asthma. Mendaco, through its 3-way action, offers real hope of health and normal life to those who are afflicted with this dread ailment. One of the ingredients in Mendaco starts circulating in the blood in 3 minutes and that is why this remarkable preparation so quickly brings freedom from

### 3-Way Action Dissolves Cause

This physician's prescription, called Mendaco, is scientifically prepared and compounded to act directly in removing the true and underlying cause of choking, gasping, wheezing Asthma. This is accomplished by its 3-way action. First, it liquefies and dissolves the mucus or phlegm that causes the choking and gasping. Second, it relaxes thousands of tiny muscles in the bronchial tubes so that you can breathe freely and deeply and thus get the benefits of health-restoring air and oxygen in your lungs. Third, it promotes body vigour and stimulates the building of rich, revitalized blood. This Mendaco acts in a natural manner to overcome Asthma, restore sound, rejuvenating sleep, and actually makes you feel five to ten years younger.

### Helps Millions

Millions of former sufferers from Asthma and Bronchitis in all parts of the world are now enjoying vigorous health and sound sleep through the use of Mendaco. Sufferers who formerly had to sit up all night and others who had to take hypodermic injections are now able to work and enjoy life. Mendaco does not contain any narcotics or habit-forming drugs. Yet it brings sound, restful sleep the very first night. This is because it acts to dissolve the cause of those terrible choking, gasping attacks of Asthma. Sufferers are high in their praises of Mendaco. For instance, Mrs. G. Tynan, 15 Faraday Avenue, Rose Bay, N.S.W., recently said: "My husband suffered with Bronchial Asthma for years, and had to leave his work because of it. He had to be propped up in bed all night, and had two doctors' prescriptions made up, but could get no relief. After the first bottle of Mendaco, he was able to sleep the night through. He took three bottles and is now quite cured and back to work again. He can eat anything and is back to his normal weight, having put on two or three stone."

Mrs. G. Tynan

There is no need to suffer another day from terrible choking, gasping Asthma, because Mendaco is offered under a written guarantee that it must free you from your Asthma, make you feel years younger, stronger, and youthful alive, or you must return the empty package and the small purchase price is refunded immediately without question or argument. Your word is final. You can't afford to suffer another hour—you can't afford to waste time—you can't afford to take chances with cheap, inferior or druggist drugs. The longer you wait the more harm Asthma will do to your heart and body, and your life may be endangered. Get the doctor's guaranteed prescription Mendaco from your chemist today. The guarantee protects you.



Dr. R. A. Goodall, graduate of Kings College, London, who has made a special study of Asthma, Bronchitis and Hay Fever, their causes and treatment.

those terrible choking, gasping, strangling spells. The average patient breathes freely and sleeps soundly the very first night, finds his appetite returning, and that he can eat normal food within the first two days, and a complete cessation of asthmatic eruptions by the end of the first week. I can conscientiously say that I consider Mendaco a boon to Asthma sufferers."

### Results Guaranteed

There is no need to suffer another day from terrible choking, gasping Asthma, because Mendaco is offered under a written guarantee that it must free you from your Asthma, make you feel years younger, stronger, and youthful alive, or you must return the empty package and the small purchase price is refunded immediately without question or argument. Your word is final. You can't afford to suffer another hour—you can't afford to waste time—you can't afford to take chances with cheap, inferior or druggist drugs. The longer you wait the more harm Asthma will do to your heart and body, and your life may be endangered. Get the doctor's guaranteed prescription Mendaco from your chemist today. The guarantee protects you.

**Mendaco**

Ends Asthma • Bronchitis • Hay Fever



## TOO FAT FOR COMFORT

It is dangerous to carry round too much fat.

"What is a safe way to reduce my weight?" One often hears this question, and we can only repeat that slimming can be done at home, with safety, and in most cases, certainly, by a seaweed treatment. This can be used in three ways, either separately or all together.

Mr. LEN O. SIGGS, Pharmaceutical Chemist, of Collie, Western Australia, has made a careful study of fat-reducing properties over many years, and, in his opinion, the seaweed treatment is by far the safest and most effective for the majority of obesity cases. Having only health-giving and tonic properties, no derangement of the system can result. The treatment will not affect the heart, and can have no ill-effect; and on getting down to the normal weight desired one does not put on flesh again immediately as in the case of reduction by exercise.

Users all say they never felt better in their lives.

The Special Reducing Tablets are 4/6, plus 3d. post, for three weeks' supply. There is nothing secret about these. The formula is printed on each bottle. The Reducing Massage Cream, an easy running massage, delightful to use, and acts by absorption, is 4/6 jar, post 6d.; and the Seaweed Slimming Bath Salts (for drastic reduction) are 2/- each, or 10/6 for six packets, freight 1/6. A diet chart for meals day by day is supplied free, also a list of the comparative value of foods of various kinds.

Why be uncomfortable? Post your order to LEN O. SIGGS, M.P.S., Collie, W.A., to-day. Many unqualified testimonials arrive every day, some as much as three-stone reduction in six weeks.

## DEAF?

"Chico" Invisible Earphones, 21/- pr.

Worn inside your ears, no cords or batteries. Guaranteed for your lifetime. Write for free booklet. MEARS EARPHONE CO., 14 State Shopping Block, MARKET ST., SYDNEY.

## WHAT MY PATIENTS ASK ME . . . By A Doctor

## When it's best to poultice

DOCTOR, what CAN I do about this awful boil on my arm? I've been treating it for a week, and it seems to be worse, if anything.

Let me see it. Yes, it does look rather angry. You have been treating it, you say? What sort of treatment?

Why, bread poultices, doctor—the good old remedy. My mother always swore by it.

Quite so. But treatments get out of date as our knowledge advances, you know, just like everything else. Bread poultices have lost favor nowadays as a treatment for boils, because they have a nasty habit of spreading germs from the original boil on to the surrounding skin, and thus starting a secondary crop.

Is that so, doctor? Then it would have been better, do

you think, just to have squeezed it and left it at that?

No, it would not. Squeezing a boil does not, as such a lot of people think, give Nature a boost in the right direction. Rather it interferes with her attempt to ward off the infection, and that hard area round the boil will probably be bigger as a result.

Really, doctor? Then what SHOULD I do?

Sometimes you can stop one in the early stages, by pulling out the hair growing in the centre with a pair of tweezers.

But if, in spite of that, the boil insists on developing, you can make a good poultice by mixing together equal parts of epsom salts and glycerine, until the mixture is the consistency of ice-cream. You should apply this over the red area around the boil and cover it with a piece of oil silk.

If this poultice is still painful, as it sometimes may be, simply cover the boil with a few layers of dry,

sterile soft cloth and apply a hot-water bottle or a bag of hot salt over the dressing.

Thank you for the advice, doctor, I'll try it. Tell me, how often should I change the poultice?

Every twelve hours remove it with warm water, and when you apply a new one be sure that you make up a fresh mixture.

I see, doctor, and do you think that will clear up this boil of mine?

It should. If the pain persists, however, you'd better come and see me again in a few days and I'll open it for you. That gives wonderful relief from pain, and is good treatment if it is not done too early.

But doesn't it leave a bad scar, doctor?

On the contrary. Actually, lancing leaves a smaller scar than if the boil is allowed to burst. But, as a matter of fact, I don't think lancing will be necessary. That epsom salts and glycerine will probably do the trick quite effectively.

Well, that's a comfort, doctor. You know my brother will be very glad to hear about this treatment. He gets dreadful boils—big ones, with several heads.

Those are not boils. They are

## For young wives and mothers

(TRUBY KING SYSTEM)

## Baby's second month

AS baby progresses and advances into his second month, slight alterations in diet are often necessary, such as the introduction of orange juice.

The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau has prepared a leaflet dealing with care of baby in the second month.

Readers interested may obtain a copy of this leaflet free of cost by sending a request together with a stamped, addressed envelope to The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4299YY, G.P.O. Sydney. Endorse your envelope "Mothercraft."



carbuncles. And if your brother, as you say, gets a lot of them, he should see a doctor about it, especially if he gets any on the face.

It is extremely dangerous to try self-treatment for a boil or carbuncle on the face.

Then, too, a doctor will be able to help him by giving him injections of a specially prepared vaccine—one prepared from his own germs is most likely to be effective.

Can you tell me why he should get so many, doctor?

## Poor resistance

THE first thing that any sufferer from boils should do is have the urine tested for sugar, but the most likely cause, in your brother's case, is that he has a poor resistance to infection.

What he needs to do is to build up his resistance, and the best way he can do that is by eating the proper foods.

I suppose you know that there are certain foods which contain the vitamins, minerals, proteins, and other food elements needed for a healthy body.

I didn't realise they were contained in any particular foods, doctor. What are they?

They are what we call the foundation foods—milk, meat, cheese and eggs, fruit and vegetables and wholemeal bread. The more he bases his diet on these foods, and the less he eats of the refined, sweet and starchy foods that make up the main part of most civilised diets, the better your brother, and anybody else for that matter, will be.

Once everyone realises the importance of a balanced diet in building up resistance our bodies will be healthier, our resistance to infection higher, and our standard of national fitness will go up with a rush.

## JOAN BLONDELL

\*It's almost unbelievable what the faithful use of Lux Toilet Soap does for a girl's skin

## Behind the scenes with the lovely Film Stars

Did you know that 9 out of 10 beautiful Hollywood stars use Lux Toilet Soap always—to keep their skin smooth, soft and appealing? Lux Toilet Soap is actually the official beauty soap in Hollywood studios.

★ Actual statement made by

Joan Blondell  
WARNER BROS. STAR IN  
"OFF THE RECORD"

## Supercreamed Lux Toilet Soap will give your skin clear, soft loveliness

Watch your skin grow as lovely as Joan Blondell's when you use Lux Toilet Soap as regularly as she does. Supercreamed for flawless skin loveliness! The precious skin cream blended into every cake of Lux Toilet Soap protects the natural oils of your skin, keeping it young and unlined. This safe, easy care is equally effective for any type of skin . . . certain to make your complexion beautifully young and clear!

The beauty soap the Hollywood Film Stars use ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆

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A LEVER PRODUCT



## Star Wheel

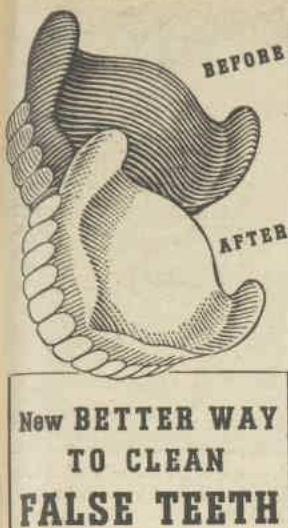
DESIGN..

. . . crochet motif making a delightful glass mat. Four joined and you have a plate mat and so on. Leaflet on sale at all good needlework shops, price 2d. or 3d., post free from Central Agency (Australia) Ltd., Box 2573E, G.P.O., Sydney.

COATS' Mercer-Crochet



**BEFORE**



**AFTER**

**New BETTER WAY TO CLEAN FALSE TEETH**

'I really think in all my experience that 'Steradent' is the finest product I have used,' writes a Dentist. This is typical of the professional opinion of hundreds of dentists now recommending 'Steradent' to their patients as the finest preparation ever produced for keeping dental plates clean and hygienic. Simply fill the cap of the tin with 'Steradent' and pour the powder into a glass containing sufficient warm water (not hot) to cover the dentures. Stir well. Leave your dentures in it while you dress, or overnight. Just rinse, and teeth and plates are fresh and clean—clean where the brush can't reach.

'Steradent' cleans away the blackest stains, film and tartar. Makes dull teeth and discoloured gums look like new. Makes them fresh, cool, comfortable. Use 'Steradent' and you will enjoy a denture comfort and cleanliness heretofore unknown. Price, 2/- and 3/- at all chemists.

**IMPORTANT:** Be sure you get 'Steradent'. Dentists recommend it.

BRICKS (OVERSEA) LTD. (Pharmaceutical Dept.), Sydney.

## Steradent

cleans and sterilizes false teeth

## BACKACHE, LEG PAINS MAY BE DANGER SIGN

Of Tired Kidneys — How to Get Happy Relief.

If backache and leg pains are making you miserable, don't just complain and do nothing about them. Nature may be warning you that your kidneys need flushing out.

The kidneys are the great filters of the blood. All day long the blood is passing through the 15 miles of kidney tubes to be strained of acids and wastes. Healthy persons should pass 2 pints a day and so get rid of more than 3 pounds of waste matter.

When the kidney tubes become clogged, bladder passages are scanty, burning and smarting. The acids and wastes that should be carried out of the body, stay in the blood and become poisonous. This condition causes nagging backaches, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up at night, lumbago, swollen feet and ankles, puffiness under the eyes, rheumatic pains and dizziness.

Don't wait! Ask your chemist for DOAN'S BACKACHE KIDNEY PILLS. . . used successfully the world over by millions of people suffering with backache and other kidney disorders. They give quick relief and will help flush out the 15 miles of kidney tubes. Be sure you get DOAN'S BACKACHE KIDNEY PILLS.

## DRINK CRAVING CONQUERED

By EUCRASY with 40 Years' Success.

Thanks for an almost unbelievable cure. My husband has not touched a drink since he had a course of Eucrasy. He says he will never touch it again," writes a grateful woman.

It can be given secretly or taken voluntarily. Not costly. Call or write to-day for a FREE SAMPLE, Booklet and many testimonials. Dept. B, EUCRASY CO., 111 Elizabeth Street, Sydney.

## The Australian Women's Weekly NOTICE TO CONTRIBUTORS

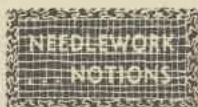
Manuscripts and pictures will be considered. A stamped addressed envelope should be enclosed if the return of the manuscript or picture is desired. Manuscripts and pictures will only be received at sender's risk, and the proprietors of The Australian Women's Weekly will not be responsible in the event of loss.

Prizes: Readers need not claim for prizes unless they do not receive payment within one month of date of publication. In the event of similar contributions the Editor's decision is final.

## DAFFODILS... for your supper table



YOU can obtain this complete supper or luncheon set traced ready for working on white or colored linen from our Needlework Department.



THE various pieces comprising the daffodil set are traced on white, cream, blue, yellow, pink, or green linen. Edges are spoke-stitched ready for crochet finish, or if you prefer you may have plain cut edges, so you can turn up hem.

Prices are:—

Cloth, 36 by 36 inches, 7/6 each.

Cloth, 45 by 45 inches, 8/9 each.

Cloth, 54 by 54 inches, 11/6 each.

Cloth, 72 by 72 inches, 17/6 each.

Cloth 72 by 90 inches, 19/6 each.

Serviette, 11 by 11 inches, 1/- each.

Serviette, 15 by 15 inches, 1/3 each.

THIS exquisite daffodil supper or luncheon set, stamped for working, can be obtained from our Needlework Department. For addresses see pattern page in this issue.

D'oyley, 8 by 8 inches, 1/- each.

D'oyley, 5 by 11 inches, 1/- each.

Traymobile cloth, 14 by 25 inches, 4/6 each.

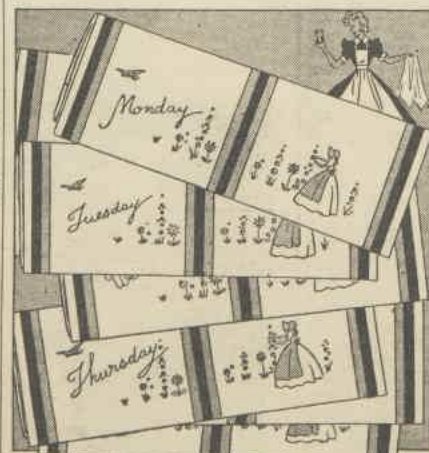
Tea-cosy, 13 by 10 inches, 3/6 each.

Stranded cottons for working may also be obtained from our Needlework Department, price 14d. skein. Crochet cottons to match linen may also be obtained.

To work the daffodil design do the flower in yellow satin-stitch and lines radiating from flower in stem-stitch. Stem-stitch stamens in green and do crochet edges in a color to match the linen.

## Lovely set of linen tea-towels

One for each day in the week . . . Work a set of these novelties for your kitchen now.



THIS easy-to-work set of towels is obtainable in cream linen with stripes in green, blue or yellow.

They are stamped with design ready for working, and have hemstitched hems.

Each towel measures 24 by 34 inches, and the price is 2/3 each or set of seven (one for each day of the week) 14/3 complete. Postage free.

The design is very simple to work, and cottons may also be obtained from our Needlework Department for 14d. a skein.

THESE TEA-TOWELS, stamped for working, are obtainable from our Needlework Department. For addresses see pattern page.



CAN'T SLEEP

Weary and worn out, yet she can't sleep. Her digestion is so tired that it is still struggling with the meal she took hours ago. Yet she does not know it!

We want to tell her that Benger's Food will make her bright and happy again by giving her complete nourishment while her digestion takes a rest, because freedom from digestive strain with full nourishment, begins with the first cup of Benger's Food.

Benger's is the only Food that contains the enzymes of natural digestion. When you begin to prepare Benger's Food by adding the hot milk, these enzymes become active and partly digest both the Food and the milk before you drink it. Your system is therefore able to assimilate the exceptional nourishment in Benger's Food while your tired digestion rests. Have your first cup of Benger's Food to-day.

Prices in City and Suburbs:  
No. 1 size . . . 3/-  
No. 2 size . . . 5/6  
Made in Cheshire, England.

## BENGER'S

the self-digestive Food



MIXED AND MADE IN HALF A MINUTE.

Whilst half a pint of milk is coming to the boil, take one level tablespoonful of Benger's Food; stir into a smooth cream with 4 tablespoonfuls of cold water. Take the boiling milk and immediately it starts to settle in the pan, pour it slowly on to the cold mixture. Drink as soon as cool enough. Sugar to taste. Both Food and milk are partially self-digested.

For invalids and infant feeding, follow the directions contained in the booklet enclosed with each tin.

FREE Write for the Benger's Booklet to Benger's Food, Ltd. (Inc. in England), 350, George Street, Sydney.



DON'T NEGLECT that tightness which warns you of a chest congestion. Get busy and apply Sloan's Liniment to the throat, chest and back, and in this way make Nature work faster to bring an added supply of fresh blood to relieve the congestion. The quickly-penetrating warmth of Sloan's Liniment is a reliable local treatment not only for chest colds but also for the pain of lumbago, sciatica, stiff neck, neuralgia, sprains and bruises. Keep a bottle on hand.

37L

**SLOAN'S**  
Family LINIMENT

MAKES NATURE WORK Faster

Printed and published by Consolidated Press Limited, 168-174 Castlereagh Street, Sydney.



## These are weekly prizewinners

**F**IRST prize this week has been won by an entry from Tasmania for Battenburg cake. It was tested by our cookery experts and is shown in the photograph on this page.

Final results of our big £1000 cookery contest will be announced in next week's issue, so watch for these results. If you entered your recipes you may be a prize-winner.

### Cake section

#### BATTENBURG CAKE

Eight ounces butter, 8oz. castor sugar, 4 eggs, 8oz. flour, 1 teaspoon baking powder, lemon essence, apricot jam, almond paste.

Cream butter and sugar. Beat in eggs one at a time. Stir in sifted flour and baking powder lightly. Color half the mixture pink. Put this in a buttered greased tin (oblong) and the plain mixture in another. Bake in a moderate oven for half to three-quarters of an hour. Turn out and leave till cold. Cut each into two long strips and arrange the four strips—white and pink on top of pink and white. Stick all together with very little apricot jam. Now jam all the outside except the ends and cover with almond paste.

**Almond Paste:** Mix together 3oz. each of castor sugar, icing sugar, and 4oz. ground almonds. Make a smooth, not too moist paste with beaten egg and a few drops of almond essence. Roll out with icing sugar on palms. Wrap paste around cake, tucking join underneath. Decorate as desired.

First Prize of £1 to Mrs. Dorothy Close, P.O. Box 199, Queenstown, Tas.

RECIPES entered in our big £1000 cookery contest and selected by the judging committee for weekly consolation prizes. Watch for final results of competition.



BAKED PEACH DUMPLINGS, prize-winning recipe for which is published on this page.

#### BUTTERSCOTCH CAKE

1. Three-quarter cupful grated chocolate, 1 cupful strong coffee, 1 cupful brown sugar.

2. Half cupful shortening, 1 cupful brown sugar, 2 eggs, 11 cups flour, 1 cup coffee, 1 teaspoon soda, 1 teaspoon baking powder, 1 teaspoon vanilla.

1. Cook ingredients until thick,

stirring until chocolate is melted. Cool.

2. Cream shortening, add sugar, coffee, chocolate mixture, and egg-yolks. Beat well. Add dry ingredients sifted together. Mix thoroughly. Add vanilla. Fold in stiffly-beaten egg-whites and bake in three layers in a moderate oven for 25 minutes.

Fill with following: One teaspoonful butter, 1 cup brown sugar, 1 cup milk, 2 tablespoons cornflour, confectioners' sugar, 1 egg, 1 teaspoon vanilla.

Caramelize sugar and butter, add warm milk, let simmer until candy is dissolved. Add cornflour dissolved in a little cold milk and cook 15 minutes, stirring constantly until thickened. Beat egg and add, stirring until mixture thickens. Add vanilla. Spread between layers, saving about 3 or 4 tablespoons for icing. To this add sufficient sifted confectioners' sugar to make it stiff enough to spread. Ice top and sides of cake.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss M. Bradbury, 23 Abbotsford St., Abbotsford, Vic.

### Dessert section

#### FROZEN RAISIN PUDDING

Boil together 1 cup brown sugar and 1 cup water until syrup will thread. Pour over yolks of 3 eggs, well beaten, and beat together until cool.

Then add 1oz. (1 heaped tablespoon) of powdered gelatine dissolved in 4 tablespoons of boiling water. Fold in 1 pint of cream and add 1/2 a cupful of chopped almonds, 1 cupful seeded raisins, and 1lb. candied fruit. Freeze. Serve with whipped cream.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. R. Faust, South Korroloeking, W.A.

#### SULTANA BATTER PUDDING

Half-pound self-raising flour (if plain flour is used, 1 teaspoon of baking powder), 1 teaspoon salt, 1oz. sugar, 1 egg, 1 pint milk, 2oz. sultanas.

Put flour, sugar, salt and sultanas in a basin, mix well together, make a well in centre, break egg into it, add by degrees milk, stir to a smooth paste, pour mixture into a greased pie-dish. Bake 1 hour in a moderate oven. Serve with custard sauce.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. E. Dunkerton, 110 Juliett Street, Marrickville, N.S.W.

#### BAKED PEACH DUMPLINGS

Five tablespoons butter (or best dripping), 6 tablespoons sugar, 6 peaches, 11 cups flour, 3 teaspoons baking powder, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 cup milk.

Sift well together flour, baking powder and salt. Rub butter or dripping in lightly, add just enough milk to make a soft dough. Roll out to about 1/8th inch in thickness on a slightly floured board, divide into 6 equal pieces, lay a peach, which has been pared, on each piece of pastry, sprinkle with sugar, moisten edges of dough and roll around peach, pressing edges well together. Place in greased



BATTENBURG CAKE, this week's winner of the first prize of £1. The mixture is in two colors, pink and plain, and is covered with almond icing in pink and white.

baking pan, sprinkle with sugar and dot each top with butter. Bake about 40 minutes in a moderate oven. Serve with hard sauce.

**Hard Sauce:** 1lb. butter, 1lb. icing sugar, 1 wineglass brandy.

Cream butter and sugar until it looks like whipped cream, then add brandy little by little and pile up in a glass bowl. If liked sprinkle with nutmeg and serve with any sweet pudding.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. G. J. Mawson, Maybe St., Bombala, N.S.W.

### Jam section

#### PINEAPPLE AND GRAPEFRUIT MARMALADE

Two large tins of pineapple, 2 grapefruit, 2 lemons, sugar.

Shred pineapple and slice lemons and grapefruit thinly, removing seeds and treating as for orange marmalade. Cover with water, allowing 3 pints to every pint of fruit. Leave overnight, then boil gently next day till rind is tender. Leave until cold.

Measure, and to each pint add 1lb. sugar. Boil until it jells when tested in a saucer.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss D. Stagnich, 15 Duke St., Alberton, S.A.

#### LOGANBERRY AND ORANGE MARMALADE

Two pounds loganberries, 3lb. oranges, 1 pint water, 11 cups golden syrup, 2 lemons, 2lb. sugar.

Pick over and wash loganberries, wash and remove peel and seeds from oranges. Reserve one-fourth of peel and cut in small, lengthwise strips. Put oranges, loganberries, and orange peel through a food-chopper, using the finest knife. Cover with water and golden syrup and allow to stand overnight. In the morning add juice from lemons and boil for 10 minutes in an open preserving-pan. Add sugar, and allow to stand 12 hours. Place on stove again and cook until marmalade is of jellifying consistency.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. W. Bockmann, Angaston, S.A.

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**£350** in cash prizes

### ANCHOVETTE COMPETITION

FIRST PRIZE - £250  
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40 PRIZES @ £1, £40

SPECIAL GROCER'S PRIZE: £25 will be awarded to the grocer whose name and address appears on the 1st Prize winning entry.

JUST GIVE THIS PICTURE A TITLE



### CLOSING DATE

This competition closes on May 31st, by which time all entries must be received.

### RESULTS

Main winners notified by wire and full results published in leading papers on June 14th.

Peck's

### IMPORTANT

Make sure you enclose your name and address and your Grocer's name and address. Remember that each title must be accompanied by an Anchovette label.

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FISH PASTE

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DON'T PASS BY THE CHEAPER MEATS.  
THEY ARE OFTEN MOST NOURISHING.

## ... One of these is LIVER

VERY economical—it costs little to buy—it is very high in food value. It also makes some of the most savory dishes imaginable for luncheon or dinner.



LEFT: Liver and bacon savory. Prepared in casserole and topped with halves of tomato. You'll like this dish. Recipe for making given on this page.



ABOVE: Liver bombe, prepared with boiled rice, sauces and seasoning, and garnished with sliced egg. Appetising luncheon dish.

TOO often liver is regarded as a Cinderella among meats—excellent fare maybe for the household pets, but not nearly delectable enough for human consumption.

Which is quite wrong. Not only is liver, when artfully prepared, most delectable to eat, but it is very rich in nourishing and vitally necessary food elements.

It is rich, for instance, in iron, and is therefore most valuable in cases of anaemia.

So it's a wise housewife who knows her food values and serves liver dishes at least once a week.

It means savings in her household budget, too, because liver is one of the cheapest meats to buy.

Beef liver, lamb liver, pig's and calf's liver may all be used, and, though calf's liver is considered by many to be the choicest, lamb and beef liver are very tender and excellent in flavor.

To prepare liver, wipe it over with a damp cloth and remove the thin outside skin and veins.

Do not soak it in cold water beforehand, as this is likely to soften the connective tissue, so that its mineral properties are lost.

You can vary your liver recipes a great deal, combining it with other ingredients to form all sorts of novel and appetising dishes.

It is equally tasty, too, in either piping-hot dishes or cold shapes.

### LIVER BOMBE

Cook liver by baking or boiling. When cold mince finely. Mix with equal quantity of boiled rice. Add tomato sauce, Worcester sauce, salt, cayenne, chopped ham. Bind with beaten egg.

Grease pudding basin, decorate with slices of hard-boiled egg. Pour in liver mixture. Cover with greased paper and steam for 1 to 1½ hours. Turn out and serve either hot or cold.

### LIVER AND BACON PIE

One lamb's fry, 1 lb. bacon, 1 onion, cayenne, 1 lb. cold mashed potatoes, 1 pint water.

Cut liver into very thin slices. Peel and slice onion. Remove rind from bacon. Grease a pie-dish. Lay the slices of liver, bacon and onion in. Sprinkle with cayenne (salt if necessary). Add water, bake in slow oven about 1 hour. Mash potatoes, add butter and milk. Spread over meat and return to oven to brown.

### SEASONED LAMB'S LIVER

One lamb's liver, good cup breadcrumbs, chopped parsley, mixed herbs, salt, cayenne, dripping, stock, lemon.

Mix crumbs, parsley, herbs, salt, cayenne. Bind with a little dripping and milk or water. Wipe liver, lay flat, round side up. With sharp

LIVER LOAF, a delicious dish served hot with gravy or equally delicious served cold and cut in slices. Ideal for picnics.



### MARY FORBES

● Cookery Expert to The Australian Women's Weekly

knife cut it in slits about ½ inch apart, but not quite through. Fill each slit with the seasoning. Put into casserole. Sprinkle over remaining crumbs. Cover with stock. Cook gently for 1 to 1½ hours. When nearly cooked cover with slices of bacon. Cook a little longer. Serve very hot with gravy and mashed potatoes.

### LIVER AND BACON SAVORY

Half-pound calf's liver, 6 tomatoes, 2 tablespoons breadcrumbs, 2oz. bacon, small onion, butter, 1 cup stock, salt, cayenne.

Skin and slice 3 of the tomatoes, chop onion, and cook in butter for 5 minutes. Add sliced tomatoes and crumbs. Wash and dry liver. Cut into thin slices. Put into greased casserole with 1 tablespoon of tomato mixture on each slice. Cover with thin strips of bacon. Top with halves of tomato. Pour stock round. Put the lid on. Bake in moderate oven about 40 minutes. Serve very hot.

### LIVER LOAF

One lamb's liver, 1 lb. bacon, small onion, hard-boiled eggs, chopped parsley, 2 cups breadcrumbs, 1 egg, salt, cayenne.

Wash liver, cover with boiling water and stand for 15 minutes. Drain and dry well. Put through sausage machine with the bacon. Add crumbs, salt, cayenne and beaten egg. Mix well. Put half the mixture into greased fireproof pie-dish. Lay the shelled hard-boiled eggs down the centre. Cover with remainder. Bake in moderate oven about 1 hour, or till well browned. Turn out. Cover thickly with crumbs. Chill. Serve cut in slices with salad vegetables.

### LIVER HASH

Mix cupful of cooked minced liver with minced onion and bacon, tomato sauce, salt, cayenne.

Melt a little butter in pan, add mixture and fry for a few minutes. Sprinkle in a little plain flour and cook well. Add a little stock. Stir till it boils. Cook for 2 minutes. Serve spoonful on round of fried or toasted bread. Serve very hot.

### SAVORY LAMB'S FRY

One lamb's fry, 2 large onions, 2 large potatoes, 2 tomatoes, salt, cayenne, 1 cup flour, 1½ cups water, bacon.

Skin liver. Cut into slices, also slice thinly onion and potato. Put layer of potato, then onion, then fry. Sprinkle with flour. Repeat till almost full. Cover top with sliced tomatoes and bacon. Pour over the water to which has been added some Worcester sauce. Cover with lid. Bake about 2 hours. Serve very hot.

### LIVER PATE

One and a half cups cooked calf's liver, 2 tablespoons lean ham, 2 eggs, 2 slices of fat bacon, 2 teaspoons minced parsley, 1 dash ground mace, 1 small onion, breadcrumbs, salt, pepper, and paprika to taste.

Put liver, uncooked bacon, and ham twice through mincer. Add parsley, mace, salt, pepper, paprika, and onion finely minced. Beat eggs and stir into a mixture. Mix thoroughly, then turn into a mould or baking dish well greased with butter or oil, and thickly sprinkled with breadcrumbs. Bake in slow oven for one hour. Cool, unmould, and serve cut in thin slices.

### BRAISED LIVER

One pound liver, fat salt pork, 1 cup each of diced carrot, onion and celery; 1 teaspoon peppercorns, 2 cloves, bit of bay leaf, 2 cups brown stock or water, 1½ tablespoons butter, 2 tablespoons flour.

Prepare liver, skewer and tie in shape. Lard upper side with salt pork. Put in deep pan with trimmings from lardoons, carrot, onion, celery, peppercorns, cloves, bay leaf, and stock or water. Cover closely and bake 2 hours in slow oven, un-

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# Death in the Back Seat

By . . .

DOROTHY  
CAMERON  
DISNEY

.....

SUPPLEMENT—MUST NOT  
BE SOLD SEPARATELY.

Australian Women's Weekly  
NOVEL, May 20, 1939





# Death In The Back Seat

By DOROTHY CAMERON DISNEY



**J**ACK and I returned to New York a month ago. It is dull but we like it. Our friends come to see us, crowd our small apartment, drink our liquor and talk endlessly of books and plays and life and generalities. No one ever mentions our stay in the country. So far as the crowd is concerned, the entire State of Connecticut has fallen under a conversational ban.

But, as is natural, everyone thinks and wonders about those confused and dreadful events which occurred so long ago and yet so recently. I think, too. Memories get in my way and spoil my sleep. I pound the pillow and close my eyes, and there rises before me in the darkness a big white house, gaunt and stark against a barren hill; there comes to my ears the ghostly echo of a dog's wild barking; and I fancy that I can smell once more the peculiar, unmistakable odor of earth, freshly dug.

Small things bother me: the unexpected rustle of a newspaper, the stir of a curtain at the window, the sound of a footfall in the hall outside our living-room. I find it hard to sit quietly when the doorbell rings, and I've developed a passion for buying lamps and keeping them brightly lighted.

My nervous system isn't what it was. Jack, my husband, who is sensitive, imaginative and, in addition, a grand scout, knows that it was he who suggested I write this story. We talked the matter out, and, borrowing from the psychologists, finally decided that for me perhaps the best way to forget would be first to remember. Once I sat down on paper a record of everything which occurred between the 20th of last March and the 9th of April, I trust and believe my mind will be free at last.

On the second day of January, exactly six months ago, Jack and I changed our post-office address from New York City to Crockford, Connecticut. Our plan, and a good plan it seemed, was that Jack should paint that I should write, that we should live simply and save large sums of money. We knew very little about Connecticut, and our first information concerning Crockford was gathered from the following dignified advertisement in a periodical:

Colonial cottage, dating back to 1760, charmingly furnished, modern conveniences. 35 acres of beautiful hilly country, advantages of Long Island Sound, 30 dollars a month—Luella Coatesnash, Hilltop House, Crockford, Conn.

In print the proposition sounded perfect. We favored both price and location.

Crockford, Connecticut, twenty-seven miles beyond New Haven, is more than one hundred miles from New York and is difficult to reach except by motor car. The cottage described in the advertisement was six

miles from Crockford, long, country miles along a rutted country road.

On a December afternoon, accompanied by a dyspeptic, melancholy real-estate agent, we inspected the cottage. It was a small square house of the salt-box type; it sat primly at the foot of a steeply climbing hill; it looked very clean, sedate and beautiful against the snow-white landscape. Enchanted by our first glimpse of an unspoiled New England, Jack and I caught each other's hands and stared open-mouthed. Yellow pines encircled the cottage; a flagged path led to its lovely fan-light door; a stone fence neatly framed the cottage, the pines and a minute patch of land. In recollection the whole day stands forth as singularly gay and foolish.

"What's the fence for?" Jack asked.

"Maybe to keep out wolves."

"What if there aren't any wolves?"

"Never mind. We'll have each other."

Ten days later we moved in. The loneliness and isolation were pleasant in the beginning. We enjoyed owning a telephone which seldom rang and looking out upon a road where the simultaneous passage of two cars constituted a traffic jam. We delighted in undressing shamelessly, with no thought of lowering the window shades. Everything was different, fresh, exciting—the sweeping distances of hills and trees, the sparkling air, the deep cathedral quiet, the early darkness which fell swiftly like a curtain.

The modern conveniences turned out to be a small, dependable bathroom and electric lights.

Also, later on, we learned something about the erratic quality of rural electric power. City born and bred, serenely unaware of the complexities of country existence, we didn't dream that our power would fail with every heavy rain and that we would spend many a stormy night in the dark. Nor could we anticipate the havoc which thunderstorms would play with telephone wires.

While I mastered oil-stove cookery, quite a trick in itself, and while Jack cautiously investigated wood chopping, the first month slipped past. Various unexpected irritations developed. We ran out of cigarettes at odd hours and missed the corner delicatessen. Also we discovered that our budget had been exceedingly optimistic. The Crockford tradespeople, to the last man, labored under the misapprehension that New Yorkers could and would pay double for everything.

Then there was the pipeless furnace which Jack, softened by years of apartment dwelling, found an insoluble mystery. After two weeks, when we alternately burned and froze, he threw up his hands and we hired Silas Elkins, local talent recommended by our landlady. Silas was a thin, gangling

individual, habitually dressed in overalls, usually accompanied by a small, timid, sand-colored dog. One look at Silas convinced me that he was incompetent, and further acquaintanceship failed to change my mind. In addition, he had bad manners, arrogance and an astounding conceit.

Silas continued to adjust our heat and, consequently, our habits, in the manner he considered fitting. We retired earlier and rose earlier. We hadn't the money to import labor, and it was, for all practical purposes anyway, impossible to replace Silas; poor as they were the families living in and around Crockford did not work out. They would sell us fresh eggs, chickens, home-made jellies at prodigious prices, but they declined to clear the snow from our driveway or wash our windows. All such chores fell to Silas. He was the handy man—if the term is loosely applied—for the vicinity. Perched atop a battered bicycle, he pedaled about on neighborhood errands, doing each task arrogantly, stupidly, inefficiently.

His total unawareness of his own limitations was perhaps his most exasperating quality. In some mysterious fashion he had convinced himself he was an instinctive, untaught master of all trades. He told Jack how to paint, he told me how to write. I caught him one morning telling a country road surveyor how to straighten out a curve in the road. On another occasion, after assuring me he was an expert plumber, he spent four solid hours in a fruitless attempt to repair a leaky water tap.

If there had been near neighbors, I might have taken the trouble to call. But the cottage was peculiarly isolated. The next house on the road, visible in daylight through a band of separating trees, belonged to Henry Olmstead, an architect, and was occupied by him and his family only during the summer months. On the other side, the west side, sprawled a tumble-down windowless ruin, part of an estate tied up in family litigation.

That left as neighbors Mrs. Coatesnash, our landlady, and Laura Twining, officially her companion but actually maid, cook, masseuse and overworked slavey. Three-quarters of a mile to the north of the cottage, in solitary grandeur, the two women lived in the thirty-room dwelling designated formally as Hilltop House.

Famous locally and built by the first Coatesnash who had emigrated from England to the colonies, Hilltop House clung to the opposite side of the hill which our home faced. It was decidedly more impressive for sheer size than for beauty; generations of additions had destroyed any original grace or dignity.

Except for the day we signed our lease, we viewed Hilltop House from a distance. Mrs. Coatesnash was an unsocial woman



who made it plain that she desired no traffic with impecunious young tenants.

Laura Twining, the companion, was another matter. She had lived ten long years in the country and she loved an audience. We became the audience, more often than we chose. I liked Laura, or perhaps I only pitied her, and I willingly admitted that a little of her company went a long way. Jack frankly detested her. He liked good-looking women. Laura had a kind of peasant stoutness, pale, watering eyes, a prominent shiny nose, and a general air of having slept in her clothes. Her mannerisms were those of the socially insecure. She batted her eyes, she smoothed her hair, she patted her skirts, she straightened her stocking seams, and never got comfortably seated in a chair.

Consequently we were often bored. Laura's mind had a remarkably tenacious grasp of the obvious, the trivial, the dull. And she was extravagantly loquacious. Commonplace tales of her poverty-stricken childhood in the Middle West and later struggles in New York poured forth in an endless stream; she dwelt tirelessly upon the ten good years spent with Luella Coatesnash.

"It's been a quiet life perhaps, but my future is provided for. I don't have to worry about my old age, and that's something in times like these, isn't it?"

Jack sighed. "You're fortunate."

"Indeed I am. If Luella were only a bit more sociable I'd be perfectly satisfied. Perfectly. Not that one can blame Luella. She lost her only child you know, a lovely girl, and since then she's never really been the same. In the old days, I'm told, she entertained on a grand scale, caterers from New York, solid gold plate . . ."

Laura's eyes glowed, a little color tinted her cheeks. She possessed the curbed, thwarted instincts of hospitality and a rather pitiful groping towards a full and gracious existence. She read family magazines and clipped out recipes, poems, bits of homely philosophy. Her purse and conversation bulged with such items.

Absorbed in our own concerns, Jack and I gave her the dry crumbs of companionship and listened to all she had to say with scarcely half an ear. For two months she sat at our fire, drank our tea, told us about herself, and at the end of the relationship we were to discover that we knew virtually nothing of the real Laura Twining.

I have said we entered Hilltop House on the day we signed our lease. We didn't realise then how unusual was the occasion, nor were we particularly impressed. Although Mrs. Coatesnash was the wealthiest woman in the county, most of the mansion year in and year out was kept gruffly closed. I dare say the two women habitually used no more than three of the thirty-odd rooms.

On the occasion of our call the drawing-room was opened—a lofty room paralleled in oak, hung with fading tapestries, a sombre and pathetic reminder of a magnificent past. The furniture which crowded the place was a history of American and English cabinet-making, but it was also shabby, worn, in need of repair. A long-stemmed grand piano displayed the depredations of mice.

Luella Coatesnash did not rise. She sat before an enormous fireplace where two sticks of wood sizzled and sputtered, a stout woman past sixty, dressed in ancient taffeta, hair piled high in the style of a bygone day. Diamonds glittered on her fingers and encircled her throat. At her feet crouched an English mastiff, motionless as an animal carved in bronze. Behind her chair, pleased, eager and uneasy, fluttered Laura. She made the introductions. Mrs. Coatesnash inclined her head like an empress, served us weak tea and demurred three months' rent in advance.

"You're getting the cottage very cheaply, Mr. Storm. Three months in advance is the usual arrangement."

"I've never paid more than two in New York."

"This is Connecticut."

Jack wanted to argue, but I frowned, and reluctantly he parted with the money. Our hostess softened. A slipped foot prodded the mastiff.

"Ivan, these are friends."

The dog poised to thin, grey legs. This unpleasant animal was the darling of his mistress' heart. He was also, I thought privately, probably better fed than Laura. I shrank as he advanced, and Mrs. Coatesnash smiled.

"You don't like dogs, Mrs. Storm?"

"His size is a little alarming."

Mrs. Coatesnash stroked the dog's huge head. "Ivan is the finest mastiff in this country. As he should be. Our family has been breeding mastiffs since the confederation of the states."

Mrs. Coatesnash then proposed a tour of her private gallery. As we assented, an interruption occurred. The doorbell rang with rusty violence, and Mrs. Coatesnash glanced hurriedly toward the corrier clock.

"If you'll forgive me, we can see the pictures some other day. I'm expecting another caller."

This was cool enough, and I rose at once. A crisp, amused voice called from the foyer. "Nonsense, Luella. I won't be treated as company. If you're doing the gallery I'll trail along."

A moment later I had my first glimpse of Annabelle Bayne, and a surprising figure she presented in that sombre room. She was slim, dark, vivid, around thirty. Her strange white face, her brilliant painted mouth, the restless peculiar manner which was so much a part of her, seemed startlingly out of place. Even the clothes she wore—the smart Harris tweed suit, the modish but unbecoming hat, the green gloves which matched green shoes—seemed designed not for the village of Crookford but for New York.

As a matter of fact, the name of Annabelle Bayne was known in New York. I placed her immediately. Annabelle Bayne was a writer of a very specialised type. Her writing was drawn from life, yet was smartly, cruelly out of focus, an I've heard it said that her friends could not sleep easily until they had read her latest clever little piece and discovered whether or not they had escaped the acid bath. She was always poking fun at small towns and small-town people. She was heartily disliked in Crookford.

I couldn't imagine how it happened that she and Luella Coatesnash were on friendly terms. Yet friends they were. They embraced, and the old woman seemed honestly pleased with her visitor. Annabelle greeted us vivaciously enough, and even spoke vaguely of a future meeting. To Laura she was less pleasant.

"Hurry my tea, please," she said crisply. "I'll need nourishment before I can look at pictures."

Laura said nothing, but her lips trembled, and I decided that I didn't particularly like Annabelle Bayne. The tour through the gallery, which by this time neither Jack nor I wanted to make, was hardly a success. For one of Mrs. Coatesnash's bulk, the walk along the draughty corridor beyond the drawing-room was a definite effort. She

leaned heavily on a gold-headed cane, and on the other side Annabelle supported her. Beside the two women padded Ivan, silent and ghostly, eyes lambent in the gloom.

Most of the pictures—Mrs. Coatesnash considered them all worthy of the Metropolitan gallery—were frankly terrible, although the collection did include a Stuart of an early bewigged Coatesnash, and a small very good Trumbull. As I paused before the Trumbull and stepped back to obtain a better perspective, Mrs. Coatesnash surprised me by saying sharply:

"Stand still, Mrs. Storm. Just as you are."

I moved instinctively, and she tapped her cane against the floor in exasperation. "You've spoiled it. It's gone now."

"What's gone?"

"For a moment I thought you resembled my daughter. I see it was only the way you were standing. Jane was much younger."

I am twenty-two, and even so I wasn't pleased. Annabelle Bayne said then, quickly and in a voice queerly emphatic, "You've forgotten, Luella. Jane would be older now. By many years."

A look passed between the women, a look I could not comprehend, a look which made me uncomfortable in some dim way. Mrs. Coatesnash turned, limped back into the drawing-room. We were done with the gallery.

Mrs. Coatesnash bade us a contained goodbye, and, in parting, observed that if anything went wrong with the cottage we must expect to shoulder the expense. She had done her share in turning it over in good condition.

I soon discovered Luella Coatesnash seemed to be one of those women who never do anything for themselves which they can persuade, bully, or coerce others into doing for them. Within a week and without our catching a glimpse of her, she managed to become a pretty definite part of the Storm regimen. We had hardly installed ourselves in the cottage before she began to entrust us with the commission of various small, profitless, troublesome chores.

When we drove into the village to do our daily shopping, we were requested to buy for Hilltop House ten pounds of sugar or five gallons of oil—thus saving our landlady the slight expense of getting out her own car.

If we planned a day in New Haven there was invariably a letter to be posted for Mrs. Coatesnash—a letter which must make a particular train. Twice, when the old lady went to New York to consult with her lawyers, Laura Twining appeared to ask that we feed and exercise Ivan.

"Luella thought you wouldn't mind for a couple of days. We'll be back Wednesday noon."

We did mind. At best, Ivan and I regarded each other with a sort of armed neutrality, and I never quite persuaded myself that he remembered his mistress' injunction to treat us as friends. Moreover, the dog required a special type of food, which we bought. Nothing was ever said about repayment.

Recalling those days, I find myself wondering how it happened that Jack and I never rebelled. Probably because it is usually easier to say yes than to say no. Anyway, we never got around to refusing.

The situation is recorded in detail because it became highly important later on. It explains why we were not surprised by the telephone call, a point on which we found it difficult to convince the police.



In February we heard from Silas that our neighbors were going abroad. He had been hired to care for Mrs. Coatesnash's three blooded cows, to do the gardening during her absence and to keep an eye on Hilltop House. He was to occupy a dingy servant's lodge in the rear of the main dwelling, which had been opened, swept, and sketchedly furnished for his use.

"Then you won't be working for us," Jack said.

Silas shuffled his feet. "If it's all the same, I figure on keeping my job with you."

"Won't the work be too heavy?"

"There's only the cows and the gardening at the other place. I can get done by noon."

Jack had a sudden flicker of insight. "Silas, how much is Mrs. Coatesnash paying you?"

Plainly the hired man didn't wish to answer, but after the question was repeated he said reluctantly, "Free use of the lodge and half the profits from the milk."

Jack was indignant.

Within a fortnight we were happily adjusted to the absence of our neighbors. It was pleasant to have no errands to run for Mrs. Coatesnash, delightful to anticipate no little visits from Laura. Jack sang at his ease and I worked with a carefree mind. Silas proved to be the single flaw. Burdened with milking, planting, gardening, he became more inefficient than ever and harder to locate in times of domestic stress. However, as Jack put it, the gain undoubtedly offset the loss.

It was raining the day we received the telephone call. It was the 20th of March, about five weeks after Luella Coatesnash and Laura Twining left Crockford, and Jack and I had finished our stints in the morning. We were lingering over a late luncheon, plotting my next short story, when the telephone rang. Persons on a party wire soon accustom themselves to listening for a particular ring. Instinctively we halted the conversation.

"That's ours," said Jack.

"I thought it was only three rings."

Again we listened. The telephone emitted four short rings—our signal—and I rose, answered. For an instant a dull buzz sounded on the wire and then came an unfamiliar male voice, blurred and indistinct.

"New York calling."

A long pause followed. I moved the hook up and down.

"Hello. Who is it?"

The pause spun out, ended. A second time the deep breathy voice spoke, close to the mouthpiece now, imperative. "Let me speak to Jack Storm immediately."

Lifting an eyebrow, I handed over the instrument. Jack engaged in a short conversation which I reproduce as clearly as I remember it.

"What? . . . Why? . . . But she is in Europe. . . . What did you say your name was? Oh, I understand. . . . All right, then, I'll be there."

Looking baffled, Jack replaced the telephone receiver, sat down. I was full of curiosity.

"Who was it?"

"A man named Elmer Lewis. I just promised to drive to New Haven to pick him up."

"Who in the world is Elmer Lewis?"

"Apparently a friend of Mrs. Coatesnash's. He's leaving New York on the three o'clock express and has to be in Crockford by six."

"Suppose he does! Why should you drive to New Haven for him?"

Jack shrugged philosophically. "Just what I've been wondering myself. Unfortunately, I didn't think quickly enough to

refuse. As nearly as I can make out, Mr. Lewis wants to save taxi fare. Mrs. Coatesnash probably told him that we run a free jitney service."

"Why is he coming to Crockford, anyhow?"

"He said he had some business to transact for the old lady."

At four o'clock, when Jack splashed out to the garage, I followed, still indignant but unwilling to be left at home. The trip was nerve-racking even at the start. The heavy downpour had washed out a section of the main road, and, as a consequence, our ordinarily peaceful back lane teemed with through traffic, bad drivers and confusion. Rain poured down, brakes shrieked, horns blew, cars skidded at the curves. A high wind blew unceasingly.

We entered the outskirts of New Haven at a fast clip. The rain had lightened to a dreary drizzle but evidences of the storm lingered. Gutters rushed in miniature torrents, inch-deep puddles glistened in the streets, umbrellas bloomed at the crossings. Not yet five o'clock, it was already quite dark, and in the shadowy dusk ahead shone the railroad station, a brilliant spot of light. Laughing and talking, tweedy and gay, weekend people poured into the raw, damp evening. At the end of a line of cars we parked while Jack got out to reconnoitre.

Several minutes passed before I observed a middle-aged man who had emerged from the station and who was slowly making his way along the kerbing. Something arresting about his appearance caught my eye. His clothes were fantastically unsuitable. A long ill-fitting overcoat, very shabby, flapped at his heels, revealing a shiny blue serge suit and a shirt with a celluloid collar. The collar was soiled. His hands, burdened with travelling-bags, were gloved; a battered derby hat rode uneasily on the back of his head.

This man moved along the kerb, pausing to peer into every car in the long line. At length he reached our car. He stopped on the sidewalk directly opposite, stared, frowned, stared again. His eyes, an intense blue, glittered behind thick glasses. He set down his two travelling-bags.

I realised at once that this must be Elmer Lewis and that he was puzzled by Jack's absence.

I glimpsed Jack swinging from the station and checked an absurd impulse to cry out, to stop him, to prevent the meeting. Jack set foot on the running board. Immediately the other man stepped forward.

"Here I am," he said.

Perhaps because he had resented the trip Jack pretended a greater cordiality than he actually felt. He grasped the other's hand in a hearty fashion. "You're Mr. Lewis?"

The stranger submitted to a limp handshake. "I'm Lewis. You have kept me waiting at least ten minutes."

Jack was a little dashed, but politely apologetic. "Sorry. I was looking through the station. This is my wife, Mr. Lewis."

"So I guessed. I've stood here watching her."

"I was almost on the point of speaking," said I.

"Well," said Lewis in a flat, nasal voice, "you took your time about it."

This ungracious speech resulted in an awkward pause. Jack broke it by opening the rumble seat and attempting to relieve our guest of his baggage. Lewis drew back sharply.

"Never mind! I prefer to place my own bags."

Whereupon he dropped one bag into the rumble seat and shoved the other into the seat with me. After settling his luggage, he climbed nimbly into the rumble seat.

The drizzle was still intrusive; the evening air moist and dank. Jack's instincts toward hospitality, sinking fast, were not yet entirely dead.

"Just where do you want me to take you?"

"Crockford."

"Where in Crockford?"

The thin lips parted to disclose a row of white teeth, very square and even. "Don't you know where I want to be dropped?"

"How should I?"

For the first time Lewis seemed uncertain. Then he recovered himself and his glance was hard and level. "I will make the arrangements after we reach your cottage."

"Our cottage is six miles on the other side of Crockford."

"Then I'll go that far with you. I want to see the cottage. Mrs. Coatesnash requested it."

At a complete loss, too astonished to voice the obvious objections, Jack put an end to the conversation by getting into the car and starting it with a terrific jerk. I lurched backward.

The peak of traffic was over. Occasionally, not often, another car shot by. We sped into darkness intensified by empty fields and the ghostly arms of telegraph poles. Like a twisted ribbon ahead, lost in an endless perspective, stretched the lonely country road. The bag on the seat—Lewis' bag—jostled continually against me. "What's wrong, Lola?"

"Nothing."

I was ashamed to admit I had been startled by a pair of staring eyes. Then, glancing at the windshield mirror, I perceived that Lewis was standing in an odd, half-erect position. It seemed impossible that he could maintain it, yet he did. He kept one hand in his overcoat pocket. The other supported his weight. His dense blue eyes were glued upon the bag with the braided handle. Snatching at the curtain which covered the back window, I pulled it down. Jack roused from the reverie that overtakes good drivers on a clear highway.

"What is it, sweetheart? You're trembling."

"Mr. Whom makes me nervous. He keeps staring in. Please let's hurry."

Jack grinned, undisturbed. He had hunted too many non-existent burglars during our life together to take seriously any intuitive fears.

The car shot forward as if pushed by a giant hand; the speedometer needle leaped from forty to forty-five, danced a jig at fifty-five. A few miles outside Crockford, over the banshee howl of the wind we heard the pop-pop of a pursuing motor cycle. A State policeman whizzed abreast of us. Jack gave me one look.

"Your party, Lola."

We pulled dismally to the side of the road. Coughing and snorting the motor cycle stopped and a dark slim man in shiny boots alighted and approached us from the rear. I recognised the policeman, and instantly rallied my feminine charms. Lester Harkway, if not a friend, was at least an acquaintance, the first person we had met in Crockford. He had directed us to the cottage, and afterwards, when we passed him patrolling the roads, he always touched his cap. He regarded us now with frank disfavor.

"You kids were hitting fifty-five. This is a public road, not a merry-go-round."

"It's late," I said appealingly. "I was in a hurry to get home and talked Jack into it."

"I should say you were in a hurry. I've got a good notion to give you a ticket."



# DEATH IN THE BACK SEAT

5

Harkway, pretending a greater anger than he felt, intended, I was sure, to let us go with a warning. At this point Elmer Lewis projected himself into the affair with a lack of tact and in a manner which I had begun to believe was typical. Leaning from the rumble seat, speaking in brisk, insulting tones, he informed Harkway that he personally had no time to waste on "hick policemen." Jack's jaw dropped and my eyes popped out. Harkway was Irish. He made up his mind at once, scribbled a ticket, ripped it off the pad. His face was bright red.

"It's tough on you," he said to Jack, "but manged if I'll swallow your friend's lip. By rights he ought to pay the fine."

Again Lewis interrupted. "That suits me. Hand it here." He reached for the slip of paper.

Half out of the car by now and furious, Jack seized the ticket. "Suppose you let me manage my own business!"

"As you choose! Only I wish you'd remember I'm in a hurry. I don't propose to sit here the rest of the night."

Harkway stepped hastily between the two angry men, but fortunately didn't need to interfere. The emotional storm blew up and over. I caught Jack's coat, and he got back into the car. He slammed the door himself. However much a nasty brawl might have lightened his spirits, he perceived it wouldn't really clear the air, and also, on second thought, he disliked letting me in for it. He heaved a long, relinquishing sigh. Harkway flashed me a friendly grin, remounted his motor cycle, waved us on. Jack gripped the wheel, stamped on the starter, and, until we reached Crookford said nothing.

Every inch of space before our favorite grocery store was jammed. Jack pulled up abruptly on the other, darker side of Main Street beneath an enormous elm which shaded the church. He turned to me.

"Give me to-morrow's grocery list, Lola."

"What are you going to do?"

"A little shopping, and something else that badly needs doing. Give me the list, Lola."

"What else?"

"You needn't worry. Nothing is going to happen."

Jack strode across the street. I, also, immediately departed. I wasn't frightened any more, just relieved at the knowledge that soon we would see the last of Lewis. As I scrambled over his bag and under the wheel, I turned and hurriedly announced that I would wait in the drug store. I allowed him no chance for protest or questioning. My idea was that a scene was brewing and I desired no part in it.

The drug store was at the end of the block. Seated at a marble-topped table I consumed a chocolate sundae and watched the door, anxious to receive the welcome news that the incubus had been lifted. Five minutes dragged by. Like a tedious turning wheel, my mind retraced the events of the evening.

Something about the voice of Lewis troubled me—something elusive as a shadow. What was it? Suddenly I grasped the shadow. Lewis' voice and the voice of the telephone were not the same! It was not Lewis who had telephoned Jack, but someone else, someone who had said that he was Lewis.

Cheques unpaid, gloves left behind, in flying haste I left the store. Nearly a block distant on the opposite side of the street was Hahnemann's fancy grocery, an old-fashioned emporium with a wide porch elevated from the sidewalk. Laden with packages Jack was descending the steps,

trailed by a grocery boy with additional packages. Risking traffic, I darted into the middle of the street. Jack spied me and paused at the kerb until, gasping, I reached him.

"Lola, for heaven's sake . . ."  
"Lewis didn't phone you! I know he didn't. It was someone else . . . a different voice."

Jack shook his head in a pitying way. "Your imagination may bring in an occasional cheque, but it's murder on a husband's nervous system. Suppose Lewis didn't phone. Couldn't he have a secretary and couldn't he ask his secretary to make the call?"

I was flattered. The natural explanation had quite escaped me; it had remained for Jack to point it out. The three of us, Jack, Dennis Clark, the grocery boy, and I, crossed to the parked car. Lewis sat stiffly in the rumble seat—stiffly, motionlessly in the gloom of the great elm—and then the beams of passing headlights illuminated seat and passenger. There was a dark wet patch on the upholstery; there was a dark wet patch on Lewis' coat.

"That's blood," said Dennis Clark, and stopped beside me.

Jack sprang forward and leaped to the running-board. The groceries spilled from his arms to the street. He bent over. His voice seemed queer and high.

"Stay back, Lola. This man is dead."

"Dead."  
"He's been shot," Jack straightened. "—I can't find a gun. It looks like murder."

I don't remember a great deal about the next few minutes.

To me he said, "Get the police."

Something—his tone perhaps, the knowledge of what he expected of me—carried me down the block to the house where the village police chief lived. John Standish was sitting down to his evening meal when I burst in on him. He was a bulky, middle-aged man, and though he rose at once from the table, he seemed, in my excited state, intolerably slow. I know he made me wait while he went upstairs for his hat and coat.

Not until we were on the street did I appreciate how his calmness had steadied me. His manner, as I was to discover, was all a trick. But I was prepared to like John Standish. Curiously, it did not occur to me to consider him as a possible source of danger to me and mine.

The crowd had thickened around the car, and traffic was marled in the street beyond. Two constables—whom Standish had phoned from the house—were attempting to rope off the place. The police chief pushed through. He explored the car, the rumble seat, the adjacent pavement and studied the body before he turned to Jack.

"It's murder all right," he said. "Suppose you tell me all about it."

"I hardly know where to begin."

"Begin," suggested Standish, "by telling me who shot this man."

"I wish," said Jack in a thin, tired voice. "I could. Unfortunately I wasn't present when the murder occurred."

Standish frowned. "Where were you?"

"In the grocery store across the street, shopping. My wife was at the drug store. Lewis was alone in the car."

"How long was he alone?"

"Ten minutes at the most. Immediately I got back and discovered what had happened, my wife went for you."

"Lewis? You say his name was Lewis?"

"Elmer Lewis. He was a friend of my landlady's—Mrs. Luella Coatesnaah. I picked him up in the New Haven station this afternoon."

"Where did he come from? What's his home address? Who's his nearest relative?"

For the first time and with a certain inward shock, I realised the paucity of our knowledge concerning Elmer Lewis. I saw Jack hesitate. Then he plunged into a lengthy account of the phone-call episode. As if suddenly aware of the many eager listeners, Standish broke into the story and looked around. Umbrellas filled the sidewalk and the street, overflowed into the churchyard and bobbed on the church steps like tiny tents in a mushroom city.

Turning from Jack, the police chief put a few general questions. Had anyone noticed the car during the interval when Jack and I were gone? No one had. Had anyone heard a shot? Again no one had. This was not surprising. The physical conditions, the weather, even the deserted spot where we had parked the car, presented an almost perfect set of circumstances for tragedy.

It next occurred to Standish that someone in the crowd might be acquainted with the victim. A line formed and one by one the bolder villagers stepped to the running board and peered into the rumble seat. Each, as he stepped down, shook his head. The crowd was fairly representative, and thus it appeared that Elmer Lewis was a comparative stranger to Crookford.

As this examination terminated, Dr. Rand arrived to authorize the removal of the body. The village coroner was a grey-haired man of sixty who had secret leanings toward the stage. He had white, delicate hands and moved them constantly as he talked. It was reliably reported that he had studied Delsarte. A small-town physician all his life, a hundred miles from Broadway, he was long accustomed to death, but, as he was to tell us later, he never got to like it. Climbing to the fender of the car, deftly balancing himself, Dr. Rand turned his flashlight into the rumble seat.

The Coroner went grimly to work. He touched the dead man's eyelids and throat, clasped the pulseless wrist. As he attempted to pull Lewis' hand from the overcoat pocket, he accidentally struck the steel-bowed spectacles. With a macabre alacrity they began to slide. A woman spectator screamed. The Coroner snorted, caught the spectacles, pocketed them. Turning, he made an acid speech to the curious throng.

"No one is holding you people here. You'd be better off at home, and more profitably employed. I wager half you women haven't washed your dinner dishes."

The crowd broke ranks. Dr. Rand returned to his labors, unbuckled the overcoat, stripped open waistcoat, vest and shirt. Following the course of the wound he located the bullet. It had penetrated the body and dropped to the floor of the car. Dr. Rand picked up the bit of bloodstained lead and handed it to Standish.

"There's Exhibit A. The poor fellow died instantly, never knew what hit him, no sign of struggle. Happened some time during the last half-hour. That's all for now. You can take him to the morgue." Removing a lap robe from the car, the physician covered the body.

Just as he spoke, the local ambulance clanged magnificently through the Main Street and stopped, spitting, at the kerb. After the ambulance and its burden had gone away, John Standish casually



hoisted himself into the now-vacant rumble seat and said:

"Mind driving me to the station?"

Although the police station was immediately across the square, that ride was the longest I ever took. Of the three of us, John Standish alone bore it well. As we alighted, he noticed the bag between Jack and me—Lewis' travelling bag, which he had forgotten. Standish carried the bag inside.

The police station occupied the basement of the village court house, and had a separate, neatly labelled entrance.

In towns the size of Crookford, police stations close at six o'clock, and police protection virtually ceases. Standish unlocked the door, and we followed him into his poorly-furnished office.

Carelessly dropping the bag, the officer knelt, touched a match to a fire laid in an unsightly grate. Jack pulled out a chair for me—there were half a dozen ranged around a scarred pine table—selected another for himself. The previous excitement, the bracing need of decision was gone and reaction had set in; I thought Jack looked depressed and very tired.

The fire refused to start, Standish struck another match. Studying my surroundings, I saw built across the back of the small room what appeared to be a barred iron cage, like a cage in a zoo. The contraption, open at the top, boasted a heavy iron, double-panicked door. There was a cot inside.

At length the tardy fire blazed up and Standish, lighting a smelly briar pipe, settled himself at the table. Jack spoke in a fagged voice.

"My wife has suffered a severe shock. She's dead tired. So am I. We've had no dinner. Can't we let any further questioning go till to-morrow?"

Standish eyed me particularly. "This is murder, Mr. Storm."

"Very well then. Only please be as quick as you can."

The other took his time. He was the official embodiment of the law, and he permitted that important fact to sink in. He sharpened a pencil, laid out a notebook, telephoned for Minnie Gray, wife of one of the deputies and public stenographer, and finally gave us his attention.

There are several things I want to clear up immediately. For instance, the phone call. You say it came from New York?"

"The call was made in New York about three o'clock," Jack said. "I can't tell you the exact time. I didn't look at a clock. But Lewis left there on the three-fifteen."

"Did you see him get off the train in New Haven?"

"No," Jack smiled faintly. "However, I was told he would be on the three-fifteen; when I arrived at the station the train had just pulled in, and Lewis was waiting with his bags. So I assume . . ."

The first hint of what Standish's attitude was to be leaked out. "In this case I'm beginning to think it isn't safe to assume anything. I want facts, a lot of facts. In the first place who is Lewis? What was he doing here in Crookford? What was his business?"

"He didn't say, I understood it concerned Lucella Costenash; apparently she had asked him to go to my cottage. That's all I know about it. I spoke to him for only a few minutes outside the station."

"Then you didn't hold any conversation on the way over from New Haven?"

"Lewis rode in the rumble seat. Lola and I were in front with the windows closed."

"Isn't there room enough in front for three?"

"Lewis chose the rumble seat. Indeed, he insisted upon riding there."

"In the rain?"

"Yes, in the rain. I thought it peculiar. I did my best to dissuade him. I failed."

Standish's pipe went out. He relighted it. He looked sceptical. I put in a quick suggestion. "Maybe Lewis didn't want to talk to us. There was something queer, secretive about him. Perhaps that is the reason he chose the rumble seat."

"Possibly," Standish turned politely to Jack. "Suppose we go back to the phone call. That call must be traced."

"Don't the local operators keep track of long-distance calls?"

"I'll check with them later. At the moment I am interested in your help."

"Then it might be better to talk to Lola. She answered the phone. Lewis was on the line when I got there. Or, rather, I presume it was his secretary."

The officer brusquely moved his chair towards mine. "Now, Mrs. Storm, please be exact. When you spoke to the New York operator this afternoon did you hear any mention of an exchange? Did you hear coins dropping—we might learn in that way whether a public phone was used—did you hear any scrap of conversation which might help us fix the locality where the call originated?"

"No," I said.

"Will you tell exactly what you did hear?"

I started bravely, came to an awful pause.

"Have you remembered something, Mrs. Storm?"

"I'm afraid I have." My heart knocked painfully. "Aren't telephone operators always women?"

"I suppose so . . . of course . . . I never knew of a male operator at a central exchange. Why do you ask?"

Standish's face grew cold, Jack's bewildered. Both stared. Except for the crackle of the fire the room was still.

"The phone call," I said, "might not have come from New York. I didn't hear a phone operator, so there's no proof it did. None at all."

"But, Lola, you told me . . ."

"Be quiet, please. I was mistaken—tricked. I believe now. I was meant to think it was a New York call; I did think it. Quit staring, you two. This is no fun for me."

I was on the point of hysterics, and both men perceived it. Standish hunched, Jack moved closer to me; his eyes said, "Steady, girl, steady." He put his hand on my arm. Then I had to behave. With a definite effort of will I gave a full account of the phone call, straightforward, coherent—and at any rate to Standish, unconvincing. He soon made that clear.

"Am I to understand that you didn't hear a long-distance operator?"

"That's right."

"Weren't you suspicious when a male voice said New York was calling? Didn't it occur to you that someone might be faking a long-distance call?"

"Not at the time. I had no reason to be suspicious. Can't you see I hadn't?"

The little try at extenuation fell flat. "Did you hear two voices, Mrs. Storm, or only one?"

"I can't be sure. At the time I supposed there were two. But now I'm inclined to think there was only one."

"Could you identify the voice you did hear?"

"I might identify it; I didn't recognise it." My next words were carefully chosen. "In fact, I have a definite impression that the voice was disguised."

I had expected a reaction. I got none. Standish wound up that part of the inquiry. "Well, this is the matter in a nutshell. We don't know what time the call was made,

who made it, whether it originated in New York or was only made to appear so. So guess is we will have difficulties tracing the telephone message."

His manner, courteous but cool, indicated that he considered the young Storms unsatisfactory witnesses. Gladly disposing of me, he resumed his interrogation of Jack.

"What time did you leave your home to go to the station?"

"At four o'clock."

"Can anyone corroborate you? Did you meet anyone who knows you on the road?"

"Not on the way over. On the way back about five miles outside Crookford, we were stopped for speeding."

The officer's eyes brightened. "Who stopped you?"

Before Jack answered, Minnie Gray stepped in. A small, timid woman with enormous teeth and a perpetually worried air, she took an interminable time snapping a rubber on her notebook, locating a soft lead pencil, adjusting her skirts.

"And please speak slowly, Mr. Storm. Sixty words a minute is my speed."

Neither Jack nor I understood that we could not be compelled to submit to a formal questioning.

Standish returned to the examination with his customary thoroughness. "Let's start with your being stopped on the road."

Jack carefully told of Harkway's pursuit and of Lewis' interference in the subsequent colloquy. In reproducing the dead man's language and his own, it was impossible to avoid a revelation of the disagreeable scene. Jack didn't dodge the point, but with Minnie's notebook staring him in the face, naturally didn't stress it.

Standish listened closely. "You were angry?"

Jack hesitated. "Angry isn't just the word. I would prefer to say that I was irritated. Lewis had an—unfortunate manner. He described how he behaved in the station. Then, later on, butting in he got me loaded down with a ticket. Of course I didn't like it. Who would?"

"Did you and Lewis quarrel?"

"He said a few things; I said a few. It was more an argument than a quarrel."

"Why did you put up with him? As a picture it, Lewis acted badly from the first. It was your car. Why didn't you ask him to get out?"

"We were five miles from town; it was raining; I decided to wait till we got to Crookford. I meant to get rid of him then. I believe I told you so."

"Yet when you reached Crookford you went into the grocery store and still he was in your car. Still you hadn't spoken? Or had you?"

Jack grinned wryly. "My curse is a stupid sense of humor. I intended to come back from the grocery store and tell Lewis I needed the rumble seat for onions. It sounds absurd, but it's the truth."

Standish made no comment. Lifting his telephone, he put through a call to the New Haven police station and requested the Lester Harkway be located and sent to Crookford station. His expressionless face returned to Jack.

"What time was the arrest made?"

"Here's my ticket," Jack drew the paper from his pocket, consulted it. "The time given as 5.50 p.m. The place is on the back road five miles outside Crookford."

"May I have it, if you please?"

The tone was curt, the inference clear. Our story could be backed up by physical evidence, Standish desired to view such evidence for himself. He briefly studied the ticket, slipped it into an envelope, placed the envelope in a drawer, banged the drawer, and with vigor reverted to the first question. The sleepy slowness vanished; his lips



eyes crackled; his purpose became apparent. He was determined to force an admission that Jack and Lewis had quarrelled violently on the road.

A quick knock sounded at the door. An excited voice called, "You there, Standish? May I come in? I've got something important for you."

THE door opened and anti-climax walked into the room in the person of Harold Blair, Standish's chief deputy was a plump, vapish little man who had adopted, and adapted to a Crockford career, the airs and graces of fictional detectives. The knowing expression, the dramatic manner, the haste when no haste is necessary. Short rapid steps carried him to his superior. He glanced portentously at the group and announced in a highly audible whisper:

"I've found something—an important clue."

This clue, flung proudly upon the table, seemed to my inexperienced eyes merely a tiny cylinder of brass, somewhat scuffed and dented. Jack recognised it for what it was—the metal jacket of the bullet recovered by Dr. Rand, which had done for Elmer Lewis.

Standish moodily studied the exhibit, "Where did you find the shell?"

"On Main Street, to the left of where the car was parked. I marked the spot, told Gray to keep the crowd off. Thought maybe the murderer might have left footprints."

Jack ignored this absurd suggestion and with Blair. He turned to Standish, "I'd like to know. Doesn't the spot where the shell dropped fix the place from which the gun was fired?"

"Approximately."

"The murderer stood underneath the big elm," Blair said promptly.

"Exactly," said Jack. "It was dark there; the street was noisy. A set-up which allowed someone to creep up to the car, shoot Lewis, and escape unseen and unheard. Lola and I were gone a full ten minutes."

Standish listened in silence. Something about his expression frightened me and I guessed what he was thinking. Whatever we had established, we had by no means established our own absence from the car at the fatal moment.

I said, "What are the chances of locating the gun?"

The police chief smiled as one smiles at a child. "Very slight, in my opinion. A forty-five is a common type of weapon. Connecticut factories must turn out hundreds every month."

"I was thinking of ballistic experts. Can't they determine by markings on the bullet whether a particular gun was used?"

"First they've got to lay hands on the particular gun. Quite a poser, if you ask me. Directly one man kills another, as a usual thing, he can't get rid of his weapon fast enough."

I restrained a sharp impulse to point out that Jack could hardly have discarded a weapon in the short trip from car to grocery store. At this moment Standish requested Jack to stand up. Beginning at Jack's knees he patted his body to the shoulders—a quick, expert procedure that left no doubt as to its meaning. He picked up my pocketbook and peered inside. He went through the pockets of my coat. He found no gun. The overhead light wore a green shade; Jack's face had a greenish cast.

"I suppose you will also search the grocery store and the drug store?"

"We have already," said Standish.

A long hush ensued. Water slid down the window-panes, the fire crackled and

leaped up the chimney, throwing crimson shadows upon the floor. Jack said steadily:

"I would like to clarify my standing here. If I'm helping you, that's one thing. If I'm definitely under suspicion I want a lawyer."

"You don't need a lawyer—yet." The phraseology was disconcerting and was planned to be. Standish's tone, however, was gentle.

We had another interruption, this time a welcome one. Lester Harkway knocked from the reception-room, strode inside, bringing with him the fresh smell and feel of rain. He had already heard garbled rumors on the street. A curious glance travelled from Jack to me, before he reported to Standish that he was detached from duty indefinitely.

"All night—if you need me."

Shouldering off a damp overcoat, he seated himself and prepared to listen. Standish commenced to piece together the long drawn-out story of the evening. It seemed to me that every word pointed in our direction. We had received a mysterious phone call which it was apparently impossible to trace—we had driven to New Haven on a stormy afternoon to accommodate a man we didn't know—we had disliked that man and he had been found murdered in our car. Fair as the summation might have appeared in the speaker's view, to my ears it possessed the disturbing quality of an indictment. I watched Harkway throughout—he was seated opposite—but vainly. His face kept its own counsel.

"How can I help, Chief?"

"I want your version of the quarrel on the road."

After a little hesitation and with an obvious attempt to provide uncolored facts, Harkway furnished his account of the much-discussed incident. The account was substantially the same as Jack's, and I was duly grateful. Standish grew restless.

"This argument then—in your opinion—was just an argument? Nothing serious?"

"Exactly what do you mean by serious?"

"Was the argument serious enough so that it might have been resumed later on? Say, here in the village?"

Harkway's head bobbed negatively. "I have no way of judging how Storm felt, or Lewis either, for that matter. I mean after I left them. And you probably wouldn't be interested in an out-and-out guess."

"Certainly I don't want a guess," said Standish testily. "I'm simply interested in hearing what you observed and what conclusions you drew."

"You've got the story. Storm was mad; Lewis acted as if he was; and I was hot under the collar myself. It was pretty much three-cornered." Harkway shrugged. "There it is, and not much to write home about."

Gradually the argument between Jack and Lewis had been reduced to its proper status and now stood forth as no more than a squabble between two impatient men. I drew an easier breath. Harkway who had been on duty since early morning yawned, covered it quickly, apologised.

"Is that all?"

"Did you think Lewis was purposely attempting to pick a fight?" Standish questioned.

"It didn't occur to me just that way. Certainly I considered his actions very strange. Abnormal. Unreasonable."

Harkway continued. "There was something phony about the man. For all his loud talk he was nervous as a cat. My headlights fell on his face when he leaned out of the rumble seat, and he jumped like he touched a hot stove. Pulled up his coat collar and jammed

his hat over his eyes—like—like he was afraid I might get too good a look at him."

Jack eyed Standish challengingly. "Lewis had a similar effect on Lola and me. Phony is a good word to describe him. He wasn't the sort you think of in connection with Mrs. Coatesnash. Personally I wonder how and where and why she picked him up."

As if suddenly reminded, Standish reached for the telephone, stayed his hand. "Do you know Mrs. Coatesnash's Paris address?"

Jack shook his head. "Silas would know."

I said, "Friday is band practice night. He won't be home."

Standish smiled, called several numbers, and finally got the address. After which he phoned the New Haven telegraph office and despatched the following cable:

Luella Coatesnash,  
Hotel St. Clair,  
Rue Mortange, Paris, France.

Advise immediately Crockford police Elmer Lewis' home address and nature of his business with you.

When he replaced the receiver, the telephone rang. He spoke briefly, hung up and informed us that the Coroner was coming over with his report.

On the heels of the announcement Dr. Rand arrived. At the far end of a crowded day divided between his private practice and his official duties, a day begun with a delivery and wound up with an autopsy, the man of sixty looked fatigued, but well equipped for further activity. He dropped a bundle of damp, wrinkled clothing with some relief. Then, like the actor he was, he glanced around to get the feeling of the group. I felt he had something up his sleeve. He combed rapid fingers through his snowy hair.

He tossed over a written report which dealt in technical terms with Lewis' mortal wound, listing the time, manner and medical causes of his death. Standish laid it aside. "Did you find any identifying papers on the body?"

Dr. Rand's eyes now disclosed a subdued sparkle. "There wasn't a sign of letters, cards, memos or any of the trash we men usually burden our pockets with. In itself a fact worth noting."

"Any marks in the clothes?"

"No laundry marks, no labels even. The labels had been cut with scissors from the overcoat and waistcoat. It might almost appear that Lewis anticipated this investigation and provided against it." The physician lifted his hand. "A minute, please. Allow me an opportunity to develop the theme. I promise you will find it worth your while. To resume, I examined the body carefully and the farther I went, the more curious I became. Lewis has soft, white, manicured hands, a shade too manicured for my taste. His socks and underwear—look at them yourself—are the finest grade. Ditto his boots, which are London-made, unless I'm very much mistaken."

Recalling the shabby overcoat, the well-worn suit, I experienced a twinge of surprise. Standish began to poke among the clothing spread upon the table. The rest of us attended Dr. Rand, who paced slowly up and down before the fire.

"Now look at the hat, suit, and overcoat—quite different, aren't they? Cheap, shoddy stuff! The suit was a wretched fit, yet the boots were custom made."

"Anything else?"

"An operation for appendicitis a few years back—an excellent surgeon did the work—I've never seen a more beautiful



## DEATH IN THE BACK SEAT

SUPPLEMENT TO  
THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY

scar." Brought to himself by Standish's impatient snort, Dr. Rand repressed his professional enthusiasm. "Equally good dentistry—the man's teeth were..."

"Let's pass the teeth."

"Are you interested in learning that until a short time ago—two days at the most—Lewis sported a small, neat moustache? One of those broker decorations? There's a bare patch on the upper lip, lighter than the surroundings epidermis and recently shaved."

"Certain of that?"

"Positive. The condition of the skin indicates he wore a moustache for years, undoubtedly was handsomer with it on. He's got a bad mouth, if you noticed. If I had been Lewis I would have kept the moustache. Curious he didn't choose to."

Dr. Rand smiled blandly and continued the performance. I liked him. He was a peculiarly vital man, who breathed excitement and gave it forth.

"Next," said the physician, "we come to the spectacles Lewis wore. Here, take them. They're worth attention."

Standish accepted the spectacles. "They look O.K. to me."

"Then look again at the lenses."

Standish and I saw simultaneously what the physician meant. Convincing on casual scrutiny, the spectacles proved obvious counterfeits when examined carefully, and of no possible aid to vision. The thick clumsy lenses had been cut from ordinary window glass, the frames fashioned of a cheap lead composition. Such spectacles are often sold at toy counters. Standish lifted them to his eyes.

"Maybe he wore them as a protection from the wind."

"Lewis was wearing the glasses," I said, "when he came out of the station."

"No doubt he was," remarked Dr. Rand. "Amazing what a change a pair of spectacles will work in the appearance. These fit with the missing moustache, the suit, the hat, the overcoat. Taken in conjunction with the watch, they become even more significant."

He had expected a mild sensation. He got it. Standish abruptly dropped the eye-glasses. "What watch?"

"Lewis' watch naturally! Or rather the watch he carried in his left-hand vest pocket."

With this cryptic statement, Dr. Rand drew from his own pocket a slim platinum watch, no wider than a silver dollar and circled in square-cut diamonds. An expensive, fragile, lovely bauble. Standish extended his hand. Dr. Rand himself forced open the case to reveal delicate, swiftly-moving works and a smooth platinum back inscribed with two initials. These initials were H. D. Standish stared hard.

"H. D. doesn't stand for Elmer Lewis!"

"My thought exactly."

"In other words he wasn't Elmer Lewis." "Not unless he stole or borrowed the watch. Take your choice, I've taken mine." Standish placed the watch beside the spectacles, got heavily to his feet. Stooping he lifted the brass-bound travelling bag, previously removed from our car. The bag was securely locked. He grunted, strove unsuccessfully to force the catches. A sudden question in his eyes, Jack leaped forward.

"Where's the other bag?"

Standish ceased his labors. "What other bag?"

"The bag in the rumble seat." As often when perturbed, Jack began to stammer. "Didn't I say there were two bags? One in front with us, one in back with Lewis."

Standish spun upon the coroner. "Doe, was there a bag in the rumble seat when you examined the body?"

"No—no. There was no bag there."

"What became of it then?"

Question and glare were general. No one was imprudent enough to venture a reply.

"How about you, Harkway? Did you see a bag when you stopped the car? I mean in the rumble seat."

"Gosh, I can't remember."

"Something happened to that second bag. It didn't fly off over the meadows."

The police chief's anger exploded into action. Seizing a paper knife he attacked the bag on the chair. One catch broke. The knife slid into the crack beneath the lid, bent in a dangerous arc, and the other catch broke; the lid of the bag snapped back, and the knife flew across the room to fall unnoticed.

We crowded about Standish, all of us silent, too amazed for speech. The pig-skin bag was heaped with currency. Hundred-dollar notes, ten and twenty-dollar notes. Stack after stack, fitted shoulder to shoulder, still wearing the paper halters provided by banking houses.

"There's a million dollars there," said Harkway in an awed whisper.

He was wrong. There wasn't a million. After a double count, some twenty minutes later, John Standish announced in weary, baffled tones that the bag contained exactly 108,000 dollars.

IT was long past midnight when Standish glanced at the wall clock, sighed and said he guessed we could call it a day.

The police chief's gaze moved to Jack. "Possibly Mrs. Coatesnash may be able to explain the purpose of the money. I hope so."

"You sound doubtful. Surely it is to be expected she will be better able to explain than I am. She knew Elmer Lewis—I didn't. She wrote to him—not to me. He came up from New York on her business—not on mine."

"Mrs. Coatesnash will do all she can. I'll vouch for her willingness. My only regret is she's so far away."

The interrogation continued. Hours later Jack rebelled. He flipped a final cigarette to the pile beside him. "You have pumped me dry. I'm signing off. I have one more thing to say. I object to your methods. Strenuously. There are other lines of investigation in this case. Why don't you follow them up, and give me and my wife a rest?"

"Interested parties, Mr. Storm, seldom approve of police methods in a criminal investigation. Speaking candidly, I'm far from satisfied with the story you've told to-night. Far from satisfied."

Allowing for possible delays, an answer to his cable could not be expected before noon on Saturday. He warned us to anticipate further questioning, stretched and rose.

"We seem to be at a temporary stalemate. A great deal depends on the cable I receive to-morrow. Mrs. Coatesnash may be able to throw some light on the situation."

At his apparent lack of conviction my heart sank. Jack got stiffly to his feet. I reached for my coat. Standish intervened. "You must put up with us a little longer, Mrs. Storm."

I paused, confused. Jack laid down his hat, turned slowly. "Then we aren't going home? Is that what you mean? Are we under arrest?"

The police chief was falsely jovial. "We have to make sure you two will stick

around. So far you are the backbone of our case!"

He made a phone call. In silent sympathy Dr. Rand offered Jack his whisky flask and took a drink himself. The others declined, though I thought Harkway looked rather wistful. As the wall lengthened, he stepped out to the hot-dog wagon and brought back greasy paper bags. A constrained group, we were drinking coffee and eating sandwiches when Judge Calkins waddled in. He was a portly gentleman with a prejudice against Italians, Middle Europeans, and New Yorkers. He had been summoned from bed and was eager to return to it. He decided at once that Jack and I should be held as material witnesses, and promptly set a prohibitive bond to guarantee that we would remain in Crockford. We couldn't have raised a quarter of the sum, and I was wondering where I was to lay my head that night when Dr. Rand unexpectedly came to our aid.

"That figure is ridiculous," he informed the judge, "but I think these kids are unlucky and honest. I'll go bail for them."

"With what?"

"With my expensive, well-appointed and completely modern house. I exclude my library, of course."

The judge and the doctor were friends. They argued amiably over the value of the house, which the judge insisted was papered with mortgages, and the upshot of the bickering was that Jack and I went free.

Frowning then, Standish added a few last instructions. We were to go straight to the cottage; we were to remain there, awaiting a call from headquarters; we were not to discuss the case with outsiders. The policemen went into a huddle, and Jack and I departed. Dr. Rand who accompanied us to the street wouldn't listen to our fervent thanks.

"I was glad to help you out. If your conscience is clear—and I think it is—you have nothing to worry about."

"Then we won't worry."

"That house," said the physician meditatively, "is all I own in the world. I've lived there a long time and it suits me perfectly."

He was gone. Jack and I looked at each other. The village was dead as Pompeii, the stores closed and barred, the echoing sidewalks empty. The street lights, all six of them, had glimmered out at midnight. I felt light-headed from strain and exhaustion.

It was after two o'clock when we reached home. The rain was long since over. A thin, clear breeze stirred the tree tops, and the rank meadow grass bent sibilantly before it. A high moon shone whitely upon the open field beyond the cottage, over a stone fence to the left, and etched in sharp relief the black woods that separated us from the next house on the road. Throughout the dreadful evening my mind had been pulling towards this spot. As I alighted to experience the impact of deep, country silence I regretted that we had not stayed in town. Dark and quiet, forlorn and lonely, our home had never seemed so alien, or less a place of comfort and of rest. Until the taxi disappeared Jack and I stood in the driveway, watching.

Then, "Let's not talk to-night," said he. "I'm dead."

I shivered, loath to proceed. "I wish we had left the lights burning."

Jack was tired and querulous. "We're home, Lola. You've been a good girl. Try not to go to pieces now."



I stepped reluctantly into the inky blackness, paused and waited for him to find the light. Suddenly from the darkness came the sound of a collision followed by a cry of rage and pain.

"What was it, Jack?"

"That cellar door just knocked me sickoo."

Immediately he switched on the light, glared at the door which led to the cellar, transferred the glare to me.

"You should know better than to leave it open."

"I didn't leave it open, Jack."

Our nerves were on the ragged edge. In the yard I had wanted sympathy and had received none. Now I myself declined to offer solace. Promptly we found ourselves engaged in a pointless, bitter, matrimonial wrangle.

"You left the door open, Lola, as you habitually do. There's no sense denying it. You went down to bank the furnace."

"I closed the door when I came up. I remember closing it. You must have gone down later on."

"I haven't been in the cellar since morning."

"You must have been."

"I say I wasn't!"

Kicking shut the disputed door, Jack stamped off, cursing his head and muttering darkly. When I entered the bedroom, he was already half undressed. Without speaking, he climbed into bed. A few minutes later I joined him, put a timid hand on his averted shoulder.

"Jack, I'm positive I closed the door."

"You win, dear. You closed it, and the little people opened it."

"I'm serious, Jack. Really serious. Are you certain you didn't go to the cellar after I did?"

"Is this another cross-examination? I've said repeatedly I was certain."

"Then how did the door get open?"

"For heaven's sake, Lola, let me get some sleep."

Almost at once I heard his heavy breathing. Moonlight poured into the bedroom; the night was quiet.

His heavy breathing continued, unabated. I assumed another position, tossed and rolled. My eyes wandered, and in wakeful desperation I studied the bedroom doors.

For a moment I lay rigid. Very quietly the door was opening out into the bedroom. I shrieked.

The door flew open. A man with a blurred, black face rushed from the closet, across the bedroom into the living-room. Jack flung back the covers, sat up.

"What was it?"

"Someone in the closet—a negro."

The kitchen door banged. Instantly Jack was out of bed and out of the bedroom. A second time the door banged. Clad only in a thin nightgown, I, too, somehow got outside and into the yard.

Two figures were running through the moonlight. The man who had hidden in the closet was far in advance, halfway across the stubble field beyond the fence. He ran like an animal, crouched low, arms swinging. Hampered by a late start and bare feet, Jack was steadily losing ground. As I gained the fence, the black-faced man plunged into the woods at the edge of the field, disappeared. Jack put on a fresh burst of speed. "Come back," I screamed.

Jack didn't turn or hesitate, but darted on and out of sight. This bit of foolhardiness, typical of him, can make me angry now. As I saw him vanish across that empty moonlit field I felt a terror such as I had never known before. I clambered over the fence, reversed myself, and shot back into the cottage, thus, as Jack admitted

later, exhibiting a higher degree of intelligence than he had shown. I reached the telephone. I retained sufficient wit to realise that Sandiah was six miles away, and when a sleepy operator finally answered, I put in a call for Silas. He answered at the second ring, but he sounded sleepy and his questions were intolerably slow and stupid. Frantic, I demanded that he come at once. "Directly I get some clothes on, Mrs. Storm."

The Lodge was more than half a mile distant. Reminded of my own apparel, I snatched up a bathrobe and slippers, hesitated long enough to try the police station—I got no response there or at Standish's home—then ran outside into the stubble field, loudly calling Jack and watching for Silas. I had hoped he would take the short cut through the pasture. His bobbing lantern a few minutes later approached by the road.

Hatless, coatless, muttering to himself, he was hurrying. As he scrambled through the barbed-wire fence, and as I dragged him towards the woods, I poured forth a confused, incoherent story.

"Who was in the closet?"

"I don't know. It was a negro."

"There aren't many negroes around Crookford."

"I don't care who was in the closet," I cried, maddened by his stupidity. "I don't care how many negroes are in Crookford. I want you to find Jack. You've got to help me."

At this point it developed that Silas was unwilling to enter the woods. He proposed returning to the Lodge to get his dog. I plunged in alone, and I suppose his conscience pricked him, for he followed, though he stuck close beside me. Together we started beating the bush, calling, calling. I had a flashlight. Silas, who had prudently armed himself with a stout stick, swung his lantern to and fro. Giant circles danced eerily through the tangled underbrush. Twice cracked, the wind sighed overhead, a rabbit fled past like a shadow. Silas and I grabbed each other's hands in mutual terror.

Five minutes later the hired man stumbled across a pair of outburst feet. Bleeding and senseless, Jack had been roughly shoved into a clump of briars. We drew him into the open.

BETWEEN us, Silas and I carried Jack into the cottage and laid him upon the bed. Although he had not stirred during the journey, his pallor was less intense. As I wrapped a comforter about his feet and adjusted a pillow beneath his head, he moved a little and groaned deeply, wearily. I sent Silas to heat a kettle of water. When he brought in the steaming kettle I began to bathe Jack's forehead.

"Well," said Silas almost cheerfully, "we got him back all right."

"So we did," I said.

"Go and phone for Dr. Rand."

I continued my ministrations.

Silas returned to report that Dr. Rand would come at once. We were to put ice on Jack's head and a hot water bottle at his feet. We were to do nothing else until the physician reached the cottage.

"He said quiet was the best medicine."

Shortly afterwards Jack opened his eyes. Too sick and nauseated to discuss what had happened in the woods, he was sufficiently himself to protest against a doctor.

"I'll be O.K. in the morning."

Following his prediction, he was again violently nauseated. Silas promptly suggested that the patient rise from the bed to walk backward across the room. This remedy was culled from Mrs. Coatesnash's store, and, according to Silas, had been effective in the

case of a young relative who had tumbled from a haymow.

"You can lean on me, Mr. Storm, if you feel sickish. I promise it's a sure cure. With my own eyes I saw it work with little Willie. Mrs. Coatesnash swears it saved his life."

Jack decided to remain where he was.

Dr. Rand had assimilated his quota of excitement for one evening. He arrived at the cottage, disposed to make light of Jack's injuries. Silas' telephone report had been garbled and uninformative; furthermore Jack was shakily sitting up.

Immediately he commenced the examination his face sobered. He asked Jack many questions. He had him shake his head.

"Do you feel any pain?"

"Lord, yes."

"Is it concussion?" I asked quietly.

"I think not," Dr. Rand looked at Jack. "You're a lucky young man. That's a nasty wound. You missed a bad injury by a very narrow margin."

"I think myself I missed death by a narrow margin."

The statement went uncontradicted. Dr. Rand turned, gave me a few instructions and ordered Jack to report the next day for an X-ray. Just to be sure. Then snapping shut his bag, he paused hesitantly.

"Exactly what did happen? I'm curious."

"I was running in the woods, running hard. I stopped to listen. Someone hit me."

"From behind?"

"Yes."

"You didn't see what it was?"

"No."

Silas put in his two-cent's worth. "Mrs. Storm said it was a negro. That don't seem likely to me. Only three negroes live in Crookford, and they're respectable folks."

Dr. Rand turned to Jack.

"Make no mistake! Someone tried to kill you."

When I accompanied Dr. Rand to the door I asked him how he could be so positive. "After all, Jack has no enemies."

"He has one deadly enemy. Whatever you may imagine, your husband was not the victim of an unpremeditated attack. His assailant didn't strike with a stone or a branch torn from one of the nearby trees, as you may suppose. He struck with a heavy, blunt, metal weapon."

"How can you know that?"

"I found bits of rust in the wound." Having alarmed me thoroughly, he advised me to go to bed and get some rest. His car roared in the yard outside and I returned to the bedroom.

Bought by the promise of an extra fifty cents, Silas agreed to spend the remainder of the night on the living-room sofa. He seemed decidedly uneasy, and I thought it fortunate that he knew nothing about the murder. An uncourageous man, he was sharp enough to sense that certain facts concerning the evening had been withheld. This further impaired his morale.

"Can I keep the lights burning?"

"Certainly."

"The light in the kitchen, too?"

"As many as you like."

I closed the door on him. Jack retained sufficient spirit to flash a grin. "Silas isn't much of a port for the Storms."

Then, as he spread his open palms upon the coverlet, his grin faded. "Look at my hands, Lola."

"They're filthy!"

"That isn't dirt. That's soot."

Uncomprehendingly, I stared. The palms of both hands were black; a smear of dense black discolored the back of the left hand.

"But Jack, how can that be? There isn't any soot in the woods. Where did you get it?"

"From the man who knocked me out."



think I must instinctively have caught at him in an effort to fight back. In fact, I'm sure I did."

"But Jack—"

"Look at the knob on the closet door. The inside knob."

I went to the door. The white china knob was a grimy black. I extended an experimental finger; particles of soot came away. "You didn't see a negro," said Jack from his pillows. "You saw a man who had covered his face and hands with soot or burnt cork. You saw a man who had disguised himself."

I spent a restless night. At dawn, leaving Jack asleep, I rose and tiptoed through the living-room. The sofa was empty. I heard Silas moving in the cellar. I established his identity by taking what would have been a silly and unthinkable precaution—twenty-four hours earlier. I shouted down.

"Is that you, Silas?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"What are you doing?"

"I found out how that fellow got in."

Immediately I descended the unstable wooden stairs. Dusty, musty, damp, smelling of faint, strange odors, the cellar of the cottage was an untidy catch-all which we referred to privately as the hell hole.

At once and certainly I knew where our intruder had got his disguise. Coal dust. In three rapid minutes, with coal dust, a white man could make himself a black man. It had been coal dust on Jack's hands and on the door-knob. Coal dust from our own cellar!

"Right here, Mrs. Storm," began the hired man in his flat, shrill tones, "is where the fellow got in. He busted that window-pane, unlocked the window and slid down the coal."

After breakfast, despite Jack's protests, Silas and I went out to search the woods. We didn't locate the poker. As I remember, I didn't say in words to Silas that we were hunting for the poker. He knew. He was as certain as was I that our own poker was the blunt, heavy, metal weapon which had struck Jack unconscious to the ground.

Several hours later a car pulled into our drive.

John Standish was alighting when I arrived in the yard followed by Silas. He had not heard the news of the attack, and was wholly absorbed with the murder. He greeted me with tempered cordiality.

"Good-morning, Mrs. Storm. Is your husband up? I'd like to ask him some additional questions."

"You've had an answer to your cable?"

"Not yet."

"Then why are you here?"

"The second bag turned up this morning. A farmer driving along the road outside Durham found a packed bag tossed behind a stump. We believe it to be the missing bag."

I looked at him blankly. "Durham! But that's miles beyond New Haven. We weren't there."

"That is what I want to establish—if I can."

I disappointed him. "We were nowhere near Durham. Not within miles of it. If you have found the bag on a road outside Durham, someone put it there—not Jack—not I. Someone else."

"I hope that's true."

"What was in the bag?"

"A man's pyjamas, bathrobe and slippers, toilet articles, a magazine and a couple of fresh shirts."

"No letters? Nothing to identify Lewis?"

Standish shook his head. "I'm afraid the identification is going to be tough."

Lewis himself made it tough. A funny thing. The man's own extraordinary behaviour is hampering the investigation of his murder."

A choking sound recalled Silas to my attention. He was gazing pop-eyed at Standish and me, as though simultaneously we had taken leave of our senses.

"What are you talking about? What murder? No one told me anything about a murder."

I said shortly, "Last night a man was murdered in the rumble seat of our car. Shot through the heart. I can't tell you any more."

Silas sank to the running-board of Standish's car. He turned a mottled grey. His first thoughts, his first words dwelt upon himself. "If I'd known about it I never in the world would have spent a night on your sofa."

"Then it's as well you didn't know!"

While he sat huddled on the running board, I gave Standish an account of the man who had hidden in the clothes closet. The police chief listened intently, stepped over the fence and examined blurred, valueless footprints, and decided, before speaking to Jack, to go to the cellar. Silas obstinately refused to accompany him. The news of the murder had destroyed his interest in clues.

"Let the chief look for himself. I got my work to do. I ain't going to mix myself in murder."

He rose, ambled across the yard and started up the hill towards the Coatesnash mansion.

Standish and I went to the cellar. After glancing around his gloomy confines, and studying the broken window, the police chief suddenly climbed the steps that led to the lawn. I followed him around the house. He stared at the broken glass scattered outside the cellar window. He looked inside at the coal. Then, grunting, he stooped, picked up a fragment of glass, and dropped it in his pocket. I was curious.

"What's that for?"

"One never knows," was the evasive reply, "what might be useful."

How a bit of rain-washed glass could be useful was beyond my ability to conjecture. Fuzzed, I escorted him into the house. He nodded to Jack, expressed jocular sympathy, crossed the bedroom and peered at the closet door-knob. His face assumed a peculiar expression.

"No fingerprints. This evidently is to be a case without them. There was none on the car, except yours and your wife's." Returning to the bed, he glanced at Jack's bandaged head. "Have you had a doctor?"

"We called Dr. Rand last night."

"You did!" Standish at once stepped out to telephone the physician. I strongly suspected that he had doubted the attack, despite the circumstantial evidence provided by Jack's bandages, the coal dust on the knob, the broken cellar window. A few minutes later my suspicion was verified. Having spoken to the physician, Standish was now entirely convinced and—I thought—obscurely relieved. He was also friendlier.

"The doctor is willing to swear you were murderously attacked. No question of accident. Now it's up to us to decide why."

Jack stirred restively. "The whole affair seems senseless. Meaningless. Why should anyone break into our cottage and hide in the closet?"

"You say you have no enemies?"

Jack smiled. "Not that sort of enemies."

"Then," said Standish, "we can eliminate a design upon your personal safety as the motive." Jack nodded in agreement.

The other continued. "Next we will eliminate robbery. You drove up in a taxi. As you entered the back door it would have been easy for a thief to leave by the front door. The black-faced gentleman didn't do that. Instead he did what no run-of-the-mine burglar ever does. He hid himself."

I shivered. "He was waiting for us."

"No, Mrs. Storm. I believe he was waiting for someone else."

"For Elmer Lewis!" exclaimed Jack. Bewildered, I interrupted. "But Lewis was dead when we drove up. Dead in Crockford, murdered."

"Your intruder may not have known that. You have said Lewis wanted to come to the cottage, insisted upon coming. Isn't it possible he expected to meet someone here?"

"Do you mean to say he expected to meet a man hidden in the closet with a poker in his hand? Am I to believe that?"

Standish smiled vaguely. "Strange things happen, Mrs. Storm. After all, Lewis had one enemy. Why not two?"

"It seems a trifle thick," Jack said doubtfully. "Two separate plots on the same man's life in a single evening! Lewis was an odd duck, but he wasn't simple. He went to considerable pains before he set out on his trip—cut the labels from his clothes, shaved his moustache, wore those glasses. One would think he might have taken a few elementary precautions to protect himself."

"He did," said Standish grimly. "I didn't tell you two last night, but Lewis was armed. There was a gun in his overcoat pocket. And his right hand—you will remember—was jammed in the pocket."

An automobile—our own car by the way—chugged into the drive, came to a noisy halt. Blair popped out of it and strode purposefully across the yard. A moment later the little deputy swept into the bedroom clothed in the authority of the law, and the neatest uniform that Crockford had ever seen.

"Well?" said Standish.

Blair whipped out two white envelopes, and handed them to his superior. They were the cablegrams, long awaited, one signed by Luella Coatesnash, the other by the head of the Paris Surete. Standish opened the envelopes, rapidly perused their contents. Jack couldn't conceal his eagerness. He stretched out his hand.

In silence Standish surrendered the printed sheet. I read over Jack's shoulder. The message was short. It followed:

"Elmer Lewis handled no business for me. Have never heard the name. Please cable explanations.—Luella Coatesnash."

A few minutes earlier Standish had been discussing the case in quite a friendly fashion and now it seemed to me the atmosphere had subtly altered. Jack refolded the white paper, returned it to the police chief.

"The other is a confidential report from the French police and merely verifies what you read. Mrs. Coatesnash was interviewed at her hotel this morning, expressed her willingness to be of assistance, but was helpless. Evidently she is bewildered at being drawn into the matter, and can neither explain who Elmer Lewis is or how he happened to use her name."

"That," said Jack, "is impossible for me to credit."

Said Standish, "I've known Luella Coatesnash since I was a boy in knickerbockers. In some ways she may be peculiar, but she is a fine old lady. I have the utmost confidence in her integrity."

Jack half rose in bed. "Isn't it important that Lewis lured us to New Haven by using



her name? Isn't it strange? How is it to be explained?"

Blair displayed his claws. "There's only your word for that tale, Mr. Storm. Your word alone!"

"There's my wife's word! If you were sufficiently enterprising you might discover the telephone operator who put through the call. Those girls listen in on everything. Have you done anything about tracing the call?"

"You bet we have! The local exchange has no record of a long-distance call made here yesterday afternoon. They don't keep records of local calls, but neither of the girls remembers ringing this number at all. They're both smart girls."

Standish glanced at his assistant in brusque reproach. "For the present we will accept that the telephone call was made, exactly as it's been described. We will accept that Elmer Lewis announced his intention of coming to Crockford on business for Mrs. Coatesnash. We will accept that Lewis, for a reason of his own, lied. Now where does that get us?"

I said, "It gets us back to the spot where we left off last night."

"Not quite," said Jack with a suspicious mildness. "To-day we have cleared Mrs. Coatesnash. We've done it on the strength of a single unsupported statement. Which is no mean feat!"

Standish said patiently, "How could Mrs. Coatesnash be expected to recognise the name Elmer Lewis if the man were using an alias? She might be acquainted with him under his right name. On the other hand, she might never have heard of him."

The Coatesnash family is one of the most prominent in Connecticut. It would be very easy for a stranger to pick up the name, to learn certain things about Mrs. Coatesnash, to discover she was abroad and to take advantage of the fact."

I chimed in, "It wouldn't be easy for a stranger to know we are tenants of hers. Elmer Lewis knew it. He knew about the cottage. He knew the make and model of her car."

Standish swung around to face me. "It's easier than you imagine for unscrupulous persons to gather information about you, information you can't dream they possess. Particularly when a large city is concerned."

"A while back we were going over possible reasons for Elmer Lewis's behaviour," Jack began, "and I suggest we continue. We decided he was scared, so his gun, his alias, his feeble disguise fit in. But the rest of it doesn't fit in. Why didn't he take a cab from the station? What purpose did he hope to serve by tricking us into driving him over from New Haven? What was in his mind? It's a cinch he didn't climb into our rumble seat to make it simple for his murderer."

Standish listened to Jack with interest. His questions made him restless. "Certainly it's extraordinary we don't know more about Lewis by this time. We can assume he was wealthy, an important figure in his own world. Why don't his friends and relatives appear? Even in New York, few men transporting 100,000 dollars in currency can drop out of sight."

"Have you established he was a New Yorker?"

"He came to New Haven from New York. The conductor remembers him. The porter remembers him, clearly. Lewis allowed the darky to carry one bag, and insisted upon handling the other himself. Apparently that was the bag containing the money."

Standish then enumerated various steps taken in the investigation. The press had been given free rein in the hope of obtain-

ing additional information, and Boston, New York and Philadelphia newspaper men were already flocking to the village in droves. Metropolitan police, without result, had checked over the several "Elmer Lewis's" listed in the city directory. Also without result, they got in touch with the large New York banks. No one of these banks could report the recent withdrawal of 100,000 dollars. In Crockford prominent business men—including the baker, the plumber, the coal merchant, practically everyone except the unpopular Greek fruit dealer—had been requested to view the body which lay in the local undertaking parlors.

Elmer Lewis remained unidentified.

Standish now demanded a list of the New York friends with whom we stayed while visiting in the city—in case they might have a line on Lewis. Jack's frayed good nature gained additional tatters. The desired list obtained, his brisk-stepping deputy at his side, Standish departed. In a husbandly fashion Jack immediately passed his irritation on to me.

"A bird brain—though I doubt Blair could compete with a really sagacious bird—could comprehend that Lucia's friends should be investigated, not ours. She may be the great white cow of Crockford, but she's greedy, grasping, filthy rich. She's financially able to engage in shady transactions involving 100,000 dollars; we aren't. And as for our unfortunate friends—put them all together and they aren't worth a hundred thousand cents."

Outraged, indignant, Jack attempted to settle down but couldn't rest or sleep. I brought his pad and pencils to the bed, posed patiently for a sketch which he hoped to sell to a humorous magazine. He wasn't feeling humorous. Toward the middle of the afternoon he tore up his sheets of drawing-paper and announced an idea. He wanted to cable Laura Twining.

"What for? She'd only show the cable to Mrs. Coatesnash."

Jack threw the fragments of his sketch into a waste-basket. "She might not. Laura's something of a dunce, and I admit she always played the devoted slave, but I've a sneaking notion she harbored an occasional rebellious thought. We don't know what she's thinking now. If she has any suspicions in this case I'd like to share them."

"A cable costs a lot."

"It might be worth a lot."

"Besides we'd have to go to town. You should stay in bed."

"Something tells me," said Jack, "that the less I stay in bed while the investigation proceeds without me, the better. I've never craved a good close look at an electric chair."

He was joking, but he was scared. Blair, who had arrived in our little car, had left it parked in the garage. While this was not exactly an official procedure, it was typical of Crockford and of Standish in his more pleasant guise.

I hadn't wanted to go to the village, and after reaching there I discovered how right my instinct was. I suppose normal curiosity was to be expected, but what Jack and I were subjected to went beyond any decent limits. Our appearance in the small grey roadster created a sensation. Doors flew open, windows flew up, shopkeepers darted from stores, people stopped dead on the sidewalks, necks craned from passing cars.

A moment later at the telegraph office, we discovered that our errand was useless. The doors were closed and locked; we had both forgotten that in Crockford telegraph service ceases on Saturdays at noon.

"We can cable Monday," Jack said.

I said, "We should have stayed at home."

"Nonsense. This costs us nothing. Let the public have its fun."

And then we saw a friendly face. Dr. Rand, whose office overlooked the square, spied us through his windows, hurried forth to scold Jack for getting out of bed, and finally dragged him off for an X-ray. "It only takes a minute, and you can't grow another head," Jack returned in a more cheerful frame of mind.

Unfortunately, as was again impressed on us, Dr. Rand was not the whole of Crockford.

A few minutes later there was a traffic jam at the post office. Half of Crockford found it needed stamps at the moment we stopped for mail. Jack pushed through the crowd, unlocked our box. The postmistress—as the village had it, a widow woman—leaned from her window to wag a humorous finger.

"You've got one letter, Mr. Storm, that I been wishing was written on a post-card."

Along with a dozen of the interested, I glimpsed a thin French envelope, a foreign stamp, Luella Coatesnash's cramped, old-fashioned script. I felt an edged surprise. Luella had never written to us before. Why now? The widow woman chuckled at her ancient joke; the crowd gawped. Jack stalked outside.

Safe in the car, we read Luella Coatesnash's note. Mailed ten days before, chatty, diffuse, dwelling on the beauties of Paris, it told us none of the things we desperately needed to know. That was a friendly letter. Nothing else.

"It's too friendly," Jack's eyes narrowed. "Why should Luella take it in her head to write us?"

I, too, was puzzled.

We put away the letter and forgot it.

The road home went past Brownlee's undertaking parlors, a dusty establishment bedecked with leather furniture and extravagant Boston ferns. The night before Alfred Brownlee, the sad-eyed proprietor, had taken mournful charge of the mortal remains of Elmer Lewis. To-day the body lay on display in a rear room on the chance that identification might be had. A knot of people was collected on the sidewalk peering through the glass windows.

"There's Harkway," Jack said, suddenly. Just then quitting the undertaking parlors, the traffic man hailed us. Jack stopped the car.

"Any news?"

"None yet." After glancing around, Harkway added in a low voice, "Unless you call it news that I've been put on the case."

Although he offered the expected congratulations, Jack looked perturbed. "You're to represent the State?"

Harkway nodded. "I was detached from traffic duty to-day. Standish and I are going to work it out together."

He spoke cheerfully, and seemed much set-up over the promotion. Good news for him, it sounded like bad news to me.

Flushed slightly with new authority, Harkway asked a few brisk questions about the attack upon Jack. He had received a report from Standish, but wanted to view for himself the closet, the broken window, the footprints in the field. When he proposed to accompany us to the cottage, we could not, of course, refuse.

As the policeman climbed into the car, a woman emerged from Brownlee's, came swiftly down the steps. The Harris tweed suit, the modish hat seemed familiar. The woman passed the car closely, cast one look at us, passed on. The Storms had



received the cut direct. The woman was Annabelle Bayne.

"It's a well-known fact," Jack said cheerfully, "that those big, brown eyes are often myopic. Strange, too. I wouldn't have dreamed that Annabelle Bayne was quite as near-sighted as she seems to be."

I smiled, but I was shaken. So shaken that it didn't occur to me to wonder what Annabelle Bayne had been doing at the Brownlee funeral parlors. Or why she had gone there.

Twilight was grey in the west when we started down the bumpy, back road which wound to the cottage. At the Olmstead farm house, shuttered and melancholy, bearing the depressing aspect of a summer place in early spring, we saw John Standish poking about the yard. He came over to the car to speak. The meeting between him and Harkness confirmed me in my belief that he had not welcomed outside assistance. Their greetings were polite, but not effusive.

Harkway spoke a shade too jovially. "Found anything here, Chief?"

"Nothing," Standish peered gloomily at the porch of the cottage, ankle deep in dead brown leaves. "I thought maybe the house had been entered last night. Apparently not. I've gone over the doors and windows."

"Then you've come to a dead end?"

"Looks that way."

The failure to discover evidence of an unlawful entry into the farm house discouraged Standish. For the time being he discarded an idea he had entertained, quite without realising that he had brushed upon a part of the truth. The man who had hidden in our closet had been running towards the Olmstead's. Also he had run in that direction with a purpose.

Harkway, Jack and I drove on. Daylight was fading rapidly. The two men would have gone at once into the field, but first I insisted upon a thorough tour of the house. With some little show of male superiority, they looked under beds and examined the closets until I was satisfied. Then they went outside.

The house seemed very quiet. I began to pare potatoes for an early supper. Following the footprints, Jack and Harkway moved slowly toward the woods. Pan on my lap, I watched at the kitchen window. When they had progressed some yards the telephone rang. Four shrill rings, twice repeated.

I ran to answer. In response to my voice came another voice, dreadfully familiar. The voice of the afternoon before! For an instant I was stunned, too appalled literally to speak or move. Then I stammered:

"Wait a minute. I can't hear you."

The voice said: "You can hear this. I have other business for you and your husband, and I don't want the law messing in it. Keep your mouths shut, both of you. That goes for the cop you brought out from Crockford this afternoon."

Jack and Harkway burst into the cottage. I beckoned them towards me. As I handed the receiver to Harkway, I said into the mouthpiece: "What other business? I don't understand."

My ruse failed. Very stealthily as the exchange took place, the caller hung up. Harkway heard nothing, and the line was dead.

FOR some thirty seconds, in an attitude of tense suspense, Harkway, Jack and I clustered around the telephone. Then Harkway said, "There's no one on the line, Mrs. Storm. Who was calling? What's the shooting for?"

"It was the same voice that phoned yesterday!"

At once the policeman attempted to reach the operator but country telephone service is never good and several precious minutes elapsed before he obtained any answer. It was then too late to establish the source of the call. The girl at the Crockford exchange was vague and uninformative.

"I'm sorry. I've been awfully busy. We're always rushed at supper time."

"This is vitally important."

"I can't help it. I may have handled the call, but I don't remember it. Let me ask Edna."

The second operator was similarly unproductive. Harkway replaced the instrument and, looking very disappointed, turned to me.

"Now tell me what your caller said. In detail."

"There isn't much. The voice simply said that Jack and I were to be prepared for further orders."

"What orders?"

"I didn't hear. The connection was broken then."

Harkway made a nettled gesture. "No use crying over spilled milk, I suppose, but it does seem too bad we flubbed the business." His dark face brightened. "Anyhow, we've got another chance. Those girls will watch this line like hawks. When the third call comes we'll nail your caller."

I personally considered the man behind the mysterious "voice" too clever to be caught in such a simple trap. He would, I felt, anticipate our move and provide against it.

After requesting us to communicate with him or Standish in the event of another call, Harkway returned to the village.

Jack and I sat down to a dismal supper. Jack was suffering from an over-active day, his head was aching and he scarcely touched his food. I also ate little. The second phone call following so swiftly on the first, the insolent boldness of the caller and his knowledge of our movements, had shaken me more than I was willing to admit. I cleared away the supper things. I curled upon the couch.

"Being rung up by a murderer," I said presently, "isn't my idea of the peaceful country life?"

"If it's any consolation," said Jack with a thin smile, "it couldn't have been the actual murderer who rang us up. It was our old pal—the black-faced man in the closet."

"How can you know that?"

"Figure it out yourself, Lola. It's really quite simple."

After a puzzled moment I saw why Jack was right. Both phone calls had been made by the same voice. Lewis himself had been aware of the first call, had met us in accordance with the telephoned directions and, except that his violent death intervened, eventually would have wound up at the cottage. Obviously then both phone calls had been made by the mysterious individual who awaited Lewis, crouched among the frocks and coats in my clothes closet.

By bedtime I was so apprehensive that Jack proposed we ask Silas to stay in the house again. The pasture path which climbed in an almost vertical line from the cottage to the lodge was shorter, but it was also very steep and I preferred the road. Jack, who carried a flash, preceded me. I remember the smell of the spring night as I followed. I remember hearing the rattle of tiny sliding stones, and seeing the stark outlines of the box and elm trees on the Coatesmash lawns as we rounded the hill. Monstrous shadows enveloped the man-

sion; it looked bleak, forbidding, formidable.

Silas had retired. Spirited pounding finally roused him. He refused to spend another night on the sofa—flatly and without equivocation.

"No, sires, Mr. Storm. I'm staying here."

"Maybe you'll let us take Reuben."

The hired man glanced doubtfully at the small sand-colored dog which yapped at us from the doorway. Jack produced a dollar and cupidity won. We got the dog.

"The better man of the two at that," said Jack, as with one accord we turned down the short cut home. A brisk ten minutes walk carried us there.

Reuben wasn't exactly a comfort. The small dog had an insane aversion to mice—guests common to country cottages—and throughout the night he barked frantically. I was too tired to care. I slept fitfully, but slept.

The next day—Sunday—I observe is listed in my rather sketchy notes under the heading: "Plague of the Reporters." It occurs to me that I have not dwelt sufficiently upon the fervid and hysterical attention which metropolitan newspapers were taking in what they termed the "Rumble Seat Murder." Columns were printed, editorials lamented the mystery of the 108,000 dollar corpse, front-page space was filled with maps of Crockford, dotted diagrams of Main Street and the like. Special writers descended like locusts on the village, set themselves up at the principal hotel, bursted holes in the blankets, ran up enormous telephone bills.

Jack and I bore the brunt of a mass attack. Since we declined to talk, the reporters—there must have been a score of them—generally set out to wear us down. Our telephone bell rang until I removed it from the hook, our doorbell rang steadily from ten o'clock until noon—at which point Jack discovered some ingenious soul had wedged it with a match. We had locked the doors but wheedling voices called through keyholes that we were missing visits from old school friends.

At four o'clock, uninvited by me, a photographer—and the photograph of me adjusting my stocking remains a sore spot to this day—we escaped by the back door to exercise Reuben. Until darkness we stayed away. Returning, we were cheered to discover that hunger had vanquished the press.

At eight o'clock on Monday morning an especially enterprising New York newspaper telephoned the cottage. The paper had learned that Jack was an artist; the organization would like signed sketches of the various personalities who figured in the case—the two investigators, the coroner, ourselves, and, if possible, a drawing from memory of the victim. Sleepy and annoyed, Jack was on the point of curt refusal, when I intervened.

"Ask them what they'll pay."

Negotiations were resumed. It was suggested quite sensibly that the sketch of Elmer Lewis might result in an identification. The possibility appealed to Jack, and I must confess the surprising sum of money offered appealed to me. But when the paper further stipulated that Jack must deliver the sketches in person, both of us were dismayed. It seemed unlikely that we could obtain permission to leave the township.

Eventually, however, we drove to town to broach the proposition. First we called upon our bondsmen. Dr. Rand admitted cautiously, and only after peeping through the curtains to see who was ringing his bell. He was agreeable and even enthusiastic about the venture. "It will do you a world of good getting to the city, give me



a sense of perspective. After yesterday I could use a sense of perspective myself! A murder's a bad thing, but I'm not sure newspaper men aren't worse." The final decision he then said must be left to Standish, and with Standish we anticipated difficulties. To my surprise the police chief readily granted Jack permission to make the trip. "Sure, run along to the city. Take your wife if you like—probably do her good. All I ask is that you be back by noon tomorrow."

I was too naive to dream of looking a gift horse in the mouth, or to speculate at any ulterior reason for the police chief's amazing affability. Jack did his sketches, I approved them, and that very day we started gaily, lightly off to town.

It was mid-afternoon when we alighted at the Grand Central Station.

We snared a taxi and departed toward the offices of the paper. I went to get a decent shampoo and manicure. Afterwards we met in an uptown hotel for tea. Jack was stimulated by the enthusiastic reception of his sketches, and by the tone of the city.

"I," he said, "feel great. You look great. Cute haircut you've got there—I like it. Now that's set—how would you like to take an independent step in solving the mystery of Elmer Lewis?"

"What step?" I asked cheerfully.

"Do you remember that firm of lawyers Standish mentioned the other day, those lawyers who handle Mrs. Coatesnash's affairs? Hiram Darnley and Franklin Elliott? Well, they've got a suite of offices downtown—and I thought we might go there and have a talk with them."

"A talk about what?"

"About Elmer Lewis, stupid." Suddenly Jack was quite serious. "Mrs. Coatesnash is the great white cow of Crookford, but in New York she's only a person like us. Darnley and Elliott is a reputable firm—I asked at the paper—and I don't believe they'd shield a client they thought involved in a serious crime. Anyhow it won't hurt to go and see."

"Certainly not," I said.

It was all as casual as that.

Darnley and Elliott occupied a twenty-story office building's topmost suite, an entire floor. It was a most luxurious place. The etchings on the walls, the thick soft carpets, the expensive sunshine on the floor, the unusual quiet, testified to taste and money.

In the outer reception rooms a very pretty secretary tapped at a noiseless typewriter. Jack paused before her. He asked for Hiram Darnley.

"Mr. Darnley is out of town."

"Then may I see Mr. Elliott?"

The stenographer smiled. "Mr. Elliott is also out of town. He is due here at four o'clock."

I was already doubtful of our mission, but Jack pulled out a chair for me and calmly settled near the door to wait.

At four promptly the door opened. A short, stout man, astonishingly light on his feet, came quickly in. The secretary rose at once.

"Good afternoon, Mr. Elliott. These people have been waiting..."

"I can't be bothered now, I'm busy. I'll be busy the rest of the afternoon. Get rid of them."

Franklin Elliott vanished. The girl looked apologetically at us. Jack, who hadn't moved since the lawyer's entrance, addressed me in a low, excited voice:

"Did you recognise Elliott? He was in the New Haven station this morning. I saw him boarding the Crookford bus."

A buzzer sounded on the secretary's desk. She lifted a telephone, spoke, turned and said to Jack:

"What is your name, please? What business have you with Mr. Elliott?"

"My name is Jack Storm—my business is personal."

The girl relayed the information. She hung up the telephone. She looked surprised.

"Mr. Elliott can give you fifteen minutes, if you don't mind waiting a few minutes more."

We waited.

I experienced a certain qualmish feeling as we entered the private office. New York's expensive sunshine barred a thick rust-colored carpet. I had a hazy impression of Durer etchings and cheerful draperies. Behind a lovely rosewood desk, either a museum piece or a skilfully faked antique, legs crossed, sat Franklin Elliott.

He wasn't alone. A middle-aged woman—obviously an employee—was seated in a chair beside the desk. She was crying. She balled her handkerchief, got up and stumbled from the room. Elliott didn't say anything about her.

He turned to us and I studied his round, rather pleasant face. His head was a trifle large for his short body, was bald and he carried it well. He looked like a man who might collect Napoleons, and, glancing at his desk, I wasn't surprised to see a small bronze of the Emperor. Elliott caught my eye and smiled.

"A great general—Napoleon, and one of my admirations. Now won't you sit down and tell me what I can do for you?"

We sat down. Jack hesitated. Politely interested the lawyer leaned forward.

"Well, Mr. Storm?"

Jack at last got under way. "I suppose you've seen newspaper stories. A man who introduced himself as Elmer Lewis was murdered in my car; he was carrying a great deal of money. So far—chiefly because I had the opportunity—I seem to be the favored suspect. Indeed the only suspect. In the two days since the murder the police have accomplished nothing. They haven't even managed to identify the victim."

"You're mistaken there, Mr. Storm."

"I don't understand."

"Elmer Lewis has been identified."

"When? By whom? How do you know?"

The fat man fixed unblinking eyes upon us. "I have just returned from Crookford. I identified the body this afternoon."

Elliott paused. "Elmer Lewis was Hiram Darnley, my legal partner."

NOT until we were aboard the New Haven train and bound for home did Jack and I appreciate Franklin Elliott's talents as an inquirer. From us he had learned all we knew. From him we had learned nothing.

In vain Jack sought to draw him out. "Weren't you in your partner's confidence?"

"To an extent, yes. In this particular instance, no. Unfortunately, I was away on a hunting trip when Hiram left the office Friday."

"Then you don't know why he came to Crookford?"

"I haven't the remotest notion. Naturally I've been curious. So curious that I took the trouble to question Hiram's secretary. You saw Miss Willets. She was badly hit by the news. She was closer to him than anyone else, and she says he received no communication from Mrs. Coatesnash at this office."

"How about his home?"

"He lived at the Chatham Club. I imagine the police will check there." The stout man smiled faintly. "My own sleuthing instincts didn't carry me quite that far. In any event, it's difficult for me to believe that Hiram heard from Mrs. Coatesnash after she left New York. We both saw her on the day she sailed—in fact, I saw her off—and at that time her affairs were in perfect order. The estate is handled by the firm—it seems incredible that Mrs. Coatesnash could have engaged in any private transaction with my partner. On the other hand, I can't conceive why he should tell you so. The whole affair sounds fantastic—completely unlike Hiram Darnley."

"There's the money itself," said Jack slowly. "Surely it can be traced now. Where did the money come from?"

"I presume it came from my partner's bank account."

Jack hesitated. "This is extremely important to me, Mr. Elliott. Is it possible the money belonged to Mrs. Coatesnash?"

Abruptly Elliott wearied of our questions. He rose to signify that his good nature and the interview were at an end. He escorted us to the door.

"My best advice to you, Mr. Storm, is to leave the conduct of the investigation where it belongs—in the hands of the authorities. Amateurs only succeed in annoying people who haven't the time or patience to be annoyed."

Dispirited, Jack and I turned for information to the evening papers. Although headlines cried the fact of the identification, the stories which dealt with the career of the murdered lawyer offered nothing helpful.

We left the newspapers on the train. Both of us knew that the real story of Hiram Darnley had not been printed. We reached the cottage very late, and were surprised to find John Standish and Harkway awaiting us. Jack was glad to see them, but I think I noticed even at the time how quietly the two men received his comments on the identification of Elmer Lewis, and how silently they rose from the front steps and followed us into the house.

I was exhausted and excused myself immediately and started to retire. "A moment, please," said Standish. "I want to talk to you."

I paused, startled by his tone.

"I understood you were going to New York to sell some drawings. Isn't that what you told me?"

"Yes, of course," said Jack.

"Then why did you call on Franklin Elliott this afternoon?"

Jack stared. "How did you know that?"

"You don't deny seeing Elliott?"

"I saw him, yes. But I wonder how you knew. Did you have us followed?"

There was no reply. Standish leaned forward in his chair, and what he said next was, to say the least, incomprehensible. "I've tried to treat you fairly, Mr. Storm. But you're very much mistaken if you believe you can keep from me facts which I'm entitled to know. I don't care what your motive is! If you've been intimidated, if you feel you need protection, I'm prepared to give it."

Jack was too staggered to interrupt. Standish rose from his chair—and with his next words suddenly all was clear.

"I demand to know what occurred this afternoon in Franklin Elliott's office!"

Jack repeated precisely the words of our talk with Franklin Elliott and explained as best he could the impulse which had conveyed us to the lawyer's office. He ex-



plained to a man who listened, but who plainly didn't believe a word he said. Standish's attitude became apparent when he departed, for Lester Harkway stayed. There was no explanation; the young policeman simply stayed.

The inquest was to be held on Thursday, and our understanding was that we were to be kept in "protective custody" at least until the verdict had been handed down. It was an awkward situation and one which I resented. No one likes being under guard, and I like it less than most, although I must confess that Harkway did his best to be unobtrusive. He even tried to be of service around the house. In the morning he neatly made his bed and offered to help me with the dishes. He spent considerable time at the telephone. He always closed the door, but I gathered that the investigation was in full cry and that Standish was out of town.

THURSDAY came at last, a bright clear day, a day of blue skies and white drifting clouds. In Connecticut an inquest is always held in private—decently, behind closed doors. Jack, I knew, would be the leading witness, and I was very grateful that the ordeal would take place in private. What I didn't take into my calculations was human nature, and I wasn't prepared for those crowds who poured into Crockford merely on the chance of glimpsing the actors in a tragedy.

Harkway, Jack and I drove down town together. Long before we reached Town Hall, we had to abandon the car and walk. Sidewalks and streets alike were jammed with sensation seekers.

It was ten past two when we battled our way into Town Hall. The hearing was to be held in the courtroom upstairs, and the jury, chosen that morning, was already closeted there with Dr. Rand, who, as coroner, was presiding. After the uproar outside, the lower floor seemed queerly quiet and empty. The room where the witnesses were to wait their turns to testify seemed also very quiet, although two people were sitting there. Dennis Clark, the grocery boy, was seated near the door. He wore a brand-new suit, and he looked small, subdued and nervous. Beyond him, in a far corner of the room, sat a wan, colorless woman whom I did not immediately identify. Her head was bent and she was keeping silently into a crumpled handkerchief.

"Darnley's secretary," whispered Harkway. "Name's Anita Willetts. She's come to confirm the identification."

I remembered then the stricken woman I had seen in Franklyn Elliott's office. I said, "Where's Elliott?"

"He sent word this morning he was ill. Miss Willetts came instead."

"I thought Elliott had to come."

"No," Harkway said slowly. "No. At this stage he has a legal right to refuse to leave New York. A coroner's inquest is not a trial."

Trial or not, Jack and I were there and I bitterly resented Franklyn Elliott's absence. I fancied Harkway also resented it, though discretion kept him quiet. Jack and I sat down and Harkway tiptoed off upstairs.

"I'll get a line," he said, "on what's going on."

"You," said Jack suddenly to me, "are the greenest-looking woman I ever saw. Go over and get yourself a drink of water. And say to yourself as you go, 'The Storms may be down, but hang on if they'll ever admit it.'"

I went past Dennis Clark to the water

cooler. Anita Willetts didn't look up from her chair, but wept steadily on. I saw her fumble for another handkerchief, and I put mine in her hand. She looked up then from reddened, swollen eyes, hesitated, and finally took the handkerchief.

I drew a glass of water and drank it slowly. "You're Lola Storm, aren't you?" said Anita Willetts, presently. A certain awkwardness in her tone made me nod and turn at once to leave. She did something which surprised me. She leaned out and patted my hand. "Sit down, my dear. You needn't leave. I feel quite sure you and your husband didn't murder Mr. Darnley."

She had obviously adored the dead man, and I was deeply touched. I was disconcerted when she added shrewdly, "If you'd wanted to kill him, you had only to drive him on to your cottage. Or so it seems to me." She must have seen me flush, for she added, "I don't mean to be offensive, but it was odd, your picking him up. But then—" and again her eyes overflowed. "—Mr. Darnley had been acting so oddly I can't help believing your story is true. In a way I feel responsible for the dreadful thing that happened to him."

"You feel responsible?"

"Because of that money he carried in his bag," said Miss Willetts, evidently grateful for a chance to unburden her mind. "I got that money for him, Mrs. Storm. Every noon hour for two weeks I cashed cheques for him at his various banks. I used to feel extremely nervous coming back to the office with several thousand dollars in my purse, and Mr. Darnley made me nervous by his attitude. He warned me to tell no one about the money, particularly I wasn't to let anything slip to Mr. Elliott. I thought it was all wrong then, and that last day when he told me he was making a trip, and started off to the train with those two bags, well, I think I knew he would never come back."

"You saw him start to the train," I said excitedly. "You knew he was coming to Crockford?"

"No, Mrs. Storm. He told me he was going to Chicago."

She had little more to add. She had been shocked, perplexed and bewildered by the whole affair.

Presently she was called upstairs to testify. Dennis Clark followed her. It was four o'clock when Lester Harkway appeared at the door and said, "Well, Mr. Storm, it's your turn next."

Jack took a long breath and rose. I rose, too. I knew it wasn't exactly legal, my going to the court room while Jack testified, but I didn't expect to yield the point without a battle. None was necessary. Harkway conveniently looked away when we reached the proper door, and I slipped in. The policeman even found an inconspicuous chair for me, and though Dr. Rand, who was presiding from a raised bench which overlooked the room, certainly saw me, he gravely pretended not to.

I stared hard at the members of the jury. I was prejudiced perhaps, but I didn't like their looks. Jack was sworn immediately.

When Jack began to speak I relaxed. He talked to Dr. Rand as simply and naturally as though the two of them had been alone, and I knew his manner had its effect upon the jury. I watched them.

"He's going over great," Harkway whispered.

His tone seemed abstracted, and I noticed that his eyes were fixed upon a door set in the wall near the jury box. "What's that?" I whispered.

"The jury room. I've closed that door twice already. It keeps coming open."

He rose, tiptoed past the jury, closed the door again and leaned there against the

wall. From the witness chair Jack said: "My only connection with Hiram Darnley came through Luella Coatesnash. I believed at the time I met him and I believe now that she sent him to me."

"Wait a minute before going on," said Dr. Rand. "I want to put this cablegram in evidence." Whereupon he read out the following message, received the day before from Paris: "I did not request Hiram Darnley to telephone the Storms or to go to Crockford. I cannot understand his actions or his use of the name Elmer Lewis. I have not communicated with Darnley since leaving America. Luella Coatesnash."

Jack turned white. "That cablegram," he said, "is a lie. A palpable, unmitigated lie! I have some rights here, and I insist . . ."

"Control yourself," began Dr. Rand. "You're out of order, you must . . ."

He, too, broke off. The members of the jury were surging to their feet. There was a violent commotion near the box, and at first I couldn't see what was happening. Then I saw. The door to the room beyond was open, and Harkway had seized and was struggling with someone who had been crouched at the keyhole, listening there. It was a woman. One arm shielded her face from view, and then she dropped her arm, ceased struggling, and I saw her clearly.

It was Annabelle Bayne.

There was a stunned silence. Then, in cold fury, Dr. Rand rose from the bench. "What were you doing in the jury room?"

Annabelle Bayne pushed back the hair from her face. "Eavesdropping," she said clearly. "What do you suppose?" Before, in his outraged astonishment, he could speak she whirled on Jack. "You! Listen, you! I wanted to see how far you'd go in blackening the character of a very old woman who isn't present to defend herself. That, my fine lad, is a pretty low way to defend yourself from a charge of murder."

If I ever saw outright hatred in a human being's eyes, I saw it in the eyes of Annabelle Bayne as she looked at Jack.

Annabelle Bayne turned on her heel and started to walk quickly from the courtroom. I've never seen an angrier man than Dr. Rand. "Come back here!" he shouted from the bench. "You're by no means finished with this court."

For a moment I think she meant to defy the order, but I suppose his tone alarmed her, for she turned around, came back and quietly sat down. She seemed perfectly self-possessed, and as Jack resumed his testimony she even smiled to herself. An odd, contained and scornful little smile it was.

A moment later Jack stepped down. He had finished his story in an aura of anticlimax. The jury was inattentive and uninterested. Jack's future and mine were at stake, but the jurymen were watching Annabelle Bayne.

"Now, Miss Bayne," said Dr. Rand, "you will kindly take the stand."

The coffee-colored hat went up, the strange eyes flashed, and for a second time I fancy she considered open defiance. She thought better of it, rose and sauntered slowly forward.

"This is quite beyond me," she said, as she languidly took the oath. "I know nothing about this case."

"You know why you hid in the jury room. That's a serious offence. Explain it!"

"I've told you what I was doing there," she said sullenly. "Luella Coatesnash is a friend of mine, an old, very dear friend, and I was determined to hear what was being said behind her back. What that man—" she looked hard at Jack "—was



mying. I've heard of the rumors and lies he's been spreading. And I've resented them. Luella Coatesnash scarcely knew Hiram Darnley. He might have been her lawyer, but she hardly ever saw him, and she had no conception of his character."

The jury overlooked the significance of her statement. Aggravated by her manner, Dr. Rand did not. His voice gained a quick, new interest.

"Will you please explain that?"

I thought the witness looked frightened. "Explain what? What is there to explain?"

"Were you acquainted with Darnley? Did you know him well?"

"I did not!"

"You have inferred you were more familiar with his character than Mrs. Coatesnash was. How does that happen?"

"Oh, I see." She touched the handkerchief to her lips, glanced up brightly. "I see what you mean. Darnley visited Mrs. Coatesnash here in Crockford many years ago. I met him in a casual way, and took a strong dislike to him. Although Mrs. Coatesnash trusted him implicitly, I considered him cold, disagreeable and stupid, for all his reputation as a brilliant lawyer."

"Then you did know him!"

"If you choose to call it that. I saw him only twice."

"When was this?"

Annabelle Bayne said slowly, "Many years ago. In June of 1920, Jane Coatesnash was buried that month, you may remember. Mr. Darnley came to Crockford for the funeral."

Suddenly, Harkway, who was listening closely, walked to the coroner's bench, leaned over and whispered something to Dr. Rand. The coroner started. He turned to Annabelle Bayne and said sharply:

"Did you see Hiram Darnley's body while it lay in the undertaking parlors here?"

She began a glib denial. Her clear brown eyes met my eyes—and then, I suppose, she remembered. She was, for a moment, shaken, definitely alarmed. Her voice faltered, recovered.

"Yes, I did see the body. It had almost slipped my mind. I dropped into Brownlee's Saturday afternoon on my way home from town."

A dead silence fell. She appeared not to notice. Her restless hands lay still; her chin rose at its proud, nasal tilt. The coroner spoke gravely.

"Hiram Darnley was not identified until Monday morning. Why didn't you go to the police and identify him on Saturday?"

"I couldn't identify him."

"You couldn't?"

"I didn't recognise him," she said rapidly. "I hadn't seen the man in fifteen years. His appearance was not memorable or striking. I wouldn't have known him from Adam if I had met him walking down the street."

I knew she lied.

The inquest developed nothing further. At five o'clock the members of the jury retired. Their deliberations were mercifully short. At twenty minutes past the hour Jack and I heard the only verdict which the evidence would allow. Hiram Darnley had met his death at the hands of a person or persons unknown.

Harkway accompanied Jack and me to supper at the Tally-ho Inn, a guest this time and not a guard. We talked about the inquest. We talked about Annabelle Bayne.

"Why," said Jack, "has she such a vigorous dislike of me, and why is she shouting so loudly in defence of Mrs. Coatesnash?"

Why, for that matter, should the two be friends? Offhand, I'd say they were poles apart."

The policeman gave us a curious glance. "Haven't you heard about Jane Coatesnash? Annabelle Bayne was her chum. After the girl's death, she and the mother became very close. In a way, it's an odd relationship."

He then proceeded to tell us all he knew of the tragedy which had blasted Mrs. Coatesnash's life. The story, still whispered about the village, was singular, to say the least.

Fifteen years before, Jane Coatesnash, then a student at Mather College for Women (located high in the Berkshires), had left the college on a shopping trip. It was her nineteenth birthday. Wearing an expensive fur coat, a gift from her mother, she had started to town to buy a matching hat and gloves. Thereafter she had been seen no more.

"The girl vanished," said Harkway. "She vanished like a puff of smoke."

After twenty-four hours of what he termed criminal delay, the college authorities telephoned Mrs. Coatesnash. She went immediately to Mather, accompanied by Annabelle Bayne. A frenzied private investigation followed; detectives buzzed up and down the streets of the sleepy little town; thousands of dollars poured into the search. Three days later the story of the missing heiress appeared in every newspaper in the United States. Police of forty-eight States were on the look-out for a brown-eyed girl in saffies. Scores of amateur sleuths participated in the public hullabaloo, lured on by the hope of a twenty-five-thousand-dollar reward.

Harkway drained the dregs of his coffee. "No one ever collected the cash. It was posted for months."

"Did they ever find her?"

"She was drowned. Jane Coatesnash disappeared in February. Five months later, in June, a couple of fishermen picked up her body in the Connecticut River."

Jack said, "Murder? Suicide. Accident?"

Harkway spread his hands. "The body had been weeks in the water. You couldn't tell what had happened. The police followed the usual routine, and wrote it off as accidental death."

"In that case how could they be sure of the identification?"

"The local dentist identified the body from work he had done on the teeth. There was a bracelet, too, as I recall it, a bracelet that had belonged to the Coatesnash girl. She was drowned, all right. Everyone was satisfied on that count—everyone except the mother."

Jack looked a quick question.

"Hope dies hard," said the policeman. "People are likely to believe what they want to believe. Also there was one queer angle. The fur coat wasn't found. Mrs. Coatesnash did everything to trace the coat; you can find advertisements requesting information in newspapers, a few years back. Nothing ever came of them; nothing could. But I hear Mrs. Coatesnash, as she got older, went a little potty on the subject. Local people will tell you that she expects to see her daughter coming around any corner, looking just as she looked fifteen years ago." Harkway folded his napkin. "I'm not acquainted with the old woman myself, but that sounds exaggerated to me."

The sad little story had reached its sad conclusion. Harkway had no other information, and presently he left us.

Jack and I lingered in the dining-room, talking, speculating, trying to fit together

the murder of Hiram Darnley and the fifteen-year-old tragedy. Why we should have believed there was a connection, I do not know. But we did believe it and our instinct was correct, although the link eluded us for days.

Many times Jack and I have driven past the village burial ground, a calm and lovely place on a wooded hill. We had often planned to examine the quaint old-fashioned stones; that night, for the first time, we walked through the scrolled iron gates. A white moon shone upon the city of the dead, and silvered brief, graven photographs which perpetuated the memory of forgotten lives. We discovered the plot we sought, paused before a mausoleum of grey granite that bore the Coatesnash name. Luella's husband lay inside. Beside the mausoleum, a slender marble shaft pointed like a finger toward the sky. There was no name on the shaft, simply the engraved inscription:

"Sacred to the Memory of My Only Child."

Silently we returned to the car.

Jack proposed the beach road home. It was longer, but on a moonlit night enchanting. The opening of the Crockford summer season was still weeks away, and the neighborhood which would ring with music and with laughter was dark and silent, touched with beauty and a kind of piercing melancholy. The only lights for blocks twinkled from the windows of an old stone house, obviously built years before the plague of country clubs, and summer cottages transformed the shores of Long Island Sound. Set upon a natural rise, surrounded by extensive grounds, it commanded the deserted landscape.

Jack was driving casually and he barely missed a small car without a tail-light, parked beside the road. He cursed, jammed on his brakes. I grabbed his arm.

"Who's that?"

"Don't do that, Lola!"

"Look, Jack, look!"

Jack looked. A short stout man, burdened by a bag, was walking ahead of us along the beach. It was impossible to recognise him from the distance, but he seemed familiar. Jack got out of the car. I got out.

The man ahead turned into the grounds of the stone house. We crept closer, watched him stroll up a wooden sidewalk, mount steps, knock. Annabelle Bayne opened the door. We saw her clearly as light gushed forth from inside. We identified her guest.

It was Franklyn Elliott.

HAND in hand, with instinctive caution, Jack and I moved away from the lighted dwelling.

After pleading illness as an excuse to avoid the coroner's inquest, Franklyn Elliott had come openly to Crockford.

We approached our car. Jack paused beside the other car—a yellow roadster—looked into the empty seat, lighted a match, stooped to examine the licence plates.

"New York plates, Lola. This must be Elliott's car. He probably drove up from town this afternoon. Sure, it's his car. His initials are on the door."

By this time I had had my fill of sleuthing. Franklyn, I didn't wish to encounter Franklyn Elliott, particularly in this vicinity. When Jack proposed that we drive on a distance, stop and wait for him, I declined at once, but eventually Jack wore me down.

A sheltered spot a little off the road and well known to Crockford swains lay near by. The night was clear but cold; we had the place to ourselves. Jack switched off



the lights, and silently we settled down to wait. Perhaps half an hour later the yellow roadster shot past towards the village.

We started in pursuit. There was little traffic; we easily kept the car in sight. Elliott drove at high speed; Jack kept fairly close behind. Soon we found ourselves in the centre of the drowsing village.

The advance car pulled abruptly to the kerb, directly in front of the Tally-ho Inn. We parked across the street. It was past eleven. The restaurant was long closed. The adjoining lobby, revealed by plate-glass windows, was empty except for the yawning clerk.

Franklyn Elliott alighted from his car, removed two bags and walked boldly into the hotel. He crossed the wide, old-fashioned lobby, approached the desk. The clerk roused. The clerk was Bill Tevis, a perennial college boy, who attended school one semester and worked at the Tally-ho Inn the next. He and Elliott held a short conversation. Both men stepped into the clerk's office. Presently Elliott emerged, started up a broad stairway leading to the rooms, clumped out of sight.

Bill Tevis came outside and got into the yellow roadster. Jack crossed the street.

"Hi, Bill! Where you going?"

A little surprised, Bill answered readily.

"To the Inn garage. I'm putting up the car for a guest."

"Look here, old man. Do you know who your guest is?"

"Sure," said Bill. "What's it to you?"

Jack hesitated. "I've been parked across the street looking in. I noticed something peculiar. That man didn't register."

Bill would have driven off at once, but Jack said quickly. "You weren't born yesterday. It's against the law to assign people rooms unless they register, and you know it is. You can't convince me Franklyn Elliott registered. I was watching."

The college-boy clerk became defiant. "He took my room. So he's my personal guest, not a hotel guest. What's against the law about that?"

Jack shrugged. "Standish might not be keen about the arrangement if he learned about it."

Bill turned sulky. "Go ahead and be a heel. Run to the cops if you want to."

"I don't want to," Jack said slowly. "and I won't. I'd hate to get you into trouble. But why did you agree to such a queer arrangement?"

Bill snapped on the ignition. "I like my job, that's why. Mrs. Coatesnash owns the Tally-ho Inn, in case you're interested. And Elliott's her lawyer."

Jack was baffled. "Didn't Elliott explain?"

"He said he didn't want police to find out he was here until to-morrow. Else they might think it funny he didn't show up for the inquest. He said he was here on private business."

Which was all we could gather from Bill Tevis.

More mystified than ever at the end of the crowded day, we went home and to bed.

It was seven days after the murder, and we were completely up in the air. Our theories were non-existent. Our brains were added. We turned to tangibilities.

Two people provoked our attention. They were Annabelle Bayne and Franklyn Elliott. We suspected both the lawyer and the lady of possessing knowledge which might aid us materially in a better understanding of the case.

The following morning I collected some scattered newspapers and carried them to the kitchen kindling box. Unannounced, Silas shambled up from the cellar. As usual, his errand was financial. For the sake of

my peace of mind, we were keeping Reuben at the cottage. The stipend to Silas was twenty-five cents per day; he now thought fifty more equitable.

"You agreed to twenty-five."

"I can't help it, Mrs. Storm. I'd really like the dog myself. It's lonesome at the Lodge. Specially nights."

The murder had affected him to a surprising degree, and his cowardice infuriated me. He jumped at shadows and refused to enter the cellar until, to the ruin of electric bills, we left burning there a permanent light.

We haggled over Reuben's price, settled finally at thirty-five cents a day, with the privilege to Silas of breaking the bargain whenever he chose. He went off, doubtful and dissatisfied.

I washed the dishes, tidied the house and took the expensive Reuben for a walk. At four o'clock the dog and I were engaged in a game of ball when a smart car rolled suavely into our driveway. I turned around to look at it. Annabelle Bayne alighted and walked slowly across the lawn. I dropped the ball, stood, stared. She reached my side, laughed a little nervously, but was otherwise composed.

"Please let me say my piece before you order me off the place. I've come to say I'm sorry for what happened yesterday. I—well—let's say I was mistaken. Will you forgive me?"

I simply couldn't find my voice. Jack emerged from the cottage, stared as I had stared, and then she was upon him repeating the same astonishing apologies. She had hated him yesterday, but to-day it seemed she wanted to be his friend. Jack recovered himself sufficiently to remember what I had forgotten—that we desired a talk with Annabelle Bayne. He invited her into the house. She went eagerly.

"Such a darling place," she murmured. "Mrs. Storm, you have perfect taste."

"Mrs. Coatesnash," I said shortly, "is responsible for the taste. We rent the cottage furnished."

"Now you're being modest. You've moved the couch and changed those chairs." Her bright eyes darted to the walls. "And you've taken down the dreadful portraits. Uncle Will and Aunt Maria and Cousin Heaven-Knows-Who. I wonder what became of them."

"I think they're in the attic," said I.

"Have you been here before?"

"Often. As a child I almost lived here, played here every day. Would you mind too much if I went through the house?"

Taking permission for granted, she linked an arm through mine and we began the tour. Her eyes flashed everywhere. She saw the attic; she found the battered trunks; she saw the cellar and pointed out the broken tea-pot which she and the long-dead Jane had used for tea.

She sighed. "What fun we had! Those days were the happiest of my life."

Last we went into the bedroom. Annabelle had no associations here; at any rate, she mentioned none. Still she seemed loath to leave. She spoke of the curtains, the rugs, the furnishings. She covertly examined the doors. She approached the closet.

Re-entering the living-room, she settled gracefully in an easy chair. Jack and I exchanged a glance of deep perplexity. Annabelle was clever, but so were we. If she had hoped to convince us that her call was merely friendly, she had failed. What did she want of Jack and Lola Storm?

She finally told us. "You're in a jam, I am, too. Since—" she smiled faintly—"since that foolish exhibition yesterday, I've

had plenty of policemen in my hair. I'm a selfish beast, and my own troubles probably made me think of yours." She laughed. "Made me realise that since I was innocent, so could you be. There's human nature for you! Anyhow, I thought this. Standish is nothing but a stupid, routine village policeman. Harkway is very little better. Between them they'll never solve the case. But the three of us—if we pooled our resources—might solve it."

The words were smoothly spoken, and entirely unconvincing. Jack said dryly.

"Where do you propose we begin?"

She had her idea ready. "First, you must dismiss Luella Coatesnash from your mind. Whatever you were told by telephone, it's absurd to imagine she had anything to do with Darnley's coming here. I know. Although Mrs. Coatesnash was fond of Hiram Darnley, she was on purely formal terms with him, had been for many years. I doubt she's talked to him a full ten minutes since those days at Mather."

"Mather? Was Hiram Darnley present during the search for Mrs. Coatesnash's daughter?"

"Indeed, yes. He spent days there, hardly ate or slept, did all that was possible, and more, too. I say it, who disliked him. Afterwards Mrs. Coatesnash felt eternally grateful."

"Weren't you," Jack said carefully, "in Mather at that time?"

"Yes, of course. I stayed until we gave up hope."

"Then how does it happen you told Dr. Rand you had seen Darnley only here in Crockford?"

"I lied," said Annabelle Bayne, without an instant's hesitation.

"Suppose," said Jack, and gave her a level look, "we do drop Mrs. Coatesnash from our present calculations. Must we also drop Franklyn Elliott?"

"Elliott? Oh, you mean Darnley's partner. The straight brows drew together. "I hadn't thought of him at all. Surely you don't suspect . . ."

"What," said Jack. "Is he doing here in Crockford?"

"Here in Crockford!" The brows went up the full month framed in astonished circle. "Is he in Crockford? I understood he was too ill to leave New York."

Apparently Annabelle Bayne had decided the time had come once more to lie and save herself a little trouble.

Shortly afterwards, innocent that we had trapped her in deception, still chattering volubly, she left. We followed her outside. Silas crossed the yard, bound on his evening trip to the furnace. She stopped him to request that he appear at Bayne Place to clip her privet hedges. Besides her smart, low-slung car the four of us stood together in the thickening dusk.

Darkness was falling almost visibly, blotting out the fields and trees. I happened to glance up the hill towards the Coatesnash mansion. I squinted. It seemed to me I had seen light flicker behind one of the upper-story windows.

"Silas," I said, "did Mrs. Coatesnash leave you keys of the big house?"

He started. "No, ma'am. She said she didn't want me poking in her things. The house is locked up."

"Then," I said, "someone has broken in. I just saw a light on the third floor."

The darkness blurred Annabelle Bayne's expression. Her voice was cool and unexcited.

"It's only a reflection," said the woman indifferently, and the hired man bobbed his head in vigorous agreement.

"No one could get into the house, Mrs. Storm."



"Why should anyone want to?" queried Annabelle.

Whereupon she stepped into her car and drove off towards Crockford. Silas, too, shuffled away. Jack and I lingered in the yard. The light did not reappear.

The ringing telephone summoned us inside. Dennis Clark was on the wire. The grocery boy had telephoned reluctantly and admitted it. On the way to the cottage, Annabelle Bayne, he said, had stopped in the grocery store. At first, she made an attempt to conceal her mission, eventually revealed it.

"She tried to find out," said Dennis Clark's thin, troubled voice, "how much you owed the store. We wouldn't say, but she went on to the drug store and asked there, too. Don't tell my boss I told you. I promised not to, but I thought you had a right to know."

Jack and I regarded each other in mingled wonder and aggravation. Annabelle Bayne's curiosity had mounted to amazing heights. Evidently she was anxious to learn just how great was our need of money.

I said to Jack:

"Perhaps she wanted to know if we could use a certain sum of money—say, 100,000 dollars."

Late in the evening Jack and I decided to trespass upon our landlady's grounds. It was an imprudent decision, but we had arrived at a state where action seemed essential. The light which had shone briefly and mysteriously in the deserted dwelling was a powerful lure.

Silently we mounted Strawberry Hill, taking the short cut through the rocky pasture. Jack used a flashlight sparingly. The path familiar in the daytime presented unexpected ruts and turnings, and long vistas of inky blackness that were, I must admit, dampening. We almost ran into the Lodge. Reuben emitted a sip of pleasure, which I stifled instantly. We waited. Silas slept on, undisturbed.

Softly calling the dog to follow, we crept ahead, past the vegetable garden, past the grape arbor to the rear of the mansion. At the irregular patch of dead lawn, where on sunny days Mrs. Cotesmash had walked with Ivan, we brought up sharply. One by one Jack illuminated the third-story windows of the big white house. A close inspection disclosed one unshuttered window at the extreme left. Narrow and uncurtained. Jack spoke in a whisper.

"Is that where you saw the light? Could you place it?"

"I think that's right."

"Wait here."

He tiptoed to the rear doors—there were three—separately examined each. He rattled the knobs, causing my heart to beat uncomfortably. He returned to report rear doors and windows locked and apparently impregnable.

"Two of the doors wouldn't budge a fraction of an inch. I believe they're barred from the inside. The basement door he's barred, but it's sure locked."

"You made a lot of noise," I said nervously. "Someone might be inside and have a perfect right there. We don't know Mrs. Cotesmash didn't lend her keys."

By this time the whole expedition had begun to seem both impertinent and pointless. I protested. I wanted to go home, I said so. We went around to the front of the house. Thick boards covered the two front doors, shutters cloaked the first floor windows. Nothing suggested illegal tampering. Leaves choked the walks and porches, maple seed wings littered the steps. Relieved by non-success, I con-

cluded that the mysterious light had a natural, innocent—if elusive—answer.

Past an elaborate rock garden an untidy gravelled path twisted to the main road which bent around the hill to join our own road. In our vocabulary this route was termed "the long way home." I started toward the gates. Disappointed, Jack turned to follow. His flashlight made a great arc as it traversed the steep slope of the garden.

I gasped and stopped on the path. Beside me Jack stood rigid. In the daytime we would have missed what we now saw clearly—an oblong patch of earth in the garden, black and freshly dug. A patch vivid in the flashlight's glare, standing forth from the intense surrounding darkness, a patch of queer shape and size—about four feet in width and six feet in length. Although the earth had been skillfully roughened, it resembled unmistakably a level grave.

An owl shrieked nearby. Reuben bristled and I felt my hair rise on end. Jack dropped his flashlight. He sheepishly picked it up, scrambled over the rocks, knelt and thrust out his hand. His whisper was piercing.

"The ground is soft. Something is buried here," he swiftly returned to me. "You stay here with Reuben. I'll need a spade."

I clutched at him hysterically. "What are you going to do?"

I mean to find out what's buried there."

In the end, his vehemence conquered me—though there was one thing I refused to do. I would not remain alone in the rock garden.

For a curious reason, Reuben stayed. As we turned to go his head went up, he sniffed the air, barked and bolted into the leafless laurel bushes. I felt a thrill of icy fear.

"What's there?"

Jack was impatient. "A woodchuck probably. Come on."

"Reuben," I called. "Reuben."

"Let him catch his woodchuck. Come, Lola, let's get this done."

With an odd reluctance, which I laid to the happenings of the evening, I obeyed.

I do not like to think about the return trip to the cottage—the stumbling along the road, the protracted hunt for a spade after our arrival, the darkness and the quiet. Once or twice I fancied I heard the distant barking of a dog. Five minutes later when we hurriedly retraced our steps through the pasture, I was sure of it.

"It's Reuben, Jack."

"He's got the woodchuck."

"It doesn't sound like that."

As I spoke the barking rose to frenzy, became a yelp of anguish, subsided to a moan—to nothingness. Jack broke into a run. Half a minute carried him past the Lodge. He shot through the grape arbor, circled Hullop House to the right, disappeared.

Reuben lay in the rock garden. Kicked into unconsciousness, bloody and pathetic, the dog sprawled beside a wide, shallow, gaping hole. The excavation revealed every sign of haste. Clods and mounds of dirt were scattered in four directions; swift, deep shovel bites were visible. Also visible were smeared footprints.

Kneeling beside the dog, Jack looked up dully. "Rotten luck beat us, Lola. I ran around the house the wrong way."

In explanation, he turned his flashlight upon the gaping hole in the garden. From the excavation, leading across the grass, blurred marks showed where something long and heavy had been dragged away.

These marks led directly to the left and toward the house, vanishing in the gloom of the trees.

With Reuben wrapped in my coat, we started again for home. The marks on the brittle grass stopped abruptly at the cellar door. The door was closed. Jack tried the knob. His fingers touched a key in the lock.

Immediately, unhesitatingly he turned the key and entered the cellar of the Cotesmash house. He collided with an ash can, pushed past, strode to the furnace, pried it open, peered inside. A film of ancient ashes rose chokingly. His instant hunch had failed. There was nothing there.

Leaving the injured dog near the door, I joined him. He put his mouth to my ear.

"Let's go upstairs."

We gained the first floor, paused at the entrance of the cavernous drawing-room, where long ago we had sat at tea. Luella Cotesmash's personality lingered like a vapor there. I seemed to hear the tapping of her cane, to smell again her cloying lavender scent, to see the diamonds on her hands and the splitting taffeta of her gown.

Jack pulled me on. He paused at the flight of stairs which climbed to the upper floors. His quick, excited breath stirred my hair.

"We may find what we're hunting in the third-floor room."

Setting my teeth, I started up the stairs. The journey was less difficult than I anticipated. The curving banister was reassuringly solid, the carpets were thick. In absolute silence we moved upward. We easily located the room with the unshuttered window. At the corridor end, a door stood ajar.

We crossed the threshold. Jack snapped on his flash and I looked around a cheerless storeroom. Dusty trunks, bags, boxes, broken furniture jammed the place. Blinking, I surveyed the decidedly unmysterious surroundings and turned to speak. With a report that resounded throughout the house, the door banged shut and something bounced on the floor. Severely shocked, I didn't realise what had happened.

"Lola!"

"It's all right. I bumped the door."

"The knob's come off."

"It's here on the floor."

I picked up the china knob and handed it to Jack. He stepped to the door. A moment passed. I said nervously, "Well, why don't you put it back?"

"I'm afraid I can't," Jack's voice was queer. "The outside knob and the shank fell through on the other side. You've locked us in."

The single window offered the only other egress from the room. After minutes of frantic, futile labor, Jack pushed up the window and poked his head into the raw spring night. He doubtfully examined the overhanging gutter.

"Do you think you can make it to the roof, Lola?"

I looked out and up, and firmly declined to try.

"If I went first and pulled you up . . ."

"I prefer staying here."

With a sinking heart I saw Jack go cut the window. Half standing half sitting, he attempted to draw himself to the roof. He is a strong and acrobatic man, but the gutter was old and rusty. A piece tore away, he grasped air and for one dreadful moment I thought he would plunge to the ground below. I insisted that he abandon the effort. He refused. He tried again with me clinging desperately to his knees, wondering how long I could support his weight if he should slip,



This time the gutter held, and in some miraculous fashion he got to the roof. Leaning over the edge, he whispered a few final encouraging words and vanished.

For a while I remained beside the window, too terrified to move. Jack had left me the flashlight and the wrench.

The room was bitterly cold. I tiptoed to the couch, pulled its faded coverlet across my knees. Fumbling in my coat I pulled out a squashed pack and lighted a cigarette. I flipped the match to the floor. As I bent to extinguish it, my hand touched leather. Tucked underneath the couch were two travelling-bags, brand new and thick with dust. Both were initialed L.T.

How long I sat staring at the bags I cannot say. L.T. must stand for Laura Twining. But what were her bags doing here? Why hadn't she taken them to Europe? The very questions were disquieting.

I pulled out the bags, snapped the locks. My perplexity and uneasiness intensified. Both bags were neatly packed, just as Laura Twining would have packed them. Stout shoes wrapped in tissue paper, cotton stockings wound in careful balls, a crepe kimono folded across a hanger. The bags contained every garment I had seen the spinster wear: the bottle-green foulard so peculiarly unbecoming, the black poplin used for every day, the darning housewives, the shapeless raccoon coat, the purple velvet hat. Laura Twining had planned to take the bags. A waterproof toilet-case provided with fresh toothpaste, a tin of talcum, a bar of jacketed soap insisted that she had. Why not, then? I recalled the orderly workings of her mind. That she could have forgotten her luggage seemed beyond belief.

I began automatically to repack the bags. I stopped suddenly. Someone was moving in the hall outside. I tried to pull myself together. It must be Jack, come back into the house for me. But I hadn't thought he would be so soon. I went to the door.

"Jack," I whispered, "Jack."

There was no answer. The footsteps ceased, and all was quiet. Someone lurked beyond the door, motionless, listening, waiting for me further to betray myself.

Footsteps, regular, unhurried, came into the store room, crossed to the couch. The thick darkness kept its secret well. I could see nothing. The couch coverlet rustled; leather scraped on wood. A pause, long and ominous. Then the unhurried footsteps returned to the door, again paused. I prepared for the end. Whoever had entered the room knew that I, or that some person was also there. I opened my mouth to scream, made no sound.

The door began to close, slowly and deliberately as it had opened. Fantasticly, in the darkness, I heard a low soft chuckle. The door shut smartly; the shank was swiftly withdrawn, and was dropped to the floor on the other side. I heard it fall.

Three minutes that were like hours dragged by. Certain my visitor would not return, I tottered to the couch, found the flashlight. Laura Twining's bags were gone. I was alone and imprisoned once more.

Gravel pattered at the window-pane behind me. A sharp, small noise like the rattle of broken beads. I tottered to the window. Jack stood on the ground below. His coat was torn, his cheek was bleeding, but to me he looked very nearly perfect. Then to my consternation he called in loud and cheerful tones:

"I'm alive and whole. I had a devil of a time getting down that arbor, and . . ."

I leaned out into the night. "For heaven's sake be quiet. Something dreadful's happened."

I heard him gasp, but he asked no questions. "I'll be there in a minute."

A little later his footfall sounded in the corridor beyond the store room. Once more the steel shank alighted through the door, once more the knob was turned and the door was opened. This time, though, I felt the blessed clasp of Jack's arms, the warmth of his kiss on my lips. I tried incoherently to talk and I know that I wept from sheer relief.

We ran most of the way to the cottage, stumbling along in the dark. Jack with Reuben nestled under his coat. Under the cheerful light of the living-room lamps it became evident that Reuben was less seriously injured than we had thought. But the little dog was bruised and bloody, and my rage at his condition was a tonic to my nerves. While Jack bustled himself with iodine and bandages, and I grew angrier every minute and less afraid, I got my story fully told.

"I think," said Jack, "I know what he looks like. And both of us know why he ran such a desperate risk to get those bags." Jack was silent for a long time. "You must have noticed how warm it was on our second trip through the cellar. While we were trapped in the store room, Lola, something was being burned downstairs. Burned in a hot quick fire. I examined the furnace when I went back for Reuben. It was still warm. I found this in the ashes."

From his pocket Jack removed a tiny, charred object. It was a splinter of bone, very narrow, about three inches long—a fragment broken from a larger section. We stared at each other. Our eyes asked questions with implications almost too terrible to put into words.

Jack said: "You're certain you saw Laura's passport?"

"Positive." Suddenly I found myself near tears.

Jack took my hand, and held it hard. "It's a ghastly thing to think about, but there it is. Laura Twining has been murdered. Lola, Ghastler still, I'm convinced I know who's back of it."

I only looked at him.

"In all her many talks with the French police," Jack said carefully, "Mrs. Coatesnash has consistently omitted one important fact—the fact that the woman who started to Europe with her never arrived there. That's significant, isn't it?"

The events which might have occupied that sunlit afternoon seemed clear enough, but I hit upon no motives. What motive had Mrs. Coatesnash for the murder of her companion? What motive had Silas?

I considered the relationship between Silas Elkins and Luella Coatesnash—the hired man's serf-like demeanor toward the lady, her bland acceptance of it. Assuming that Mrs. Coatesnash desired to hurry Laura Twining from the world, I was almost ready to assume that Silas could be bullied, persuaded or ordered into assisting the diabolic purpose. Almost—not quite.

What we learned at Hilltop House, what we had inferred, appeared to lead not toward, but away from the original mystery.

Luella Coatesnash was the single link between the dual mysteries. Hilltop House belonged to her; Darnley had been her legal representative; Laura had been her companion, her closest confidante.

Presently Jack roused from his own thoughts. "I've been busy trying to tie up Darnley and Laura. Maybe I've got somewhere. I don't know. I've been wondering if there might not have been a motive for Darnley's murder other than that money." He gave a short laugh. "I'll admit that Mrs. Coatesnash would hardly conspire to kill a man for money. The money which Darnley carried must fit in of course, but

if Mrs. Coatesnash had him murdered it must have been for another reason. I've thought of one good sound reason, and only one, why she might have wanted Hiram Darnley and Laura Twining out of the way."

"What is it?"

"Think it out yourself, Lola. Concentrate on Mrs. Coatesnash, on the kind of woman she is. How could you hit at her? How could you bring her to the point of murder?"

"You'll have to spell it out for me." I said slowly. "I less—" I hesitated—"unless you're thinking about her grand old family name."

Jack smiled his satisfaction. "That's it precisely. As I see it, you could hit at Luella only through her family, her infernal pride of race. Now let's go on from there. Suppose Laura Twining and Hiram Darnley shared a piece of information, a secret, a shameful secret that concerned the Coatesnash family. The honor of the family sounds unmodern, old-fashioned, but Luella doesn't live in a modern world. She belongs to the generation which cheerfully faced death before disgrace."

"Still . . ."

Jack waved aside the interruption. "Wait a minute, Luella learns those two know the secret. Maybe Laura and Darnley threaten her with it. She sees disgrace, a grand old family toppling in the mud; she can't bear the village knowing, snickering, whispering behind her back. She . . ." Suddenly Jack's eyes blazed. "The daughter, Lola! Jane—remember Jane. Remember the curious drowning? Darnley headed the search. Could he have learned something then, something about the girl, something kept quiet for years, but something hot enough to be news to-day in Crockford?"

"But where and how and when did Laura and Darnley meet? We have no knowledge they ever did. Laura came to Mrs. Coatesnash after Jane's death. Darnley hadn't been in Crockford since then until the other night. Or we don't know he had."

"Laura has been in New York."

"Darnley was a hard-headed business man. If he actually had a secret, why would he choose a chatterbox like Laura to confide in?"

"They may have discovered it simultaneously. The thing for us to do is to establish a friendship if we can. Find out how well they knew each other. Find out everything about them both."

Shortly afterwards Jack belatedly telephoned the police.

Standish could not be raised by repeated ringing, but eventually Jack roused Lester Harkway. The young policeman asked excited questions, and promised to leap into clothes and come out at once. As Jack replaced the telephone, the clock on the mantel struck four. Four long silvery notes. Someone began to pound at the cottage door.

I looked at the clock. I looked at Jack. He went quickly to the door, called out: "Who's there?" A moment later he returned with Dr. Rand. The physician was haggard and worn; his coat was a mass of wrinkles; his shoes were caked and muddy. He walked wearily, gratefully, to the fire.

"It's a lucky thing for me you artists and writers never go to bed. I saw your lights from the road and chanced your being up. Do I smell coffee?"

"Will you have some?"

"Will I? Two cups, if it's handy, no sugar, but I favor lots of cream. Also I'd like to borrow a gallon of petrol. My car ran out down the road a piece. Second time I've been caught in twenty years. Not bad



considering . . . but maybe after all we should have stuck to the horse."

He took a chair near the fire and yawned prodigiously. "Babies have a talent for selecting inconvenient hours to make a start in life. It's a wonder their mothers put up with it. I wonder I do myself." He rubbed his fingers through his skull-white hair.

I brought the coffee. He drank three cups instead of the threatened two.

The clock struck the half hour. The physician glanced at it. "Good Lord, is it that late? What were you kids doing up? Don't you ever go to bed?" He eyed Jack disapprovingly. "You were knocked unconscious less than a week ago. You should take care of yourself. You're looking pale around the gills."

"It's fortunate we didn't turn in to-night," Jack said at once. "We've covered a lot of valuable ground. Most of the credit is due to Lola, but between us we've practically worked out a theory for Hiram Darley's murder."

Immediately the physician lost interest. "After drinking your coffee and toasting my feet at your fire, I probably shouldn't criticize. However, one of the advantages of age, one of the few, is offering unsolicited advice. Polite young people feel obliged to listen. If I were you, young man, I'd pick something better to occupy my time." He sniffed. "The village is overrun with amateur detectives, poking and prying and chattering among themselves. Gosh, the lot of 'em! Why class yourself and your wife with a collection of morbid folk? You look normal. So does she."

Jack grinned. "Sure, I'm normal. So normal that I actively resent the possibility of being arrested for a murder I didn't commit."

"Bosh!"

Dr. Rand remembered his need of petrol. While Jack was siphoning a gallon from his car, Lester Harkway rode up to the cottage and joined the two men in the garage. Preferring to hear our story without an auditor, he restrained his questions.

"Good-morning, doc. You're out early." The physician chuckled at the "doc."

"The Storms have been good enough to entertain me a while. They're bright young people. Somewhat noisy, but then detective work takes noisiness. I should warn you they've gone in for sleuthing. If you don't solve your murder soon, they may beat you out of the glory."

He picked up the gasoline and plodded towards the road. Jack and Harkway watched him vanish in the distance, the tin bucket bobbing at his side.

Over coffee Harkway heard the story of our evening. Directly afterwards we started for the Coatesnash house. It was six o'clock.

Harkway had pocketed the key to the cellar door. We went there first. Quite undramatically the policeman thrust the key into the lock, twisted it. The lock grated, but did not budge. Again the lock grated. Harkway frowned.

"Sure this is the right key?"

"Certain. Here let me try it." Jack's knuckles whitened as he vainly exercised his force upon the key. His face looked queer. "It seems to stick."

"It doesn't," amended Harkway doubtfully, "appear to fit."

Jack was nervous and annoyed.

Harkway said slowly, "I believe the lock has been changed since you were here. Done pretty carefully, but if you look closely, you will see certain traces of the job." He moved his finger around the rusted circle.

Suddenly and definitely I hit upon the origin of the second lock. A recollection of the cluttered storeroom heaved into my mind. I recalled a cardboard carton filled with odds and ends of hardware—bits of plumbing, window fastenings, a graceful wrought-iron hinge, a bunch of string-tied keys and old discarded locks. Jack turned to me.

"Did you say something, Lola?"

"There were locks in the storeroom; I think this may be one of them."

"In the storeroom?"

"Old locks—junk. The place was jammed with trash."

Abandoning our efforts with the cellar door, we circled around the house. We had been prepared for surprise, and consequently were not surprised by what we saw. There was no hole in the rock garden. There were no swift blurred footprints. The marks on the grass remained, but in a form changed and characterless. They had been trampled over; other marks had been superimposed; it was now impossible to trace the course which had led from the garden to the cellar door a few hours earlier.

Jack blinked. "A thorough clean-up."

"Very thorough. Queer thing—the deliberation of it all. The business must have taken plenty of time and calculation—changing the lock, filling in the hole, spoiling the marks. A cool customer, the chap last night." Harkway spoke absently. His eyes rested upon the rock garden, narrowed. "Can you show me the spot where you saw the hole?"

Surmounting the rocks, Jack halted at a patch of loose black earth, which in the dull dawn light resembled not a level grave, but a recently prepared, quite unadorned flower bed. "Here's the place."

Harkway joined him. They both got down on hands and knees and crawled about, searching for something which might have been overlooked. Nothing had been.

A line of leafless snowball bushes marched sombrely along the road at the foot of the garden. I guessed rather than saw a stir of movement there. I squinted. The movement became perceptible. Both men were occupied, and as I opened my lips to summon them, the bushes parted. Silas Elkins stepped forth and hastened up the slope towards the searchers. He looked angry and aggressive.

"What do you think you're doing?"

Harkway stood, brushed his trousers free of gravel. I had never thought of him precisely as an agent of the law. I did now and evidently so did Silas, for at once he lost his defiant swagger and moderated his tone.

"You got no right here. Mrs. Coatesnash left me in charge. I was to keep trespassers off."

"We will pass the matter of our rights."

Harkway indicated the plot of earth in the garden. "What do you know about this?"

"What is there to know about it?"

"I'm questioning you. Please remember it! Have you been digging in the garden recently?"

"I dug the crocus bed, if that's what you're driving at. Mrs. Coatesnash told me to. Prepare the crocus bed, she said, the last week in March."

"When did you prepare it?"

"The last week in March."

"Exactly when?"

"A couple days ago, Wednesday, I guess."

Silas glared at the policeman. "You got no right to ask me questions. I don't need to answer."

"You'll answer or I'll take you down to

gaol. Are you saying you haven't worked in the rock garden since Wednesday?"

The threat of gaol had again deflated Silas. "I got finished Wednesday morning. I put in fertiliser and was waiting for it to work. I figured on setting out the bulbs to-day."

Harkway looked thoughtfully down the garden slope.

"Why were you hiding in the snowball bushes?"

"I wasn't hiding. I was working—pruning the bushes."

"You were spying on us!"

"I say I was pruning them bushes."

Harkway moved deliberately down the rocky slope. Silas gave a short, alarmed cry, and followed. There was no pruning shears in the place where he had crouched. There was, however, a spade. It had a bright red handle. Mrs. Coatesnash marked her tools to discourage borrowing. Harkway kicked at the spade.

"Do you use this for pruning?"

Silas was a little white. "I hadn't got rightly started. I was going back to the Lodge for my shears."

"What were you doing with the spade?"

"Loosening the dirt a little."

"Where? Show me."

The earth surrounding the snowball bushes was hard and unbroken. Silas again contradicted himself. He had only begun the spading, he said, when he noticed us. He was confused and frightened. Harkway peered at the spade. Bits of loam adhered to it.

"Where did you use this spade?"

Silas said nothing. Harkway turned and stared significantly at the garden above. "I'll tell you where. I'll do more. I'll tell you exactly how you've occupied your time this morning."

"I just got up."

"You've been up for hours," snapped the policeman, "and busy every minute. Suppose I list your various activities. It may refresh your mind. You changed a lock on the cellar door; you tramped over certain marks on the lawn; you filled in a hole that was in the crocus bed last night. You were polishing off your work at the crocus bed when you heard us coming around the house. You ran down here, concealed yourself, watched a while, and then conveniently discovered us."

Silas wet his lips. "You're crazy. I don't know what you're talking about."

He entrenched himself in obstinate denial. The strength of the stupid supported him; his own denials seemed to convince him he was the injured party. He resented our presence; he bitterly resented Harkway's manner. His alarm lessened and his indignation grew. Shown the lock on the cellar door and the key that did not fit, he glanced suspiciously at Jack and said:

"Mrs. Coatesnash didn't leave you keys, I ain't surprised your key won't work."

"It worked last night."

"Nobody gave you permission to be on the grounds last night. If I'd heard you, you'd have got a load of buckshot for your trouble. Keep off these grounds. I mean it, you better keep off these grounds."

Harkway interrupted the tirade. "Bring me the key to the door."

"I got no key."

"Stand back then. I'm going to break it down."

Silas unloosed violent objections. "You got to have a court order. Let me read your order."

"I'll get the order later."

At once the policeman launched himself upon the door. The wood groaned beneath the onslaught; for all his slenderness Harkway was a powerful man. Silas darted forward. Jack grabbed and held him. A second



time Harkway plunged against the panels. The hinges squeaked agonisingly, the lock broke, the door gave and Harkway stumbled inside.

Silas, Jack and I entered in a noisy, argumentative body. The hired man continued to threaten and object. We might as well have listened to him, and Harkway could have spared himself his high-handed and illegal effort. The collar had undergone the same careful transformation that had occurred outside. The furnace was stone-cold and empty; there were no ashes, no clinkers, no traces of a hot, quick fire. The third floor told a similar tale. The storeroom door stood invitingly open but the floor was freshly swept—innocent of footprints—and the window was closed and shuttered. The broken door-knob had been repaired.

The results of our night's adventure boiled down and diminished. To show for hours of hazard and grave danger we had one tiny object—a splinter of charred bone.

THE men decided that the bone should be delivered to Dr. Rand for analysis, and that he should hear a full account of our evening. Typically enough, so Harkway told us, the physician's laboratory was modern and well equipped and he could provide us with as complete and accurate a report on the piece of bone as any osteologist in New Haven. I had no desire, however, to be a member of the party. I should have gone to bed. Instead, when Jack and Harkway went to Dr. Rand's office, I requested that they drop me at the village library.

Anna McCall had the pale, bespectacled look common to librarians. Neat head bent, she was addressing notices when I stepped inside. She saw me. Her facial muscles stiffened. I walked firmly to the desk. Anna McCall informed me promptly that I hadn't lived in Crockford a sufficient time to be eligible for a card. Her tone dismissed me. She addressed another envelope.

I mapped out a quick campaign. "I don't want a card. I have a message for you."

She laid down her pen and frowned. "For me?"

"I had a letter from Laura Twining this morning and she asked me to give you her regards."

"So she wrote to you?"

The implication was unmistakable. I read both jealousy and irritation. I followed up. "Hasn't she written you?"

"Not a line." Indicating a lack of interest, the librarian poured the notices into a basket and started to carry them away.

I hurriedly intervened. "Just a minute, Miss McCall. You're a friend of Laura's, and I would like to talk to you. The letter bothered me—it sounded strange, unhappy—as though Laura were afraid of something, or terribly worried. I thought she seemed changed in February, before she started on her trip. What did you think?"

Like many lonely people, Anna prided herself upon imagined talents in reading human character. Torn two ways, she hesitated long enough to say: "Laura isn't exactly a happy person. But then, who is? I must say I've never known her to be afraid of anything, except being old and dependent. Maybe you got the wrong idea. Things look different written."

"Then she didn't seem strange to you—when she called to say good-bye?"

The other woman stiffened. "As it happens, she didn't say good-bye to me. Too busy, I suppose." Miss McCall sniffed. "If Laura needs help she knows where to write. Furthermore, she should write."

Anna McCall displayed a flash of involuntary aggravation. "She always wrote before. It's inconsiderate of her not to now. She walked off with a library book that's weeks overdue. I've sent her several notices. Not a word in reply."

I felt an idle curiosity. "What was the book?"

"One of the Crockford high school annuals."

"A high school annual?"

"Curious, isn't it?" My surprise apparently echoed a similar surprise in the other's mind. "What Laura wanted with a 1920 high school annual I can't imagine, but she should certainly see to getting it back."

Since I believed that never again would Laura Twining stroll through a sunny day, stop for a sundae, pause later at the library to exchange a book, I made no reply.

"May I see your letter, Mrs. Storm?"

"I didn't bring it down."

The librarian said almost angrily, "I'm sorry I ever spoke about the book. It simply slipped Laura's mind, but in a town the size of Crockford people will talk about and twist anything."

"I won't mention it."

A nod, not quite relieved, and Anna McCall was gone. Far too restless to turn the pages of a magazine, I occupied myself with the provoking problem of the missing book. Why had Laura Twining concerned herself with the absurd activities of the Crockford high school class of 1920?

Absently I traced the figures—1920. Women wore long tight skirts in 1920 and began to bob their hair; men predicted widespread use of the radio and tinkered with crystal sets. Suddenly, like a bell, the year rang in my mind, became particular, distinct from 1919, distinct from 1921. In June of 1920, Jane Coatesnash had been graduated from the local high school. In September of 1920, she had gone off to college and to death.

The missing high school annual revived my thirst for information. I wanted to learn more about Jane Coatesnash, a good deal more. Beyond vague gossip I had little positive knowledge of the girl, her death and disappearance. I determined to adopt Harkway's suggestion and to consult the newspaper files.

The Crockford public library was not cited enough to boast a periodical room. Outdated publications were stored in the attic. I climbed a flight of stairs to a musty, dusty space lost beneath a maze of overhanging eaves. Stack after stack of yellowing newspapers climbed to the sloping room.

Except as to year, the issues of the Crockford Blade were not chronologically arranged. I desired reports for two months only. February 1920, June, 1920. These eight weeks covered the disappearance and search, the sad conclusion of the mystery.

The task I set myself was dull and tedious. Beside me mounted a discard pile. I paused once to read the society notes of January 2, 1920. On January 2, fifteen years before, Jane Coatesnash had entertained at luncheon. She received her "many friends in the lovely Coatesnash drawing-room"; she presided at a table "bedecked in larkspur and delphinium"; she wore a "Paris frock, taffeta in the new apple-green."

With my knowledge of her death falling like a shadow across the printed page, Jane Coatesnash clothed herself in vividness and life. I saw her in the apple-green; I saw the Coatesnash drawing-room in a different light; I grasped at and dimly understood an old woman's overwhelming, uncomprehending grief.

I resumed my labors. Perhaps fifteen minutes later I paused, listened. Someone had come into the attic. I was quite sure

of it. Someone had quietly climbed the stairs and stood now, watching me. I turned.

Annabelle Bayne and I stared at each other from opposite corners of the dusky room. A smile curved her lips. I spoke first.

"Good heavens! How you startled me. Why didn't you speak?"

Her hand sketched an airy gesture. "I hated to interrupt. You were so intensely occupied." Her bright, quick glance included me, the papers on my lap, the papers on the floor. "What on earth are you doing?"

I didn't propose to say. Her smile deepened, and she passed the silence negligently. "Never mind, Mrs. Storm. I can guess what you're hunting and you're simply wasting time. Those months are gone."

"What months?"

"February and June of 1920. The months that carried Jane's story. They've disappeared. I know. I looked this morning."

Too taken aback to question her sudden interest in the fifteen-year-old tragedy, I heard her say:

"After learning yesterday about the high school annual, I remembered the articles in the 'Blade.' I thought Laura might have carried off the newspapers; so this morning I dropped by to see. I'm convinced now she took them. They're gone."

"Laura! But why?"

"She took the annual."

"Where did you find out? From Miss McCall?"

She shook her head. Again she smiled, and dropped a bombshell in my lap. "The high school annual isn't really missing. I have it."

"You have it! Where?"

"At home."

I was amazed and silent. Also I dared not look sceptical. She studied my face. "You don't believe me, do you? Why don't you come to the house and see for yourself? I'll gladly show the thing."

"How does it happen to be there?"

"It's a long story. I'll explain at lunch." She glanced at her watch. "It's past twelve. Suppose you postpone your researches and lunch with me. Then we can talk."

I accepted.

The Bayne home, a spacious colonial dwelling which I had viewed only from the beach, bore throughout its interior the imprint of Annabelle's personality. She lived there alone, and she had made restless and like herself a serene landmark of the past. Pine panelled walls were hung with startling black and whites, and garish lithographs.

Annabelle flung off her hat, sank to a cushion-like contraption, rang for lunch. Rumaging in an open bookcase partially hidden by the cushion back, she selected a volume, tossed it to me. "Here's the annual. Are you convinced?"

"Won't you tell me where you got it?" A stout-waisted village girl, absurd in a frilly cap and apron, entered and began to set the table. Annabelle nodded at her.

"Velva turned it up." To the girl she said, "What became of the wrappings?"

Velva produced a square of thick brown wrapping paper, creased in the shape of a book, and a length of cotton string. She gave me a dilly curious look. Her mistress spoke.

"Now about your finding the book. Tell it just as you told me."



The girl assembled labored phrases. "I was dusting yesterday around ten o'clock, or maybe earlier. I took out the books. This one had been pushed behind the others, stuck against the wall. It was wrapped—I thought it was a package, a box of stockings maybe. Soon as I seen it, I gave it to you."

"You don't," said Annabelle, "dust half enough, my girl. Else you would have come upon it weeks ago."

Velva shuffled her feet. "The book wasn't hurting no one, the dust neither. They was out of sight."

Annabelle laughed. "A new definition of successful housekeeping, not a bad one either. Now run along. Tell Mary we will have sweetbreads and ham—and fresh peas, if she ordered them."

The kitchen swallowed Velva, I glanced at Annabelle. "But how came the annual to be in your bookcase?"

"Laura Twining forgot and left it there. On top, of course, but it slipped behind. Nearly two months ago—the day she called, February 17, wasn't it? That's the only time she has been here."

"She called on you?"

"Dear me, no." The brown eyes twinkled. "Laura and I are chronic enemies. She thinks I'm fast; I think she's a bore. She got out of the car with Mrs. Coatesnash for the usual polite good-byes—they were on their way to New York then."

I hurriedly opened the book. Immediately, on page 33, it fell apart. From the centre of the page the picture of a dark young girl gazed out with dark, young, uncomplicated eyes. Jane Coatesnash, class of '20, President of the Sorosis Club, Treasurer of the Quill Club, class historian. Her average for the four-year term was A; her ambition was social service; she was bound for Mather. Not a beautiful girl. Instead, deadly serious and a little plain.

"Oh," I said, "I imagined she would be pretty."

"Jane," said Annabelle, "was exquisite more than pretty. Much, much more. She had the virtues that have gone out of fashion. Plus sense and spirit. Plus charm. She wasn't priggish."

A caption, typical of high-school wit, was printed beneath the photograph. I read it.

"This is a matter beyond our ken Little Jane craves older men."

A senseless, silly, perplexing rhyme to be associated with the grave young face. I read the couplet a second time.

"What does it refer to?"

Annabelle shrugged. "Those kid things always baffle me. No doubt the lack-wit editor was lamenting the fact that Jane preferred study to cawlow boys."

Lunch arrived. Perfectly cooked, perfectly served. Annabelle knew wines, herbs and sauces, as her type would, and kept her staff at its culinary best. We ate indifferently, virtually in silence, busy with our separate thoughts. At length my hostess poured coffee, handed me an exquisite cup. "I'm certain Laura Twining took those newspapers, stole them in honest fact. I'm equally certain she had no intention of returning the book. But there I stick. I make nothing of it."

Suddenly, like the long-sought answer to a riddle, a possible explanation occurred to me. There was a hint of the psychic in Annabelle Bayne, or perhaps she only saw my face and guessed. She straightened. Her eyes grew big and almost frightened. "Good Heavens," she whispered, "is it possible?" She carefully laid down her spoon. "Suppose Jane were still alive. Suppose Laura Twining knew it."

This approximated my own stumbling theory. But Annabelle appeared to forget me. Her next words were uttered in the musing fashion of one who thinks aloud. "That would explain many things."

"For instance?"

"It might clear up Laura's interest in the annual, mightn't it? Also it would clarify the missing newspapers."

"Are you being entirely frank?"

The slow exasperating smile emerged.

"Compared to you, I'm transparent as a pane of glass. You're a queer little person. Lola Storm. You sit at my table, stiff as a poker, wary, suspicious, expecting the worst from me. Always the worst."

I seized the opening. "You puzzle me, Miss Bayne. Enormously."

"Nonsense. I'm very simple."

"You weren't simple yesterday. Why did you say you had never met Franklin Elliott?" Her expression did not vary, but I fancied she was embarrassed. I cast discretion to the winds. "Thursday night, about eleven o'clock, he came here. I was on the bench. I saw him."

She flushed, was confused. She recovered herself. "I won't for a minute deny you're right. But really I had to lie. Let me explain. It was the day of the inquest; Elliott didn't wish to testify; he asked me to keep quiet about his being in the village. I promised and I do keep my promises." She laughed ruefully. "When I can."

She annoyed me, but I almost liked her. She was one of those dangerous people who readily admit to their faults, and by doing so force you to accept them. I lighted a cigarette. "Would you mind saying what he wanted?"

"Not at all. I am probably Mrs. Coatesnash's closest friend, and she is his client. We discussed her and nothing else. It was a purely formal interview, quite short. If you had been in the room, you would have been immensely bored." She sipped stone-cold coffee. "It was my first meeting with Elliott. He's dull, but we got on fairly well. We had a common interest. I am distressed that Mrs. Coatesnash has been drawn into the Darnley case. So was he."

I stopped liking her. "Exactly. You are like everyone else in town—watching out for her and letting Jack and me watch out for ourselves."

She dropped her hand. Her eyes were filled with unspoken questions, but she uttered no further protest. She assisted me with my wrap and accompanied me to the door. To the end she clung to the fiction that we were in friendly accord, working together toward the same objective. I didn't know what to make of Annabelle Bayne.

As I walked down the steps, I glanced back and saw her in the foyer. She picked up the telephone, rang the Tallyho Inn, and requested Franklin Elliott. We know now the tenor of her conversation. She repeated to the New York lawyer everything which had occurred during the meeting at the library and luncheon at the house. Consequently when Franklin Elliott was interviewed by the police later on that afternoon, the lawyer was prepared.

The luncheon, pregnant with its clouded inferences, occupied less than an hour. Through the fresh, sweet-smelling day I strolled on to Dr. Rand's office. His home and office were combined in a large, comfortable, rambling house somewhat in need of paint. Jack, Harkway and the physician were parting on the porch as I arrived. Jack waved at me.

"Sorry to hold you up, Lola. We were longer than we expected."

"It's all right. I was sufficiently diverted."

Harkway gave me a quick look, tipped his cap, asked Dr. Rand to phone him when he finished his report and strode off toward the station. The physician followed us down a crocus-lined sidewalk to the car.

"You folks in a hurry?"

I said we weren't.

"Can you spare me several minutes?"

We could. He took us through a waiting room. In its way as revealing of personality as Annabelle's living-room had been.

We entered the consultation room. Dr. Rand closed the door, sat down and looked at us. Then in a voice so impersonal I hardly recognized it, he said:

"Take chairs, you two. I think it's time we had a talk."

We sat down and waited. Swinging to his untidy desk, Dr. Rand selected a labelled envelope and shook from it a charred splinter of bone. "I perceive," he began, "that my good advice met the usual fate of good advice. I deliver a spirited lecture on the evils of curiosity and to-day you bring me this. Not content with ordinary prying, Mr. Storm, you indulge in housebreaking—a serious crime—run, violent hazards, expose your wife to the gravest danger. You're fortunate you didn't get her killed. And for what, I ask? For this!"

The physician was silent a moment before he spoke again. "Hiram Darnley is dead, murdered. Someone else may also be dead. We can't bring them back to life. I grant a policeman's right to concern himself in such affairs. It's his business, just as it's mine to heal the sick, and yours to paint, and your wife's to write. It's not your business, and it isn't mine, to go through the world as a Peeping Tom. Only the young and callous would try so hard to trap an old, half-mad woman and get her hauled up for murder."

"In other words," Jack said slowly, "you believe Mrs. Coatesnash is a murderess?"

After deliberation, Dr. Rand inclined his head. "Since the identification, I've believed that Mrs. Coatesnash was the moving force behind Hiram Darnley's death."

"She's three thousand miles away, in Paris."

"She could leave confederates."

"And her motive?"

Dr. Rand went into a long reverie. Finally he started off on a tangent. "Responsibilities, irregular hours, and restaurant cooking. My own soft spot is families. Family life. I like seeing fathers with their sons, whooping it up at baseball games, like seeing mothers shopping with their daughters, like the vigor and noise of crowded households. Kids going off. If Luella Coatesnash conspired to murder Hiram Darnley, she had the best motive a grief-stricken mother ever had. Her only child. Her daughter Jane."

I leaned forward. "Dr. Rand, has it ever occurred to you that Jane Coatesnash may be alive?"

"It never has," said the doctor brusquely, "because it isn't true. The identification was unquestionable. The girl is dead."

Again I interrupted. He ignored me. A second time he said harshly, "Jane Coatesnash is dead. I know. The poor child killed herself. She killed herself for love of a worthless scoundrel. I knew she would. I couldn't stop her. She was just nineteen and the man was married."

"The man was . . ."

Dr. Rand took the words from Jack's mouth. "The man was Hiram Darnley."

The cheeping of robins came loudly into the quiet office, and sun splashed the faded carpet. White hair ruffled, blue eyes lacking the usual gleaming light, Dr. Rand sat and looked at us.

"Aren't you two willing to let up on the



old lady? Wouldn't you say she's had her share of trouble?"

Jack stirred and sighed. "Why did Mrs. Coatesnash wait fifteen years?"

"Wait," Dr. Rand expelled a breath. "You don't imagine she knew the situation at the time! No one knew—no one except myself. I learned only because the girl appealed to me as a physician, an old family friend. She came to this office, she sat in that very chair and calmly asked for poison. She wanted a deadly poison, quick, painless, not disfiguring. Poor heartbroken youngster, she favored a pretty death." His eyes seemed to look down the corridor of the years. "We had a talk, Jane and I; she cried but I got the story out. A heartless, threadbare tale—conventional enough. Darnley was a thoroughgoing rascal, the type of man who feeds his family on conquest, and on youth. Little Jane, just nineteen, was probably his easiest victim. I tried to talk iron into the girl, good hard sense; thought I'd succeeded, though obviously she still adored the man."

"Then you didn't tell the mother?"

"Certainly not! I didn't guess I had failed until Jane disappeared from college. I knew then. It was too late. Three weeks too late. Three weeks after coming here she killed herself."

"Then you were the only person who had an inkling of the truth?"

"Unquestionably I was. Jane was a reserved kid, no chatterbox."

"Then how," inquired Jack, "would Mrs. Coatesnash stumble on the facts after fifteen years? She trusted Hiram Darnley with the very search for Jane. Until two weeks ago he handled all her business."

Scrapes of information began to fit together in my mind like pieces in a jig-saw puzzle. Laura Twining had exhibited a surprising interest in the Coatesnash girl. Suppose she had discovered not that the girl was alive, but that she was a suicide. A forgotten letter might have put her on the right track, a diary—could Jane have kept a diary?—or a phrase of idle gossip. Such an impetus might clarify her visit to the library.

I jumped into the conversation. "Perhaps Laura Twining found out and told Mrs. Coatesnash."

"Why should she?" said Jack. "She would have felt as the doctor did. That the dead past should stay dead."

I saw Laura in a new and blinding light. It made me uncomfortable and—sad. Jack stared at the physician. "Sheer malice sounds rather weak. Laura needed her job. Mrs. Coatesnash would probably refuse to credit the story and Laura would be out on the street."

"Assuming Laura did find out and did tell, we can assume she had a better motive than malice. Jane Coatesnash is still a vivid conversational topic in Crockford. How's this? Laura threatened to broadcast the news unless . . ." Dr. Rand shrugged. "Mrs. Coatesnash is wealthy. The companion hadn't a dime. Maybe the poor soul thought she saw a chance to secure in independent old age she often talked about. And then discovered," the doctor finished grimly, "that blackmailers sometimes have no old age to worry about!"

With that he stood up from his desk. "I haven't talked so much in a month. I've said things I shouldn't have said. But anyhow you've heard my facts and my opinions."

At three o'clock that April afternoon John Standish returned to Crockford from New York. He had seen Hiram Darnley's widow in her mountain sanitarium; he had found her a languid, willing, non-productive witness. A woman well past middle age, crippled with arthritis, Abigail Darnley had

lived for so long in a world of pain that her husband's murder had little significance except as it affected her. Since the early period of an ill-starred marriage, their interests had been diverse and separate; she had concerned herself with the petty routine of the invalid and Darnley had paid the bills.

Jack and I, weary as we were, awaited him at the police station. We had wanted to go home to bed, but Harkway had insisted upon our presence. After Standish summarised the sparse results of his interview with Darnley's widow, we outlined the Crockford situation. We told of our expedition to Hilltop House, of the garden grave, of Laura Twining's vanished luggage. We told of the charred bone fragment, of the transformed house and grounds. Only one thing was omitted from our account, and that was the story which had been related by Dr. Rand.

But the account was telling enough. That was potent from John Standish's shocked and sober face.

"That lawyer of hers," said Standish, "has been aiding and abetting her. He told me he went down to the Burgoyne to see the women off to Europe. He volunteered the statement. I didn't ask."

"He told us the same," Jack hesitated. "Did you know that Elliott was here at the Tally-ho Inn?"

"I saw him yesterday," said Standish shortly. "I wanted to find out what he was doing here, why he evaded the inquest and still saw fit to make a trip to Crockford. I didn't find out. Elliott said he came here to protect Mrs. Coatesnash's interests in the investigation. That's nonsense!"

"Maybe," Jack suggested, "Elliott feels Mrs. Coatesnash needs 'protection' of a different kind than that furnished at inquests."

Standish did not reply. He swung to his feet. "I propose we have a talk with Franklin Elliott. The situation has changed since yesterday. I hope we can persuade him to be more communicative by using Laura Twining as a lever."

Together with the two policemen, Jack and I drove to the Tally-ho Inn. Bill Tevis grinned at us from the desk. Standish talked to the clerk a moment and I gathered that the lawyer was in his room. "He's almost always in," Bill said cheerfully. "Only goes out for meals. No he's had no callers. Too busy, I suppose. He keeps the wires to his New York office busy."

Bill then telephoned our names from the lobby, and Elliott requested that we come up at once. The fat man met us in the upper hall. He was in his shirt-sleeves, and was casually pulling on a velvet house-coat. He welcomed Standish and Harkway cordially enough, though he did cast an odd glance at Jack and me.

He ushered us into a room which indicated an indefinite stay. A portable typewriter had been set up, and various personal possessions were scattered about. "It was he who opened the interview," "Well, Mr. Standish, what can I do for you? Have you any fresh information on my partner's murder?" Standish brushed that aside. "Mr. Elliott," he began, "you and I have talked before. Relative to your presence in Crockford, what you're doing here, what your real purpose is."

"And during our previous conversations," Elliott broke in jeeringly. "I've explained repeatedly that I came up here, at some personal sacrifice, to watch out for Luella Coatesnash's interests. Ordinarily I wouldn't touch a criminal case, but this situation as you fully comprehend, is different. My own partner was murdered. For a reason which I fail to fathom my partner was responsible for leaving suspicion on an old and valued client. Under those circumstances I felt

morally obliged to drop my other business, come to Crockford and see that Mrs. Coatesnash received justice."

"No lawyer is morally obligated to stand between a client and the police!"

"I don't like your tone," Elliott stood up. "I'm Mrs. Coatesnash's lawyer, and that's all I am. Certainly I'm not standing between her and the police. On the contrary! I'm more than ready to answer any civil questions."

"You're convinced in your own mind Luella Coatesnash was not responsible for Hiram Darnley's murder?"

"Utterly convinced!"

The fat man sat down again upon the bed. A slanting bar of sunshine illumined his placid face. His expression didn't vary when Standish said: "When did you last see Laura Twining?"

Elliott knit his brows. "It must have been the day the Burgoyne sailed. Offhand, I can't recall the date. But I recall the occasion vividly."

"Then—" said Standish, and a note of urgency crept into his voice, "you saw her off with Mrs. Coatesnash?"

"No," said Elliott smoothly. "I didn't see her off. Miss Twining didn't sail."

"For a moment I couldn't believe my ears, and then Elliott repeated in a meditative tone, 'Miss Twining didn't sail.'"

There was a moment of utter consternation. The big scene had gone awry. Jack and I looked blankly at each other. Beside us Harkway emitted a noiseless whistle. Then Standish strode into the centre of the room. "When Mrs. Coatesnash left here," said Standish angrily, "it was generally understood Laura Twining was accompanying her to Europe. So generally understood that everyone in town believes they are both abroad. Why, within twelve hours of leaving Crockford, were Mrs. Coatesnash's plans completely changed? Why, in the weeks since then, should you, and only you, have known the plan was changed? Will you explain the secrecy?"

"There was no secrecy," said Elliott impatiently. "If Mrs. Coatesnash didn't shout the news in letters home, she was merely trying to protect her companion from ugly gossip. I regret to say the Twining woman was a thief."

"Laura Twining a thief! I don't believe it!"

"You may be right at that," The plump shoulders shrugged. "Mrs. Coatesnash thought so, but I wasn't entirely convinced myself. The evidence seemed rather slight. Would you like to hear the story?"

"I would!" said Standish.

"Very well, then. Mrs. Coatesnash and the Twining woman arrived in New York some hours before sailing time and took a room at the Wickmore Hotel. Mrs. Coatesnash was tired from the drive down, and went to bed. She sent the companion out with a fifty-dollar note to do some last-minute shopping. The note disappeared; lost, Miss Twining said, stolen, Mrs. Coatesnash said. She marched her companion down to my office, and a most unpleasant scene occurred," Elliott sighed reminiscently. "Two screaming women with me between them—you can visualise it! I declined to arbitrate. They fought it out between themselves. The result was that the companion lost her job and Mrs. Coatesnash, mad as a hatter, called alone."

"It was pure invention, and we knew it was. But there wasn't a scrap of evidence to disprove it, a fact of which Elliott was fully cognizant. He sat comfortably on his bed, and inwardly I felt he was equally serene."

"Where is Miss Twining now?"



"I haven't the faintest idea." The fat man made a vague, inclusive gesture. "Miss Twining," Standish said, "has been murdered."

There was a crash as the humidifier struck the floor. The lid came off and cigars spilled on the carpet. Franklyn Elliott was white as chalk.

"You seem startled, Mr. Elliott." "Good Heavens, who wouldn't be!" "Won't you agree," said Standish in velvet tones, "it would have been wiser for Mrs. Coatesnash to tell us frankly that her companion was not in Paris?"

"Naturally, I agree." The lawyer's color came slowly back. He took out a handkerchief and mopped his forehead. "Your news bowled me over. I didn't—I don't know what to think. Where did the murder occur? Where did you find the body? When?"

"Please hold in mind," said Standish, "that we came to question, not enlighten you. Have you anything to add to your story about Laura Twining? Would you like to change it?"

"No," said Elliott. "No. The story stands." A peculiar quality instilled his tone. "I will say this. If you would withdraw, let affairs take their course, your mystery might solve itself."

He was quite himself again. A moment later he had the effrontery to glance at his watch and ask us to excuse him.

The four of us left the Tally-ho Inn and drove dimly to the cottage. It was late afternoon, that twilight hour when human energies sink low. I was depressed and I know the two policemen were.

Half an hour later we had arrived at the lodge. Silas apparently had spent the day beside the shattered cellar door. At any rate, we found him there, seated on a kitchen chair, a pitchfork across his knees. Without a word or sign of recognition, he handed me the keys to the cottage. To Standish, he said:

"I've been expecting you. I've got a complaint to make. Look at that door! Your friend Harkway kicked it in this morning and he didn't have no warrant. I want him thrown off the force. Mrs. Storm here and her husband broke in the house last night. I want them arrested."

Standish sidestepped the issue neatly. He said soothingly:

"The county will be glad to pay."

Standish had been acquainted with Silas since Silas' boyhood. He understood the slow, suspicious workings of the Scotchman's mind, his deadly fear of law, his determination at any cost to save himself. Convinced that the other was a moving spirit in our mystery, he adopted his own methods of establishing it. He did not storm or threaten, or, as Harkway had done, accuse Silas of destroying evidence. He set himself to woo the hired man's confidence. He found a soft and gentle time in vain.

Categorically and in particular Silas denied knowledge of Laura Twining and her movements. He professed astonishment that she was not in Paris. No, he hadn't seen or heard from her. Standish was prepared for denials. But he had anticipated a tightening of tension, a show of fear, alarm. He drew a blank. A puzzling blank. Oddly, the mention of Laura Twining appeared to bring to Silas an obscure relief.

"She was one of your talkers, Chief, but I never bothered to listen much. A nice lady—if Mrs. Coatesnash fired her it's news to me. They were thick as thieves the day I drove them to New York."

"Laura Twining has disappeared. Vanished. Dropped from the earth." Standish's voice was purposely loud. "I'm beginning to believe she's gone for good and all."

Normal curiosity was to be expected. The hired man exhibited none. He idly dug his pitchfork in the earth. "Likely she'll turn up. A parcel of her stuff is still in the house. I wouldn't worry about Miss Twining."

Standish, I knew, had hoped for a startling reaction. He looked bitterly disappointed. His lips tightened.

"So Laura Twining left things in the house? What kind of things? Baggage?"

"No, sir. She needed her bags for the trip. She packed a cardboard box with stuff that wouldn't go in. Books mostly, I guess, and magazines. She saves old magazines. Just trash, but it meant something to her. I'd swear she'd come back for it."

If Silas knew of the vanishing travelling bags, the unused passport and letter of credit, he hid his knowledge well.

Standish shifted his bulk a step. "Silas, it pays to tell the truth. The whole truth. Nothing is to be gained protecting others. Not in a murder case."

Silas was frightened. There was no question of it. A look of pressing worry came on his face, a look of terror, of stubborn desperation. The bones in his thin face seemed sharpened, the hollows beneath his eyes became pronounced.

"I've told the truth," he said a little wildly. "Go ahead and take me off to gaol if you don't believe it. I'd be as well off in gaol as I am now. Maybe I could get some sleep at night and . . ." he broke off suddenly, and made an attempt to pull himself together. He went on in a different tone. "You've got nothing on me. Nothing you can prove."

"This is your chance," said Standish sternly, "to tell me what I'm convinced you know. We're going to find out who murdered Hiram Darnley; we're going to find out a lot of other things. No matter who it hurts! Someone is going to hang!"

"I hope to Heaven," said Silas Elkins, "it happens soon."

Standish turned at once on his heel and stalked past the hired man and into the Coatesnash house.

Aided by his volunteer assistant, the police chief searched every cranny of the basement, first and second floor. Unobtrusively I tagged along. Of Laura Twining's missing travelling-bags there was not the slightest sign.

Gaining Mrs. Coatesnash's third-floor bedroom, Standish flung back rusty, velvet draperies, pushed the shutters wide and let the fast-fading sunlight in. A canopied four-poster bed, with the mattress rolled and bed, bedding folded on a chair. A flowered carpet, grey with lack of sweeping, a chaise-longue, outlines blurred beneath a wrinkled sheet, a bureau-top decked in tarnished bottles. Obviously the room had not been used for weeks.

Standish attacked the bureau drawers, the dresser drawers, ploughed methodically through the contents of a painted chest. His expression grew startled, incredulous. In his hand he held a broken hypodermic needle. Silas stood very still. I hardly breathed. Standish turned.

"Do you know what this is?"

"It belongs to Mrs. Coatesnash. She said it was for medicine—medicine for her heart."

"Medicine, eh?"

"Yes, sir. I saw her use it once, stick it in her arm. She got mad at me, and made me promise not to talk about it. I never did."

Like the gent in the bottle, Luella Coatesnash seemed to materialise in her dusty bedroom. Was the old lady a drug addict? If Mrs. Coatesnash were indeed a drug addict then anything was possible. But Standish

pocketed the telltale metal silver without a word.

Silas preceded us into the storeroom. He gave me a malevolent glance, but since Standish made no objection I slid inside. The police chief worked patiently through the confusion and the clutter. He poked at chair-cushions, shook the couch, opened the trunks, bringing forth ballroom dresses of the fifties and feathered hats. He had expected the evidences of wrongdoing to be vague, but here was nothing at all. Nothing except an old house, overrun with the debris of penny-pinching generations, shut up while its mistress was away.

Standish and I returned in silence to the cottage. Jack and Harkway had settled down to cocktails, and I invited both policemen to supper. As I was starting for the kitchen, Standish stepped to the telephone, requested the long-distance operator, and put in a call to Paris, France. I stopped in my tracks, and I must confess my first thought was of our telephone bill. I suppose I showed my feelings, for Standish cupped his hand over the mouthpiece to say: "This one's on the town, Mrs. Storm. I thought you young folks had earned the right to listen."

In the end, however, the call was not completed. Luella Coatesnash could not be reached. She was, according to an exasperated operator, safely in the Hotel St. Clair but in bed, sleeping under the effects of sedatives prescribed by a French physician who refused to let her answer the phone. The operator relayed the information that Mrs. Coatesnash was suffering from a heavy cold.

"A heavy cold!" said Harkway with a short laugh. "Well, maybe. But my own guess is that there are nerves on more than one side of the Atlantic."

On this note we sat down to supper. The sun fell in the west and outside the windows darkness gathered. I drew the shades. No one had much to say. Standish, who had admired and respected Mrs. Coatesnash, continued in his melancholy mood. Even Harkway seemed subdued. After the hectic day, the inaction, the sense of waiting, was hard to bear.

After the meal I cleared away the supper things, refusing masculine assistance, and we returned to the police station, prepared to await Dr. Rand's report. But the physician had preceded us there and was seated in the ante-room. With him was a breezy individual whom he introduced as Dr. Harvey Griggsstaff, a New Haven osteologist.

"In view of my report," said Dr. Rand to Standish, "I thought you would like a second opinion. Dr. Griggsstaff, at my request, has made an independent analysis."

Standish didn't notice the curious tone. "Nonsense. Your opinion is good enough for me." He opened the door to his private office. We all trooped in. The police chief turned around. "Well, let's hear that report on the bone."

Dr. Rand was silent. "Go on," said Standish irritably. "Let's have that report. I realise the fragment was comparatively small. We don't expect too much. But could you determine the sex?"

"We determined," said the doctor very slowly, "the origin of the bone. Again he hesitated. 'I'm afraid this is going to be a shock. John, that bone is not of human origin. It's a fragment broken from the femur of a good-sized dog. There's no question of it.'"

"None at all," said Dr. Harvey Griggsstaff.

There was, in the room, a breathless, un-believing silence.



Standish began to roar. "Where's Laura Twining then? Then what has become of her? Where's the explanation for what went on last night?"

"I couldn't say," said Dr. Rand.

The telephone on Standish's desk started ringing. It rang on and on. Several minutes passed before the police chief snatched the receiver from the hook and spoke. The state of his emotions probably made it difficult for him to understand what was being said. We heard him shout indignant questions. And then, finally, he understood.

John Standish had experienced one tremendous shock, and apparently he wasn't temperamentally equipped to experience another. He quietly hung up the receiver, and replaced the telephone on the desk.

And in the quietest voice I've ever heard he said, "That was our Paris call. Apparently I won't talk to Luella Coatesnash after all."

"You mean she's still asleep?"

"She shot and killed herself fifteen minutes ago."

Any recital of what we thought and said, the questions we asked ourselves during the ensuing hours would be futile here. No theory which we advanced to explain the happenings on the hill or to explain the Paris suicide even touched upon the truth.

And that very night, and for the second time, someone surreptitiously entered the cottage.

Jack and I left the police station at eleven o'clock. There was nothing we could do, and I was too tired to stay. During the ensuing hours, New York police attempted without success to discover what had happened to Laura Twining. They traced her to the Hotel Wickmore—she and Mrs. Coatesnash had registered on the afternoon of February 17—but no one in the hotel remembered the two women, or anything of their activities. And all the shipping company knew was that Mrs. Coatesnash had come aboard alone, limped to the purser's office—the steward recalled the gold-headed cane—and cancelled Laura's passage. In Paris no further information was available. The French authorities packed Mrs. Coatesnash's effects and prepared to ship the body back to Crookford.

I woke up in the morning in such a physically exhausted state that I remained in bed. I remember suggesting to Jack that I was catching cold.

"Nonsense! You always think you're catching cold when you're overtired. You'll feel better after breakfast."

Two weeks previously we had ordered coal and this coal was delivered at noon. Against express and often repeated orders, Mr. Brown drove his heavy truck into the yard. I was out of bed and stirring in the kitchen, and the noise took me indignantly outside.

The culprit greeted me cheerfully. "Where do you want your coal? In the usual place?"

I nodded sourly. "How do you expect us to grow a lawn if you persist in driving your truck across the yard? You've cut the ground to ribbons."

"It slipped my mind, ma'am. I'll do better next time."

"Let's hope so."

I gave him the cellar keys, returned to my dabbawashing. Sunlight poured in and I hummed as I stacked and scraped and splashed. Over this housewifely chatter rose the sound of the falling coal. A steady clunk, clunk, clunk. Not exactly pleasant

perhaps, but normal, commonplace, and satisfying.

When Mr. Brown completed his business and came for his money, he was smiling. "I should a brung a shotgun, Mrs. Storm. There's good hunting downstairs. Your place is overrun with squirrels."

"Squirrels?"

"I saw three. Those varmints can be awful pests. If I was you, I'd mend that window."

"It's been mended."

"Then it's been broke again."

"Where? Let me see."

I followed him outside. He gleefully indicated the window through which he had dumped the coal. Broken previously, it had indeed been broken once again. Coal dust blew gently through a hole which certainly had not been there yesterday. I stared in silence at Mr. Brown. I daresay my reception of his discovery pleased him.

The hole was round and neat, almost tidy. Several minute scratches rayed out from it. Such scratches as might be made by a glass-cutting instrument. Or by the diamond in a ring.

Instantly I guessed what had occurred. Someone had stepped from the cindered driveway to the window, cut the pane, thrust through a hand, unlocked the window, opened it and dropped into the cellar. The picture of myself and Jack asleep upstairs with someone moving silently about the floor below turned me a little faint.

I hustled Mr. Brown off. Then I rushed inside and burst upon Jack who was shaving. He turned irritably at my entrance.

"This is a bathroom, darling. Can't you knock? And I wish you'd stop using my razor blades to sharpen pencils."

"Someone was in the house last night! In the cellar."

At first incredulous, Jack soon sobered sufficiently to wipe the lather from his face, pull on a bathrobe and accompany me into the yard. I showed him the window. There were no footprints in the vicinity—only smears and the coal truck's heavy tread—but leading towards the road, deep in the muddy turf which bordered the drive, we discovered at least a dozen prints. Clumpy, wide and well defined.

"A man's prints," Jack said. He bent over, looked mystified. "By George, the fellow wore rubbers."

We went to the cellar. Jack turned on the light. The single electric bulb glowed dimly and I started as a squirrel scurried past in the gloom, fled up the pile of coal and vanished through the aperture in the window. Save for the broken window there was no sign of anything unusual. The cellar presented its customary aspect—dirt and dust, ruin and decay.

I looked over the debris with which Mrs. Coatesnash had filled every available inch of space—looked and was appalled. We had never been curious enough to investigate the dismal contents of the cellar, and we had no inventory. We faced then an exasperating problem. How were we to decide what had been stolen in the night when we didn't know accurately what had been there? Nevertheless, on the theory that a person retains a subconscious memory of any place where he has often been, Jack insisted upon a thorough, back-breaking search.

I sat down on a barrel, discarded Jack's method and tried out a method of my own. I let my imagination work, and attempted to decide what any sensible person could possibly have wanted that night have been concealed amid such worthless trash.

"We may as well give up," I advised Jack. "We haven't been robbed. Not a single

solitary thing is missing. Nothing—I'm positive—has been disturbed."

Jack straightened. He looked as bewildered as I've ever seen him look. "Darned if that isn't what I had decided myself. But it doesn't make sense. If robbery wasn't intended last night, what was intended? Why was the window broken? Why are those footprints on the lawn?"

His words were lost in the sudden roar of a motor cycle. A moment later Lester Harkway's astonished face appeared at the open cellar door.

"Good lord, what's going on?"

"An inventory," Jack called. "We have either been robbed or else something queer has happened."

"Robbed?" Harkway hurriedly joined us in the cellar. What's gone? What happened anyhow?"

A little wryly Jack returned the smile. "That's it—we don't know. We know that someone broke into the cellar some time last night and that's all we do know. But you might look at the window behind you."

Harkway spun on his heel. He examined the neat round hole and the merriment left his face. "A pretty fair job of illegal entry," he said at last. "Still it's funny you wouldn't waken." Suddenly he moved across the hard packed ground, mounted the short flight of stairs which led into the kitchen, tried the door at the top. It opened.

"Was this door locked last night?"

"Locked," said Jack, "and bolted from the kitchen side."

"Your intruder may not have known that," Harkway bent to scrutinise the lock, looking for scratches.

The policeman glanced doubtfully at me. "I hate to alarm you unnecessarily, but frankly, I don't like the look of this. You are a little far from town—or neighbors."

He hesitated before he added, "Our case isn't over, you know. Mrs. Coatesnash may be dead but—" and his tone was grim—"there are others who aren't."

"Those 'others,'" said Jack, "have nothing to fear from Lola and me. Why should we have anything to fear from them?"

"The murderer of Hiram Darnley, Mr. Storm, may fear you have information which—in fact—you don't possess."

I rose with decision. "That settles it. We move to the Inn this afternoon."

Harkway was obviously pleased, but I could see Jack wasn't. We went upstairs, however, and I actually started to pack. Harkway sat on the bed while Jack paced the room.

"I never thought," he said, "you'd turn tail and run from phantoms, Lola. My guess is that last night's visitor was only Silas."

"Now you're wrong," Harkway permitted himself a short laugh. "Silas didn't stir from the Lodge last night. Blair spent the night on the hill, caught himself a fine spring cold and nothing else. Apparently he'd have done better to put in his time down here."

"Well," Jack said philosophically, "it was just an idea I had, and the best of us can't be always right."

Harkway crushed out his cigarette and rose. "If you young folks are ready I'll pilot you in to town."

Jack turned. "Are you ready, Lola?"

"Not quite," I said snappishly. "What's the hurry? We've got the afternoon."

Harkway moved towards the door. "In that case I'll run along. I'll give you a ring to-night." He looked questioningly from Jack to me. "I suppose I can reach you at the Inn?"

Neither of us replied. We trailed him to the hot, sunshiny lawn where he paused to



examine the footprints and to cover the clearest specimen with a handkerchief, which he weighted with four small stones. As he mounted his motor cycle a familiar automobile came up the road, turned into the drive, and Annabelle Bayne got out. She was pale beneath her rouge, and seemed very much excited. She said at once, "Have you seen the papers? Did you know that Luella Coatesnash was dead?"

"We knew," I replied. "I can hardly believe it yet." Annabelle touched a handkerchief to her eyes, but the eyes were dry. The gesture was unpleasantly theatrical.

Finally, suddenly, she said, "Lola, I'd like to talk to you."

Jack smiled blandly. "Why not here? We like your company."

Annabelle bit her lip. She stared across the sunlit open field towards the narrow band of woods. Smoke climbed from the Olmstead chimney and made a pattern against the sky.

She looked surprised. "I hadn't heard the Olmsteads had opened their place. They seldom come so early."

"I saw Olmstead downtown this morning," Harkway said. "Buying paint."

I wasn't especially interested. I didn't dream that a New Haven architect whom I had never seen would play his own small part in our drama. I said, "Well, anyhow, it's nice having neighbors for a change."

"Curious, your saying that," Annabelle straightened in her chair. "I've been wondering. Don't you ever get—well—lonely. At night? I should think you might."

Lonely was a mild word to describe my emotions about the cottage, but I made some vague reply.

Annabelle plucked a blade of grass and twisted it around her finger. "I thought you two might like to move in a while with me. Until—things get straightened out. I've loads of room. You could have a suite on the second floor."

Jack drew an astonished breath.

She paused. "Have I spoken out of turn—or what? Don't you want to come?"

"Your—your invitation is something of a coincidence. As it happens, we were thinking of moving in to the Inn."

"Splendid. Then you'll come to me instead."

Jack looked at me. I looked back at him. I said, "It was kind of you to ask, but we can't possibly barge in on you. Anyhow, we aren't going to town. We're staying here."

"I'm sorry." Her bright eyes travelled restlessly about the silent group. "What is wrong?"

Jack flipped away his cigarette. "I suppose there's no harm telling. Someone broke into the house last night."

"Oh!" She sat very still. Then, "That proves it," she said passionately. "You should come in to town! Please, please let me put you up."

"Sorry. We've decided to stick it out here."

"You have courage," she said in a tone which inferred we had more courage than sense, and on this note she departed.

A little later Harkway followed. After Annabelle's visit he changed front completely, and vigorously applauded our decision to stay.

"Storm, I believe a definite attempt is being made to get you out of your home. That woman's invitation was a shade too pat. By refusing to budge, you may do a lot for our case."

This was logical, if not precisely comforting. Nor was I particularly cheered when he handed Jack his own gun and insisted that it be kept on the premises.

I gloomily unpacked.

Later we went to the attic. It repeated the confusion downstairs. With a difference. Furniture and household debris were stored in the cellar. Boxes and trunks filled the attic. They overflowed with old clothing, books, old magazines and old correspondence.

I turned to Jack. "I'm simply wasting time."

"Same here. I've drawn plumbing bills and advertising circulars. Luella hung on to everything."

"Let's quit."

It was six exactly when the phone rang downstairs. Jack rushed to answer. I flung myself on the couch.

"Who was it?"

"Olmstead down the road. He wants to talk to us."

"What about?"

"He didn't say. Why don't you stay here? I'll be back in a minute. Probably it's nothing important."

A moment before I would have sworn that an earthquake could not have budged me from the couch. Now I rose promptly. I didn't choose to be left alone.

From the Olmstead chimney the ascending smoke lost itself in a twilight sky. A raw wind blew from the Sound. Shrubbery surrounding the small brown house bent before it. Olmstead met us on the porch. He was a middle-aged, colorless man with mild sad eyes. He shook hands.

"I came over from New Haven yesterday," he told us, "and I've been meaning to call you since morning. Won't you come in?"

He led us into a house in the upheaval of being settled for summer habitation. He then remarked hopefully that neighbors should be better acquainted, and, without further preamble, attempted to draw us into a discussion of Hiram Darnley's murder. "Fanny—my wife—and I have been following the case in the papers, and being neighbors and all..."

Jack and I refused to be drawn.

His curiosity was so evident and innocent that Jack had to smile. "I'm sorry to disappoint you but..."

"It's Fanny," said Olmstead, with a sigh. "She entertains her bridge club Wednesday and... well, you're married yourself."

We turned to escape. Olmstead rose hurriedly in alarm. "Wait a minute. Fanny says I'm long-winded and I guess I am. Anyhow what I wanted to ask was this. Did you folks have any trouble last night?"

We stared at him. "Why," said Jack, "do you ask?"

"Because I saw someone sneaking around your place."

Jack sat down again. "Tell me about it."

"I'd better start at the beginning. It makes a funny story. Well then, last night, I was sitting out on my porch. It was late—around midnight. A car drove up and parked on the other side of the road across from the porch. A man was in it—I could see the tip of his cigar. It was dark; he couldn't see me. He just sat there, and every now and again he would pop out his head and look up the road. I began to wonder what he was looking at."

Olmstead's unhurried voice continued. "I stepped off the porch, quietly, so as not to attract his attention. I looked up the road. There wasn't a darn thing to look at but your house. All your lights were burning. While I watched and while he watched, your lights went out. The man across the road took out his watch and looked at it. I looked at my watch. It was twenty minutes to twelve. By this time I was pretty interested. At ten minutes past twelve—we both looked

at our watches again—the man climbed out of his car. He started up the road. I followed." Olmstead sighed. "And then the accident happened."

"What accident?"

"Up to then he hadn't seen me. But I stepped on a stone. It made a noise. He heard me. He had a flashlight; he turned around and flashed the light on me. There was nothing for me to do but walk past. He stood still in the road till I went by."

"You didn't speak?"

"Not a word. I think I made him sore. He acted sore."

"What became of him?"

"I had to walk on. I walked about a hundred yards past your place, then turned around and came back. He was gone. There wasn't a sign of him. But I was suspicious. I sat down on your stone fence and waited. It was cold. I waited for a long time. I got up to go. It was lucky I didn't. Because just then this fellow stepped out of your yard. He saw me again. He was mad. He gave me a look, then hurried down the yard, jumped in his car and drove off."

"Of course you didn't know the man?"

"I can't remember his name offhand, but I could find it for you. His picture has been in the papers. He's mixed up in the case. He's that short, stout fellow, that New York lawyer."

Jack's eyes and mine met in a long, steady look. Our midnight visitor had been Franklyn Elliott.

We escaped from Olmstead. We drove straight to the Tally-ho Inn and demanded Franklyn Elliott. He wasn't there; he wasn't even in the village. Bill Tevis, the clerk, told us about it.

"Elliott made up his mind at least three hours ago. Tossed some things in his bag, called for his car and lit out for New York. Business, he said. I guess it was too. His secretary phoned."

From the Inn we drove to Standish's home. He was at dinner.

He was so excited by our news that he pushed back the dishes and failed to eat another bite. The three of us gathered at the table and mapped out our campaign.

"Elliott," said Standish, "could explain why he robbed a poor-box if he had ten minutes to think. We've got to accuse him before he learns he's suspected. And we've got to be sure he's available."

With which he went to the telephone. To my surprise the long-distance operator easily located Franklyn Elliott in New York. He was calmly dining in his club, and willingly left the table to talk. The policeman explained that he was coming to town and wished to see a copy of Mrs. Coatesnash's will. Elliott was unsuspicious. An appointment was agreed upon for two o'clock the following afternoon. No mention naturally was made of Jack or me.

After we departed, Standish called in Lester Harkway. It was decided that the younger officer should go immediately to the Catskills, seek out Elliott's hunting lodge and check exhaustively on the lawyer's alibi for the night of March 20.

OUR alarm clock went off at 5 a.m. the following morning. The sky outside our bedroom windows was a misty slate grey, sprinkled with a few pale stars. I woke with one of my heavy colds. I had sinus and the sinus made my head ache as though someone had hammered it. Jack got me a slug of brandy. I swallowed it. I felt worse. He insisted I abandon the trip. I indignantly refused, started to put on my clothes and collapsed in tears. I was beaten and I knew it.

I crawled back into bed. Jack earnestly



deplored my misery and did what he could to alleviate it, though I must say he kept his eye on the clock. He made me coffee which I drank and toast which I pushed aside. At six precisely a horn tooted outside and Jack gave me a hurried kiss.

"Stay in bed, sweetheart. I'll be back at five this afternoon. Don't be so blue. The minute there's news I'll phone."

"Will you phone when you leave Elliott's office?"

"You bet I will."

He rushed outside. A car door slammed, gears made a shrieking sound and an automobile shot past my window to the road. I went back to sleep and when I opened my eyes it was noon. I felt a little better but not much. I tottered to the bathroom, where I sprayed my nose and throat. That improved my head. It was possible for my eyes to focus.

Walking gingerly like a person who walks between eggs, I went to the kitchen. I squeezed six oranges and drank the juice. I reached for a cigarette. Jack had taken the last package; the carton was empty.

I held out for an hour before I decided to drive to the village. When I entered the bedroom to dress, I thought I observed a man standing on the opposite side of the road. I pulled down the shades. Fifteen minutes later I locked the back door and started towards the garage.

There was a man on the opposite side of the road. It was Silas.

His attitude caught my attention. He stood in the Countess's pasture; he leaned on the pasture gate; he stared at the cottage. He was like a statue. While I watched he moved, opened the gate and advanced to the centre of the road. Again he became immobile. Then to my surprise he turned around and retraced his steps. Once more he sank his elbows on the cross-bar and stared at the cottage.

It was a peculiar performance. Because I was a little frightened my voice sounded sharp. I shouted, "Silas! What are you doing? Were you coming here?"

He jumped. Immediately he saw me, he ducked through the gate and began clambering up the hill towards the Lodge. In the face of an alarm so evident, my own fright vanished. I shouted again. Slowly Silas came back, crossed the road, stood before me.

"What do you want, ma'am?"

"The point is: what did you want? Weren't you coming here? Why did you change your mind?"

He swallowed. "I was . . ." He broke off, peered up at me. "Is your husband at home?"

"He's in New York. He won't be here until evening. What is it? Won't I do?"

Silas shook his head.

I said, "Come in the house. You can talk to me."

He grew suspicious. "Who said anything about talking? I want to see your husband—not you."

"But Jack won't be here until evening. A few hours means nothing to me. I've had weeks of mental torture. Did you hear me? I said weeks."

His voice was hysterical and he wasn't quite sane. He said only one other significant thing.

"Is it true, Mrs. Storm, that someone broke in the cottage?"

"Yes, it's true."

His already pale face lost color. He was trembling. "You can put your mind at rest from now on. This thing is going to stop. And I'm going to stop it. I'll see your husband to-night. No police—do you understand? No police. I'll talk to him alone. I've done a lot of thinking and—and—he's my pick of the lot."

With that Silas went away. Sick with disappointment, I crawled weakly into the car and drove downtown. At the Tally-ho Inn I stopped for cigarettes. While I waited at the cigar counter for change, Bill Tevis spied me and sang out cheerily from the desk.

"Your old friend is back in the hotel." I frowned, walked to the desk. "What friend do you mean?"

"Elliott, of course. He blew in about noon. He's upstairs now." Bill grinned. "Shall I tell him you're calling?"

I looked at the clock. It said twenty minutes past two. I was lost in a sort of mental fog, compounded of physical illness and total bewilderment. "Elliott can't be here," I said. "He had an appointment with Standish in New York twenty minutes ago."

"Then he broke it."

"You're joking!"

"I was never more serious in my life."

Bill's voice sank. Annabelle Bayne is with him. She's been there an hour.

I hung on to the desk. Things were happening too fast for my comprehension. The stairway was behind me, and it seemed eminently natural that Annabelle Bayne should appear at the head of the stairs, walk down, catch my arm and say in a shocked tone:

"Lola, you're ill."

"I felt a little faint. I'm all right now."

Bill hopped around the desk. "You'd better lie down. I'll open a room for you."

"I'm going home."

"Then," said Annabelle, "I'll go with you. We'll take my car and leave yours here."

Bill, park Mrs. Storm's car at the Inn garage. Lola, give him your keys."

She swept me before her. Her assertiveness and determination and assurance overwhelmed me. I objected feebly, but not enough. Presently, in a state of dim wonderment, I found myself in her car, headed toward the cottage.

I was too physically low to engage in a prolonged dispute, and anyhow I was doubtful of success. I decided to telephone Jack from the Olmstead's. When we neared the brown clapboard, I asked Annabelle if she would stop.

She nodded. "Why don't you stay in the car? I'll hop out and do your errand for you."

"I'm sorry, but you can't."

Annabelle looked a little hesitant as she pulled up beside the road. She got out and opened the door for me, and watched as I walked up the flagged path to the dwelling. Henry Olmstead arrived at the door with a paint brush in hand. I cut short his welcome.

"May I use your telephone? Is it connected yet?"

"We keep it connected the year around. It's cheaper that way. Haven't the company told you about the difference between winter and summer rates? . . ." He led me inside.

"Please, please where is your telephone?"

"In the hall behind you, Mrs. Storm. But first I have something to tell you. Your husband phoned you about half an hour ago."

"Phoned me? Here? Why should he phone me here?"

My tone was probably intimidating. Henry Olmstead looked abashed. "He didn't exactly phone you here. But we're on the same line and I—I happen to know your ring—four short rings, isn't it?" He glanced at me timidly. "When I heard your ring several times, I imagined you were away and I began thinking I should answer. To take a message, you see? Well, finally, I answered. It was your husband. He was surprised, but glad to give me a message. Very glad. I hope I haven't offended you."

Something stirred in my mind, a recollection, a memory—vaporous, unsubstantial. I stared at Olmstead. I shook my head. It hurt.

My hands were ice cold. I said, "Silas Elkins is on this line, isn't he?"

Olmstead's head bobbed rapidly. "Yes, he is. You must know that, Mrs. Storm. Three of us share the one line—you folks Silas and—and your humble servant."

I must have presented a forbidding picture, for hurriedly and again he apologized. I scarcely heard him. I saw suddenly and clearly that Silas had been the black-faced man in our closet. I saw how he had managed.

Olmstead's telephone provided the long missing link and such a simple link, once you had it.

Silas' alibi rested upon the slender fact that when I telephoned the Lodge he had responded promptly to my appeal—and now I perceived that he need not have been at the Lodge.

I whirled on my bewildered host. "You talked to Jack. Where is he? I must reach him at once."

"But you can't, Mrs. Storm. That was his message. He was leaving New York, taking the train here. He spoke of a broken appointment. He was angry, I think."

"I understand."

What I didn't understand was what my next move was to be. I had to talk to a person in authority, a person I could trust. I decided to phone the station.

I was ill, and when I rose from the chair I discovered it. The floor also seemed to rise. My head which had been heavy now seemed to float, and the rather small room seemed enormous. It was fever, I suppose.

Coincidence had ruled the day. It had trapped Silas and was to trap him again. If I had reached the telephone one minute earlier or one minute later, I would have found a free wire and the course of a hideous afternoon would have been changed. Instead I removed the receiver when I did—at a moment when the party line was busy.

Other voices sped over the wire, and I heard them. Two men—in the heat of a violent argument. What they said didn't at first make sense, nor did the voices—which I immediately identified—make sense. One speaker was Franklyn Elliott; he was in a towering rage.

He said: "You'll see me to-day and you'll like it. I've taken all from you that I propose to take. You play ball now or you fry. Do you get it? You fry!"

The second voice was terrified. It stammered, protested, mumbled its words. I have forgotten the words, but the voice I shall never forget. It was the voice which had decoyed Jack and me to New Haven and I recognised it at last. It was Silas Elkins' voice.

The conversation went on.

Elliott said: "You can expect me at once."

Silas quavered: "Here at the Lodge?"

Elliott said fiercely: "At the Lodge!"

Two receivers clicked. The wire was free, and the operator was plaintively asking me what number I wanted. My brain was confused. I couldn't remember why I had gone to the phone or whom I had intended to call. It was a distracted Henry Olmstead who took the receiver from me, replaced it, put his hands on my shoulders and forced me into a chair.

He would not allow me to rise and, himself, at my urgent request, telephoned the police station. He got no answer whatever. I was frantic. Olmstead, who had got increasingly out of his depth, also became frantic.

It was thus that Annabelle found us.



She instantly took charge, rushed me to a couch, demanded and got brandy. But when finally we resumed our trip to the cottage—every minute passed like an hour—I had determined to take charge myself.

Once we were in the cottage, I permitted Annabelle to make me comfortable. She followed me into the bedroom. She watched me kick off my shoes. I peeled off my dress.

I said faintly, "My nightgown is in the closet. Would you bring it to me?"

She stopped to the closet where Silas had hidden. I arrived there simultaneously with her. I shoved her forward. I slammed the door. There was a key in the lock. I turned it. I must credit her with a certain amount of sporting blood. Aside from a gasp of surprise she made no outcry, and immediately, imperatively, she rapped at the locked door.

"Are you delicious?"

"I'm as sane as you are."

"Where are you going?"

"That doesn't matter. I'll be back soon. Make yourself at home. I hope you can find the light. I'm sorry I can't leave you a magazine."

The closet exploded into protest. I paid no attention to her and quickly dressed. I rapidly left the cottage, crossed the road, slipped through the gate and began a hurried ascent of the pasture path. Looking up the steeply climbing hill beyond the Lodge, I could see Hilltop House, the cupola and the elaborate porte-cochere. A yellow roadster—Franklyn Elliott's car—was parked beneath the porte-cochere.

My heart sank, as I realised that my speed had not been great enough. The lawyer had preceded me. I had thought I had plenty of time. And then suddenly it was borne upon me that I had no time at all. My errand was useless. The meeting was over. Even as I glimpsed it the yellow car thrrobbled, moved forward, gathered momentum, sped around the house and out of sight.

Why I began to run I can't say even now, but I did run. Breathless and trembling, I gained the Lodge. The door stood ajar. Reuben was inside. He barked wildly, and then was quiet. I knocked.

"Silas! Silas!"

There was no answer. Silas had to be there, I thought.

Something pulled me away from the door, and something stronger drove me towards it. I pushed inside.

I entered the living-room. From the adjoining kitchen where he was imprisoned, Reuben set up a renewed clamor. I looked around. The living-room was in dreadful disorder. Furniture was broken and overturned. Smashed crockery was scattered about. Dark red splashes stained the floor and walls. I saw that the splashes were blood. I saw Silas.

He lay at the far end of the devastated room, his skull crushed, his eyes wide open, and beside him were the remnants of a broken chair.

Things began getting black. I didn't faint. I staggered to the only uninjured piece of furniture on the place—Silas' bed—lay down and closed my eyes.

After a long while I got up. The sun was setting and its last red rays made everything around me sharp and mercilessly clear.

I opened the kitchen door. Reuben shot forth, jumped wildly up and down, licked my hands and then rushed to the spot where Silas sprawled.

I closed the kitchen door, and then remembered that I shouldn't touch anything. Reuben crouched beside Silas' body. I called to him. He lifted his head and howled.

The sound rose and kept on rising. I ran outside, and Reuben followed.

I staggered down the hill to the cottage. Jack and Standish had finally returned from the city. I entered the living-room. They all turned around. Jack jumped to his feet.

"Lola! Where have you been?"

"At the Lodge."

"But what . . ."

I said, "Silas is dead. Franklyn Elliott killed him. Beat him to death with a chair."

Annabelle stood up. "That's preposterous. It's a lie. A cruel, wicked lie."

"It's the truth. I overheard Elliott and Silas talking on the phone; Elliott was angry; he made threats; Silas was terrified. They made an appointment. I got to the Lodge too late to do Silas any good. I wasn't too late to see Elliott's car leave."

The men rushed for me. Annabelle stood quite alone. She was the color of chalk. She turned, moved swiftly towards the door, ran outside to her car. Standish caught her as she reached it and brought her back inside. He shoved her into a chair.

"You sit there till we get this straightened out!"

He turned to me. "Is that all the story?" "No. Silas came here this morning to talk to Jack. About Darnley's murder. He was going to tell everything he knew. I believe Elliott found it out. I believe that is why he returned from New York. I believe that is why he murdered Silas."

"That's fantastic," said Annabelle, and thereafter said nothing more whatever.

Standish tried to make her talk. He failed entirely. He telephoned Blair, who had been missing from the station when I sadly needed him, and he rushed out to the cottage. He took it upon himself to guard Annabelle. He kept a gun on his lap, and pulled his chair so close to hers that his breath blew down her neck.

Jack and Standish left the three of us together and went up the hill.

I lay upon the couch. Annabelle sat straight as an arrow, lighting one cigarette on the stub of another. She didn't say a word. My head ached wretchedly, and I had not eaten since morning. Time blurred, slid by. At length I glanced at Annabelle.

"You still don't want to talk."

"I can see," she said bitterly, "you do. Very well, I'll give you something to think about." She paused and then made a curious remark. "Did it ever occur to you that 108,000 dollars splits three ways?"

"Three ways?"

"One-third of 108,000dol. is \$36,000dol. I believe three different people expected to share in Darnley's money and conspired to murder him for it." She studied space. "36,000dol. looks like a colossal sum to some people."

"It would to Silas."

She nodded. "Of course."

"But Mrs. Coatesman . . ."

Again she nodded, and I fancied she was dimly pleased. "The Coatesman estate is upwards of two million dollars."

I caught the drift of her oblique defence of the missing man and though I wasn't at all convinced I kept on playing. "Franklyn Elliott . . ."

. . . could make 36,000dol. on a single case."

Unfortunately, at this point, an interruption occurred. Dr. Rand came in and said that Jack had phoned him to stop by on his way to the Lodge. He took my pulse, pursed his lips, and ordered me to bed. Annabelle lighted another cigarette. Her hands trembled. She looked ghastly.

After the physician went away I heard her turning the pages of a magazine which I knew she was not reading. Perhaps fifteen minutes later Harkway entered the

cottage, paused and spoke to her. She didn't answer and I summoned him into the bedroom. His face was drawn and tired, and he explained that he had driven over two hundred miles since 2 p.m. On his return from Elliott's mountain camp, he added wearily, he had received the shocking news of our latest tragedy. He told me he had not been to the Lodge as yet, and he seemed disposed to be bitter over the whole affair.

"If I had been in complete charge of the case, Silas would have been alive. In gaol—and alive."

A similar thought had occurred to me, and a shade uncomfortably I changed the subject. "Did you discover anything at Elliott's camp?"

"I talked to his guide—a dumb Canuck. Spoke French mostly and I had a devil of a time making him understand me. I finally penetrated. Elliott lied to us."

"About his alibi?"

"He has no alibi for the 20th, Mrs. Storm. Maybe he hunted that day," said Harkway with a certain gallow humor, "but he wasn't hunting rabbits. He went out with the guide on the 19th, but not on the 20th. The Canuck remembered perfectly. His sister's child was christened that day, and he knocked off work and stood up with it."

"Then Elliott could have been in Crookford at the time Darnley was shot?"

"He could have been," said Harkway, "and I believe he was."

The door into the living-room was open. The rustle of the magazine ceased. There was no sound. Annabelle had heard everything we said, as I believe Harkway intended she should. He stepped into the other room and shot rapid questions at her. He met the same blank wall. Silence.

The useless interrogation continued until Jack and Standish returned from the Lodge, and then the police escorted Annabelle home.

They pointed out when they returned to the cottage that Elliott's flight and her silence indicated his guilt. At this, Standish told us later she whitened. "I won't be drawn into any discussion of the matter. I have nothing to tell you. Elliott will return and explain the things which I cannot explain."

Her resolution was inflexible, and in the end she wore them out. When dawn streaked the windows they permitted her to go to bed.

Contiguous with this futile questioning the relentless search for Franklyn Elliott and the yellow car moved along the Atlantic seaboard. Town by town the search advanced as the midnight hours wore away. Roads were patrolled, hotels were notified, and many a policeman missed his rest. To no purpose. Car and driver seemingly had dropped into a void.

The morning newspapers raged and raved and demanded action. The Darnley case revived with a bang.

I spent the morning in bed. My cold was in the handkerchief stage. I used them by the dozens, but admitted I would survive. Jack and I read the papers and awaited news. The police were busy elsewhere.

Toward four o'clock Harkway came down from the Lodge, caught us at the window, smiled and came inside. He said at once, "Tell me, Mrs. Storm, how long was it after you heard Silas and Elliott quarrelling over the phone before you went to the Lodge?"

"About half an hour."

"No longer?"

"Hardly as long."

"You are sure they were angry?"

"Elliott was in a towering rage."



"Then," said Harkway, "I cannot understand why immediately he arrived the two men sat down together to drink coffee and eat cake. As the broken crockery indicates they did. You saw the two smashed cups on the floor, the two plates, the two overturned chairs. And they are an important part of the pattern we have built up."

"What is that pattern?"  
In brief, terse sentences he sketched out the bloody crime as the police recapitulated it. Silas had been on the verge of confessing to the truth about Hiram Darnley's murder. Elliott knew it. He phoned Silas, and by appointment proceeded to the Lodge. The two men seated themselves and the lawyer attempted to dissuade the other from his purpose. After failing by argument, he resorted to violence. Thus, if the recapitulation were correct, the interview which had ended in an appalling battle had begun on an amicable note.

"Let's drop the crockery," said Jack impatiently. "Maybe Elliott did arrive in a rage. Maybe Silas prepared the food in advance and laid the table in the hope of creating a friendly atmosphere. I saw those cups last night—or the fragments of them. You couldn't tell they had both been used."

"Both had been filled," said Harkway quietly. "It seems unlikely Silas would pour in advance of his guest."

However, the coffee cups seemed a small mystery in the maze of mysteries, and since no one offered any better explanation I concluded Jack was probably right.

At this moment Standish walked down the hill and into the cottage. He had missed his lunch, and gratefully accepted coffee and a heaped plate of cinnamon toast. While the new-comer munched and drank, the conversation was resumed. It appeared that when Elliott quit the Tallyho Inn to go to the Lodge he had worn a light grey suit. Bill Tevis remembered because he had thought the lawyer was "rushing the season."

"It's unpleasant to think about, but after the fight Elliott would have to get rid of his suit. Immediately. He must have been spattered with blood from head to foot. I can understand how he might contrive a temporary escape except for that. I don't see how he could manage a change of clothes."

"A bag perhaps in his car?"  
"The car was empty. The garage attendant took it around to the Inn and is certain."

"In some ways," Standish said, "strong as it is, I don't like this case. We've got almost too much on Elliott. His threats, his presence at the Lodge that stupid fight." He added wearily, "We've got too much in one man, and not enough in another. We haven't been able, for instance, to establish that there was friction of any sort between Elliott and Hiram Darnley, and the Lord knows we've tried! So far as we've been able to discover, Elliott had no real reason for wishing his partner dead. The fact that Mrs. Coatesnash had a motive for wanting Darnley murdered would hardly seem sufficient to weigh with Elliott. And yet it appears he bent Silas to death to prevent his uncovering the original conspiracy."

"There might be some hidden motive." "No doubt there is." The policeman moodily sipped his coffee.

Presently Standish glanced at his watch. Reuben was seldom agreeable to company and Jack had previously bundled him off to the kitchen. I heard him scratching at the door. A plaintive signal that he

was ready for supper. Jack excused himself and went to feed the dog. When he returned, the policemen were putting on their coats.

I spoke then of the dog. "Shall we keep him?"

Standish smiled. "As you choose. You needn't worry about other claimants. If the dog is a nuisance, we can drop him off at the pound." Jack and I had grown fond of Reuben, and in this informal manner gladly took possession of him.

Standish and Harkway were at the door before Jack remembered Annabelle's purse. He ran for it. "Here's something you can drop off. It belongs to Annabelle Bayne. She forgot to take it home with her last night."

We had been curious, but we had not touched the purse. Standish opened it at once. Two five-dollar bills, a smart enamel compact, a matching lipstick, an initialled cigarette case in white and yellow gold, a ten-cent tintype of Annabelle and Elliott, linked arm in arm, photographed in New York. The lovely familiar arch of Washington Square showed behind them, and both were laughing. Jack and I had once had tintypes made at Washington Square. On such a day. In such a mood.

Jack said rather quickly, "You will leave the purse with her."

Standish thrust the purse into his pocket, abruptly changed his mind. "No, I'll leave it here. You're friendly with the woman. Or friendlier than I am. The purse will give you an excuse to call. Maybe you can get her talking. That's more than I can do!"

I distrusted the experiment, and, with circumstances as they stood, had little taste for prying into Annabelle's secrets. I felt sorry for her.

Standish left the purse.

After supper Jack was restless as a cat. He prowled up and down the living-room until I became almost as restless as he. He turned on the radio. The news broadcast reported the unceasing search for Franklyn Elliott. He had vanished twenty-four hours earlier. He had not been found. Nor had the yellow car. Jack snapped off the radio, went into the dining-room, and closed the door.

By mid-afternoon, the following day, I was thoroughly on edge, and Jack himself was discouraged. It was in that mood that he suggested we return Annabelle's purse. I didn't want to go there unless Standish accompanied us, and Jack agreed with me.

"Goodness knows," he said, "we've done our share of snooping. Our share and then some! I have my own opinion of Annabelle, but she's suffering. Maybe she'll talk with Standish present; maybe she won't. Anyhow it isn't up to us to trap her."

We proceeded to the police station. The ante-room buzzed with action, and for one wild moment I thought that Elliott had been captured.

When we went in, Standish was alone. He explained the excitement. Elliott was still at large, but the yellow roadster had been located. It had been abandoned in a thickly-wooded section some ten miles beyond Crockford.

Standish made his fingers into a church steeple. "That roadster was conspicuous, and Elliott was smart enough to know it. My hunch is he drove immediately from the Lodge to that isolated spot, got rid of the car, and then lit out on foot."

"Walking four miles at night through unfamiliar woods to the road?"

"A man can walk when he has to. But where did he walk? He didn't walk to the

railroad station and buy a ticket; he didn't walk to the bus station; and he isn't the type of hitch-hiker a car owner would be likely to forget. His picture has been in all the papers. He was wearing a light-grey blood-stained suit. We know that. The steering wheel of the car is bloody. And there is blood upon the seat."

"Elliott stayed in Crockford some days," Jack said at length. "Maybe he made previous arrangements in the event of an emergency."

"Maybe," said Standish noncommittally. With that he rose and suggested that we descend upon Annabelle.

THE Bayne garden looked cheerless and unkempt. Unraked leaves skittered in the sharp breeze, and Silas had never appeared to clip the privet edges. A policeman lurked at the gates. He was not in uniform. He wore his hat pulled down and his coat collar up, and he was about as inconspicuous as a cigar-store Indian.

We mounted the steps of the stone house, rang the bell.

Velva admitted us and said her mistress was lying down, and went off to call her. Presently Annabelle came in. She wore a rumpled negligee; she looked white and tired, and I knew from her eyes that she had been crying. She smiled wanly and then saw Standish. The smile faded.

"Oh! I see! This is an official visit." I said quickly, "We've brought your purse. You left it at the house."

She thanked me, and drifted to a chair. No one spoke. Standish, who had expected I would lead the interview, sent me a reproachful look. The awkward silence lengthened. Annabelle opened her purse. She looked up.

"My cigarette case is not here," she said curtly.

"Your cigarette case?"

"A small gold case—initialled. I'm sure I had it in the purse. I always carry it."

I daresay I looked confused. "If it isn't there, then it must be at the house. I will send it down to-morrow."

"So you opened the purse?" She glanced scornfully around the circle of faces. "I might have known you wouldn't pass up such a chance." Her tone became brittle and defiant. "I would like the case back. It happens to mean a lot to me. Frank gave it to me."

Standish leaned forward. "We found his car this morning."

Incredibly, hope leaped into her eyes. It died as Standish told the story. She linked her hands about her knees. She said in a small, grey voice, "I had hoped you would find him, too."

"Then why don't you help us?"

"I assure you I cannot."

"You have not been in communication with him since his flight from the Lodge?"

"I haven't had a word from him since he left the Lodge," she replied, emphasising the word.

"Can you give us any other reason for his disappearance? Do you know of any other reason?"

"I can guess another reason." She stood up in a frenzy of nerves, despair and—I thought—uncertainty. Her trailing gown swished from one end of the long room to the other. She paused at the window and faced us. One white ringless hand grasped the monkscloth draperies. "I don't know why I should defend Franklyn Elliott to you, but I will. He came here three weeks ago—not in his own interests—but in the interests of Mrs. Coatesnash, his client and my friend. As he saw it, she was in for some pretty important trouble. He hoped to protect her from accusations he imagined



might be made—in the investigation of his partner's murder.

"Then he suspected her from the first?"  
"He knew she was not guilty. It was impossible."

"Then why did Mrs. Coatesnash kill herself?"

"I couldn't say." The harassed and desperate expression deepened on her face. "I can say this. Frank had a second reason for coming to Crockford. He wanted, indeed he was determined, to discover who had murdered Hiram Darnley."

Standish was provoked and sceptical. "You suggest Elliott is in pursuit of the murderer now?"

"I do."  
Standish said ironically, "He has been missing forty-eight hours. How long a time would you say should elapse before he reports progress?"

She burst into tears. It was amazing coming from her. Also it was pitiful. She turned her back and fought for control. Again she faced us. "You must excuse me. I have been troubled and unstrung. Now please will you leave?"

Under the circumstances there was nothing she could do. The interview had distressed and unsettled me. I had been much more certain in my opinions before I entered the house than when I left it. Standish, too, seemed disturbed.

"Women," he growled, "always upset a case. And a woman in love is pure poison. It's foolish to put any stock in Annabelle Bayne. After all she is engaged to marry Elliott."

"Engaged!"  
"She is indeed," he said soberly. "So her defence of the man means nothing. But I can't understand what she's so close-mouthed about. She has a theory of her own."

Shortly afterwards we separated. Standish went back to the station, and we started home. Jack stopped the car at the village electrical shop.

I watched him through the plate-glass windows. He talked earnestly to the town's electrician. Shortly he returned to the car with a large, bulky bundle which he conspicuously failed to explain. We arrived at the cottage and I started sorting the groceries. I kept my eye on Jack. He hunted up a hammer and a box of staples, took the package, and retired to the bedroom. I heard pounding.

When my curiosity became unbearable some five minutes later, I casually entered the bedroom. Affixed to the wall beside the bed was a small new electric bell. Dropping from the bell to the floor was a long ribbon of wire. Jack was busily leading this wire along the baseboard, securing it with staples. He looked up at me and grinned.

"I really expected you sooner."

"What is that thing?"  
"It's a burglar alarm. Next time—if there is a next time—anyone breaks into the cellar I'll know it." Jack's grin vanished to leave an expression almost terrifyingly serious.

Jack carried his operation on into the cellar, and summoned me to hold a flashlight. Moving along in the semi-gloom he awkwardly nailed the length of wire to the overhead beams. He cut it off at the cellar door. I have no clear comprehension of electrical appliances, but I realised that the small oval copper plate which Jack fastened over the raw ends of the wire must be the contact.

Sliding into the main stem of the wire, Jack grafted on an offshoot and carried it to the cellar window, where he arranged a second electrical device. We were now, in his opinion, adequately protected against un-

announced and unwelcome visitors. With a contented sigh he turned to me. "Let's try it out. You run up to the bedroom while I go outside and shove up the window and open the door. It should work."

It did work. Hardly had I taken my position before the entire cottage exploded into sound. High, shrill, ear-splitting—like the scream of a locomotive in the night.

Our protection failed signally to improve my slumbers that night. Half a dozen times certain that the bell was ringing and that hordes of intruders were congregated in the cellar, I started bolt upright only to sink back with the realisation that I had been dreaming. It was a dark moonless night, very quiet. Not a leaf stirred outside, not a blade of grass.

The next day was grey, misty, sunless, calculated to increase my restlessness. The idea of New York took hold of me so that I couldn't concentrate on anything. Jack saw Standish, who told him we were free to leave Crockford the following Monday if we wished, and we decided to do so.

In the early afternoon I heard Dr. Rand's ancient car passing on the road, and recognised at once the distinctive engine noises—a weird combination of a hiss and a chortle. I ran to the window and rapped on the pane. The physician alighted and came in.

"You young folks look too healthy to need my services."

I gleefully imparted our news. "We're going back to town next week. Jack just got word this morning. On Monday we'll be as free as the air."

Pleading a long list of patients, the physician soon departed. Our boredom closed down again. We started a laggard game of double canfield. At four o'clock we had a surprise.

Annabelle Bayne made a call at the cottage. I simply gaped at her.

"I can see," said Annabelle, "you're wondering how I broke out of prison. You Storms have transparent faces."

"Please—"

"The police force is probably in a dither now." She gave a mirthless little laugh. "At least I cost the county a little petrol. I was followed from home, and it took me sixty miles to outwit a thick-skulled constable who had a faster car than mine. Now are you feeling easier?"

I said nothing. Jack said nothing. Annabelle sank to the lounge. "You can phone and report me if you like. I've had my fun."

Neither Jack nor I answered her.  
"Well, where's my cigarette case? I must neglect to remember my excuse for calling."

"It's in the bedroom."

She rose and started there. It was Annabelle's habit always to make herself at home wherever she happened to be. Jack managed to stop her at the door. Sharp as her eyes were, she had not, I am certain, glimpsed our makeshift burglar alarm. Jack brought out the cigarette case.

"Why did you come?"

She glanced from him to me. "I meant to tell you how much I hated you, but now I'm here I'm softening." Her lips twisted. "Some day you will learn the harm your meddling's done. Some day very soon."

Her manner invited no questioning.

We sat in slowly growing tension. Annabelle smoked many cigarettes. She was in a crackling state of nerves. She talked rapidly, pointlessly, and her sentences ran together. At length, abruptly, she rose.

"I have some news that might interest you self-appointed sleuths," she said in parting. "Lucella's body arrives in Crockford some time next week. I thought you'd want to know."

Bromley is preparing now to receive the body. The funeral will probably be the biggest this town has ever seen." She wound up in a curious way. "That funeral, if nothing else does, may clear the air."

On this elusive note she left. She refused to permit Jack to escort her to her car. She declined to stay for supper, although we urged her strongly.

"I must get home. I'm terrified of thunder-storms and there's one coming."

Her prediction was correct. She had hardly stepped outside before the storm crashed down. Wind howled in the trees; a loose shutter whirled from the roof and struck the yard. There was the sharp, imminent smell of rain in the air. Jack started hurriedly closing doors and windows. With Reuben at my heels I rushed out to call Annabelle back. Her car was already gone from the drive.

I was returning to the house when Reuben seized the opportunity to run across the road. I shouted at him, but he ignored my command, slipped under the pasture gate and made up the hill toward the Lodge. Angry and annoyed, drenched to the skin, I joined him there.

A part of the porch, equipped as the dairy room, was partially sheltered by a lattice to which clung dead morning-glory vines. Whimpering, Reuben crawled behind a pile of milk cans and pressed himself against the wall. I squeezed between a cream separator and an electric ice box—oversize because Silas had stored there Mrs. Coatesnash's milk and cream—and began to wring out my soaked clothing.

Something—I don't know what—made me turn. There was a window just beside me, a window which looked into the kitchen of the deserted Lodge. I glanced through it.

I went cold all over.  
Inside in the darkness someone struck a match. A brief flare which flickered and then went out.

I screamed.

Someone called, but my vocal chords were too paralysed to permit of any answer. I couldn't move or speak or think. I don't know who I thought was moving inside the Lodge. Silas perhaps looking just as he once had looked—or Silas' murderer, smiling a sleepy, murderous smile. The door leading from the kitchen to the porch opened, and John Standish stood blinking bewilderedly about. He had a flashlight in his hand. Another man peered over his shoulder.

My paralysis of fright evaporated into weak and stupefied relief. But still I couldn't speak. Eventually Standish's flashlight picked me out.

"Mrs. Storm! You—what are you doing here?"

Then at once he came to me, took my arm and pulled me into the dry, dark kitchen. He introduced his companion as William Hardisty, a local lawyer who had been designated to take charge of Mrs. Coatesnash's scrambled affairs. Mr. Hardisty, a methodical, fussy little man, was plainly astounded at my appearance and seemed more than half inclined to make something faintly illegal of it. Standish kept up a flow of bantering talk until, eventually, I smiled. He, too, smiled.

"I'm sorry we gave you such a turn. We were caught here ourselves. Maybe you'd like a cigarette?"

I gratefully accepted. Mr. Hardisty continued stand-offish. Finally Standish said:

"What did bring you up the hill, Mrs. Storm?"

It was only then that I remembered Reuben, and somewhat conscience-stricken went to the door to summon him. A gust



of wind and rain blew inside. Despite my urgent calls, Reuben refused to stir, and Standish ploughed out after him. Mr. Hardisty followed. Reuben stuck stubbornly behind the milk cans until Standish's impatient hand hauled him forth. The little dog huddled on the floor before the ice-box. The hairs on his neck bristled. Through the sound of wind and rain came the ominous growl in his throat. A growl which rose and kept on rising.

Standish frowned. "What's got into the dog, anyway?"

"It's the ice-box," said Hardisty. "It's something about the ice-box."

Standish was staring at the great white refrigerator. His flashlight shone on its polished surface.

He said in a queer voice: "I hadn't noticed that refrigerator before. I wonder what the trays are doing on the floor?"

I saw the trays then. The refrigerator was an electric model—one of Mrs. Coates-nash's real extravagances. The metal trays made to hold squares of ice and the wire fittings fashioned to cut off the interior into separate compartments lay in a scrambled heap under the cream separator.

"We never touched that ice-box," Standish said.

He spoke like a man in a dream. He took a slow step, grasped the handle of the heavy metal door before him, and then said in a voice that changed swiftly, hideously:

"Don't look, Mrs. Storm!"

But I had looked. As the catch of the door was unloosed, pressure from behind forced it forward and Franklyn Elliott's body sagged outward and to the floor.

The lawyer had been shot four days earlier. He had been shot through the back and had died instantly.

THE car in which Standish and Hardisty had driven to the Coates-nash estate was parked beneath the porte-cochere of Hilltop House. Battling the storm, Standish carried me there. Hardisty, terrified at his precipitation into tragedy, remained in charge of Franklyn Elliott's body. Of the wild ride down the hill I recall nothing whatever.

Jack met us at the door of the cottage, took one look at me and without a word or question lifted me into his arms and bundled me off to bed. Standish saw me safely settled, and then left at once.

I remember and cherish his parting pat on my arm, his admonition that I wasn't in any way to blame myself. There was no reference to my account of having seen Franklyn Elliott flee from the Lodge, no suggestion that a wiser, less prejudiced witness might have realised that a glimpse of a man's car is not a glimpse of the man himself. The truth—the truth I hadn't grasped four days before—at least in part was clear. Franklyn Elliott, his motives still obscured in mystery, had gone to the Lodge and had there surprised, red-handed, the murderer of Silas Elkins.

No other conclusion was possible. Elliott's movements on that sunlit afternoon were at last apparent.

I drank the hot milk which Jack brought me, obediently swallowing the sedative he produced from the medicine chest.

"Try not to think, dear," he said to me once. "Try to sleep."

In my condition sleep was an impossibility.

At exactly nine o'clock every light in the house went out.

Eventually Jack found some candles, and for a long time sat beside the bed, saying an occasional soothing word, holding my hand in his. After a while the sedative

commenced to work. I was drowsy when the telephone rang, and Jack gently disengaged his hand to step into the other room. When he came back a few minutes later, I was already half-asleep, my brain almost wholly stupefied. I didn't at once take in the information that Annabelle Bayne was missing.

"She must be home," I said stupidly. "She started there hours ago."

"She didn't go home. That was Standish calling." Jack stepped closer to the bed.

I was beyond the point of mental activity, beyond the point of anxiety or wonder. I was indeed only fretfully conscious that Jack had again quit the room to telephone to Standish. Of the long conversation which took place between them I had no knowledge. I slept the heavy, unrefreshing sleep of the drugged.

I woke suddenly. The bedside candle was flickering, and the room was filled with a kind of noiseless bustle. I became aware of the sound which had aroused me. A low, monotonous buzzing which ceased even as I identified it. The burglar alarm!

"Jack," I whispered. I reached for his hand, sat up. I knew then that he had gone. He had taken with him the revolver he kept beneath the pillow.

I seized the candle, dropped it and in anguish saw the light plunge out. I groped for matches, found none, stumbled over Reuben on my way toward the door.

In the living-room I discovered a box of matches, but before I had lighted the candle an uproar commenced in the cellar. Something went over with a terrific crash. I heard three shots fired in rapid succession, heard the shatter of glass, the thud of a heavier object. It sounded exactly as though a man had run amuck; but I knew there were at least two persons in the cellar and that one of them was Jack.

How I got down the stairs I can't explain, any more than I can explain why I didn't fall headlong in my haste. Somewhere en route I lighted the candle, and its yellow, unsteady rays illumined the devastated cellar. The cellar door stood open and rain dashed in.

I rushed outside. Instantly my candle was doused and with it my sense of direction vanished. I was lost utterly in my own backyard. The wind whipped my night clothes and drowned out the sound of my voice. I rushed blindly toward what I thought was the road. I stumbled; someone seized me, and I screamed like a maniac.

Jack's voice said: "Lola! That you?"

He was kneeling in the yard, and as I remember it he rose, shook me savagely and said, "Stop screaming! Stop it, I say. You've got to help me get her inside."

"Her? Who?"

"Annabelle Bayne. I'm afraid she's badly hurt."

I was only then aware of the crumpled figure lying in the sodden grass. Jack stooped. "She's coming around I think. Let's get going." He lifted the unconscious woman into his arms, bade me hang on to him, and through the pouring rain guided us back into the cellar.

I said, "Are you all right? I heard her shooting at you."

"Shooting at me!" Jack swept a litter of objects from a broken couch and laid Annabelle there. "She wasn't shooting at me, Lola. As it happens, she saved my

life. Here, you chafe her hands—I'll go upstairs for whisky."

Jack returned with whisky and a pile of blankets. "How's she doing now? Hold up the flashlight, will you? I want to see that shoulder." He leaned over the couch. "It doesn't look serious. I believe she's fainted."

As if to verify his quick, intense relief, Annabelle stirred, shuddered, opened her eyes. She looked blankly at us—at me with the flashlight in my hand, at Jack who held out a glass of whisky to her.

Jack said, "Get that down."

She accepted the glass obediently, drank, shuddered again, half rose only to sink back again. She whispered, "I remember now. I had the killer trapped when you came crashing down the stairs. What happened? Did he get away?"

"Clean," Jack said. "I don't know yet who he was. Do you?"

She said, "No."

Her dark, questioning eyes moved involuntarily to the jimmied window and the heap of coal beneath it. I turned the flashlight. I saw then what I had not seen before. Someone had shovelled deep into the coal, tossed aside a great pile, and a spade stood upright in a hole which tunnelled the dirt floor beneath.

"I suppose," said Annabelle, "the bag went with him."

"What bag?" I asked.

No one answered. Jack had darted past the heaped-up coal and seized the spade. Like a woman in a dream, I watched him begin to dig. Dirt flew helter skelter. The hole deepened with a swiftness which announced that the hard-packed earth had been previously disturbed. Suddenly the spade met resistance, thudded, stuck. Jack dropped to his knees and commenced clawing with his hands.

"It's here!" he cried to Annabelle Bayne.

From the excavation he hauled forth a leather gladstone travelling bag, its handle moist and damp, but its hardware bright, unruined, almost new. The gladstone bag was initialed, the gilt was only slightly discolored and the letters showed plainly. "F.E." I repeated the letters to myself a second time before I comprehended their significance. "F.E."

I said bewilderedly, "That's Franklyn Elliott's bag."

"Of course," Jack said. "Elliott buried it in the cellar a week ago. Don't you understand, Lola? That's why he broke into the cottage. To leave the bag." Jack glanced at Annabelle. "Did he tell you? Was he instructed to bury it in our cellar?"

She said, "Yes."

Those two—Jack and Annabelle Bayne—shared a comprehension in which I had no part. I stared at them and waited. Jack slowly unfastened the catches of the gladstone bag and pulled back the lid. Money cascaded to the floor. Ten, twenty, fifty dollar notes. One hundred and eight thousand dollars in notes. The identical amount which Hiram Darnley had carried and concealed in a similar bag. Jack kicked at the fluttering currency.

He said in a tired way, "The only thing that's left to do at this point is to call the police. And—" he tried to smile at Annabelle—"you'll need Dr. Rand's attention."

"The doctor," said Annabelle, "can wait. I'm not in pain. As for the police, what can they do now?"

I said loudly, "You two—both of you—know something I don't know. I think I'm going crazy. What's the money for? Why did Elliott hide it here?"

"The money," Jack said, "was raised for ransom. First Hiram Darnley raised and attempted to pay it over. The conspiracy



went haywire and he was murdered. Then Elliott was contacted, and he too . . .

Jack broke off. "Go on," said Annabelle in a hard, contained voice. Her eyes were dry, direct, steady. "I know Frank's dead. I've known it all along, really, but I wouldn't—I couldn't believe it until—until this afternoon." Tears welled up in the brilliant eyes, but she stubbornly restrained their fall. "I've been down here since afternoon. I didn't leave your place at all. I hoped—never mind what I hoped. Anyhow I heard what went on upstairs."

She said nothing of the terrible vigil while the storm raged outside, nothing of the thoughts and sensations which crowded in her mind and heart when she learned that her lover had been brutally done to death. Nor did we.

"Let's move upstairs," Jack said at last. "Lola and I can carry you." He sighed. "It's such a ghastly mess. Why, in Heaven's name, didn't Elliott go to the police?"

"Because he was afraid they'd kill her. After Darnley's murder, he couldn't take the risk. He was determined to get her back alive."

"Get who back alive?" I said.

"Luella Coatesnash."

I gasped. "But Mrs. Coatesnash is dead. She killed herself in Paris."

"She may be dead," said Annabelle, "but she didn't kill herself in Paris. She never went there."

Jack interrupted. "Mrs. Coatesnash was kidnapped, Lola, kidnapped on the night the Burgoyne sailed. Another woman who resembled her in coloring and build sailed instead, used Mrs. Coatesnash's passport, went to a grimy little hotel where the old lady wasn't known."

"Laura Twining?"

"Who else? Laura impersonated Mrs. Coatesnash till the going got too thick, then killed herself. Silas, who was also implicated, tried to confess his part in the conspiracy and was murdered for his pains. Only the killer—the third person in the plot and the one real criminal—gets off scot-free."

Annabelle beat one clenched hand upon her knee. "It's too late now," she said. "We've muffed it. I'm tough, but I hate to think of that poor old woman, if she isn't dead already. Can't you see her? Waiting, watching, hoping . . . That's where the killer's gone, of course. To finish off Luella. There'll be no third attempt to collect a ransom."

A chair crashed to the cellar floor. Jack knocked it over in his wild rush towards the door. "I know where Mrs. Coatesnash is! Where she's been held since February!"

He ran into the yard. I reached him as he leaped into the car, managed to climb in with him. The rain was over, but the driveway was like a miniature ocean. Splashing water in torrents, we raced to the road, turned, sped around the hill and roared into the circular drive before Hilltop House.

"She's inside!" Jack cried. "She's got to be! It all fits—the lights, Silas, Laura's baggage—everything!" He jumped from the car. "You stay here, Lola."

I averted my eyes, and so great was his nervous tension that he didn't notice. When I said, "Have you got your gun?" he snapped at me. "Naturally."

A dozen steps carried us to the house. The porch was pitch-black, carpeted with dead soaked leaves, unpleasant underfoot. Jack preceded me lightly, soundlessly to the great front door. Just how he planned to force an entrance I don't know. I remember my own hysterical suggestion that we should have brought an axe.

Jack struck a match and in the flickering illumination, with a spurt of renewed terror,

I saw that the front door was wide open. What was left of it. The set-in-oval glass was cracked, and a splintered panel and shattered lock showed evidences of violent assault. A pool of rain water glistened from the foyer. I knew then that the kidnapper was in the house or had been there, and it seemed impossible that Luella Coatesnash should be alive.

Jack was already inside, and starting up the stairs. I went after him. The vaulted hallway wasinky black and quiet as the grave. It was not until we gained the second floor that someone moved on the floor above. Simultaneously I smelled smoke.

Jack caught my wrist in a vice-like grip. "He's set fire to the house."

At that moment a shot was fired down the stair well. An invisible mirror broke with a tinkle of glass. A second bullet whizzed by and plaster showered upon us. A third shot was fired, this time from Jack's gun. He vaulted up the stairs.

Abruptly the shooting stopped. Overhead, on the third floor, I heard the impact of two bodies, a savage yell, then the confused, muffled sounds of close-in fighting. A gun angled through the air and hit in the foyer. Whether Jack's gun or the killer's gun, I had no way of knowing.

The smoke was thicker; it was pouring down the stair well and far off, and above me, someone—a woman—was shrieking. Muffled, hideous, horror-stricken shrieks. I crawled to my feet and staggered toward the third floor, only to be knocked down again as Jack and his murderous adversary crashed past me to the second landing.

My next move was automatic. A flashlight which had fallen during the previous melee lay upon the scorched floor, throwing a beam of light across my feet. I snatched it, and ran to the second-floor landing. The fight still raged there—two men, struggling fiercely, locked in desperate embrace. I made out Jack's blonde head, and brought the flashlight—my only weapon—down upon the other darker head. The dark head sagged. But Jack hadn't seen me. The unexpected flank attack caused him to release his hold. His victim slipped his grasp and rolled down the stairs. Jack shouted: "Duck, Lola. He's got the gun."

He had the gun, indeed.

A second later, he used it—upon himself. A single shot, followed by a hiccupping sigh, followed then by silence. Our triple murderer was dead before we reached him.

"Hand me the flashlight, Lola," Jack said.

With a faint surprise I realised that I still held the flashlight. I gave it over. Jack turned the narrow finger of light upon the dead man, and I looked in Lester Harkway's face.

THE rest, to coin a phrase, is history.

Standish gives us credit for the solution of the mystery, and personally I feel that we deserve it, even though I must confess that I didn't anticipate the astounding denouement. Until the moment when I looked into Lester Harkway's still and strangely peaceful face, it had never once occurred to me that he might be our killer. The signs were there to read—his presence on the Post Road the night we delivered Hiram Darnley from New Haven, his interest in the "burglary" of the cellar, his professed anxiety and subtle, insistent suggestion that we abandon the cottage.

The gun which he lent Jack as a "protective" measure was a final bit of insolence. That gun was loaded with blanks, as Jack would have discovered had he examined it carefully. At every turn Harkway took advantage of our trusting credulity.

In a sense, even now, I feel we were

hardly to blame for the many things we didn't see. As Standish said later on, "A conspiracy is the hardest crime in the world to uncover." He smiled soberly and added, "Also it is the most difficult crime to maintain."

To this our own experience testifies.

The conspiracy to kidnap Luella Coatesnash had hardly been set into motion by our three plotters—Silas, Laura and Harkway—before it fell to pieces. It fell to pieces when Lester Harkway—at the cost of one murder—attempted to cut out his confederates and seize for himself the 100,000 dollars which Hiram Darnley carried in our car. Unfortunately for him, the double-crosser got possession of the wrong bag.

Standish, characteristically thorough, wasn't satisfied with the knowledge that the bullet which killed Hiram Darnley was fired from Harkway's gun. He inserted in local papers appeals for interviews with people who had driven to New Haven on the night of March 20. Here he had a piece of luck.

A Mr. and Mrs. Abramson came forward. March 20 was Mrs. Abramson's birthday, and the couple had driven to New Haven to celebrate the anniversary. On the trip there both of them had observed a policeman with a flashlight—they identified Harkway from photographs—searching the road at the point where the tragedy occurred. Mrs. Abramson had actually seen Harkway pick up and pocket something which she was ready to swear was an exploded automatic shell. Since the Abramson car didn't stop, her testimony would seem to be on the positive side, although Standish, who immediately tested her eyesight, found it very good.

At any rate, Mrs. Abramson satisfied us all as to Harkway's means of shifting the scene of the crime from the place where it occurred to a public street in Crookford.

The first crime then—the murder of Hiram Darnley—in every detail is clear to us. Method, motive, opportunity—we can reconstruct them all. A blank period follows, a period we can never hope to fathom, since every actor in it is dead. We can only guess at Laura's frantic thoughts when she learned that Darnley had been murdered, that the plot had gone awry, that instead of the security she longed for she was faced with the electric chair. Our only testimony is the affidavit of a French chambermaid to the effect that "the lady seemed low in her mind."

Silas and his thoughts during that same interval are similarly obscure. He had grabbed a tiger by the tail—on the one hand was Lester Harkway, of whom he was in mortal terror; on the other was Mrs. Coatesnash, held prisoner in the attic of her own home and in his custody. If he freed the old lady she would instantly expose him, for it was Silas who had forcibly brought her back from New York City to Hilltop House. During those days when he lost weight visibly and jumped at shadows, Silas guarded Luella Coatesnash, fed her, kept her heavily drugged, and slowly approached his own breaking point. I am sure on the afternoon Standish and I made our futile tour of Hilltop House, he was close to a complete confession.

It was Lester Harkway, of course, with whom I struggled in the storeroom. I often wonder, with a shudder of reminiscent fear, that he didn't kill me on the spot. I dare say he felt too secure to think it necessary, and the chilling memory of his low, soft chuckle in the darkness would seem to confirm the belief.

He outwitted us at every turn that night. He spirited Laura's baggage from the storeroom, confident that we would guess—not impersonation—but that Laura herself had



been murdered. More important, he prevented any examination in that sunken plot in the rock garden. Ivan, the mastiff, was buried there. Ivan who had been returned from New York with his mistress and promptly killed. Had either Jack or I glimpsed the dog's body, I am sure we would have guessed the truth. For Ivan supposedly was in Paris with Mrs. Coatesnash!

But we didn't see the mastiff's body; it was cremated in the furnace, and the fragment of bone we found there merely bewildered us. A bit of canine bone didn't suggest Ivan to us, and I remember that I even wondered whether Dr. Rand might not have distorted the analysis for some reason of his own. After all, he had withheld other vital information from the police.

I admitted this to the physician on our last day in Crookford, and he responded with a roar of laughter which subsided as he said:

"That makes us even, young lady, for I certainly thought your husband was a suspicious character. He looked it; he acted it; he had a dead man in his car; the dead man carried a pile of money, and your husband—" he paused and added with a straight face "—your husband was a needy artist. All in all, that's a pretty telling case."

"I can see it is," I said stiffly.

Everyone laughed at me. It was a soft and tender April day; the doors and windows of the cottage stood open to receive the spring; and, as I remember it, our packed, strapped luggage was awaiting removal to the car. It was the last time our little group was to gather there. Standish had come to escort us to the hospital where Luella Coatesnash was recovering from her terrible experiences, and he had brought with him Annabelle Bayne. Annabelle's shoulder was bandaged, and her eyes were shadowed, but she looked better than I had seen her look in many weeks. The worst had happened to her; the terrible suspense was over; if she had nothing more to hope, she also had nothing more to fear.

I said uncomfortably, "I know, Annabelle, that you thought Jack and I were guilty."

"I thought," said Annabelle, "you were guilty of kidnapping, after I learned there had been a kidnapping."

I was surprised. "You didn't know all along that Mrs. Coatesnash had been kidnapped?"

"Not at first. I played stupid like everyone else. It seems absurd now, but I imagined that the old story—Jane's story—had reached Luella and that she had got together with Silas to kill Hiram Darnley. I saw Luella yesterday. As it happens, she doesn't know that miserable story yet—and I hope she never learns it—but that was my bird-brain reasoning at the time. Frank himself, in the beginning, thought that Luella had engineered Darnley's murder, after hiding herself to Paris."

"Those letters that came from Paris..." I ventured.

"The letters deceived me, too," said Annabelle, "although they shouldn't have. Luella wrote the letters all right, but she wrote them from the attic of Hilltop House. Then they were posted in Paris and Laura mailed them back here. It was a smart enough trick, but I should have seen through it. Luella was always a wretched correspondent, and I remember my amazement at receiving a half dozen letters. And their tone somehow struck me wrong. I suppose because they were dictated to her, and she simply put down what she was told."

"Then Darnley," said Jack curiously, "didn't tell Elliott what was going on?"

"No. Not a word. Frank was out of the city at the time Darnley came here, but I doubt he'd have spoken anyway."

Very quietly she resumed her narrative. "Anyhow, Frank got this note signed by Luella—she even fingerprinted it—advising him that she was a prisoner and in deadly danger. The note ordered him to bring 100,000 dollars to the Tally-ho Inn, and to wait there for a telephone call which would tell him what to do with it." The speaker smiled wanly. "Frank came; we talked the situation over—not too sanely you may imagine—and eventually we decided that Frank should stay here, await his second instructions, and try to catch the kidnappers if he could."

"At which point," said Jack drily, "you started in on me and Lola."

She colored faintly. "In a way, I suppose that's true. We suspected you and Lola. But it was only suspicion. Two other people were sure of it. One of them was Laura Twining. She had to be the woman in Paris. The second was Silas."

"Why Silas?"

"For a curious reason. Frank did go down to see the Burgoyne off, and reached the dock after the gang-plank was up. He glimpsed the Coatesnash car, saw Silas at the wheel, and was astonished to see a woman huddled in the rear seat. He hopped out of his taxi, shouted, but the woman pulled down her veil and the car shot off."

I gasped. "Do you mean that Mrs. Coatesnash permitted the impersonation? It sounds like that."

Standish cleared his throat. "I can explain that. The poor old soul did authorize Laura's sitting in her place, and unwittingly made her abduction as easy as rolling off a log. She was hoodwinked by forged letters into believing that she was being taken to her daughter Jane. I've seen those letters—and I believe Laura forged them, copying from notes she probably found in Hilltop House. They were mailed from a small New Hampshire town, signed with Jane's name, and each one—there were only three—begged Mrs. Coatesnash to come secretly to this town to be reunited with her loving daughter." The policeman sighed. "No explanation was given for the need of secrecy, although some kind of disgrace was hinted at. But Mrs. Coatesnash wasn't the type of woman who would require an explanation. She thoroughly believed—and the three plotters knew that she believed—her daughter was alive."

The last fragment of our puzzle slipped into proper place. I saw at last the explanation for Laura Twining's interest in the newspapers and in everything that had pertained to Jane Coatesnash. If she were to forge letters which would deceive a credulous mother, she would need to possess an intimate knowledge of the girl.

Annabelle caught my eye and evidently read my thoughts, for she gave me a wistful reminiscent smile. "It all fits, doesn't it?"

When I reached for her hand, she mutely returned the pressure. Standish beamed at us in a benign and fatherly fashion, then stretched and rose. "If we're going to the hospital," he said regretfully, "we'd best be getting started. Mrs. Coatesnash isn't too spry yet, and she turns in early. She'll want to see you folks before you leave."

I would willingly have avoided contact with Mrs. Coatesnash, since any expression of gratitude usually embarrasses me, and in my innocence I feared that the grim old woman might prove effusive. I might have spared myself anxiety.

Mrs. Coatesnash was still suffering from shock and under-nourishment, but she had the type of personality which triumphs over bodily ills. She occupied her narrow hospital bed as though it were a throne, and

the familiar dirty diamonds sparkled on her emaciated wrists and fingers. She greeted us with a regal wave of the hand, and a rather detailed complaint of the hospital service. Her room, she said and glared, was far too noisy. I felt at once relieved, amused and—so accusing was her glance—guilty.

Standish was flushed and confused. "The Storms came to say good-bye, Mrs. Coatesnash. They're leaving Crookford to-morrow."

"So I understand," said the lady. Jack gave me a wicked grin, and said softly, "We felt we couldn't go until we had told you how much we had enjoyed our stay."

She took him with the utmost seriousness—she was never remarkable for humor—and said something vague about the cottage being a pleasant place to live.

Standish, who had pictured quite a different sort of meeting, by now was intensely irritated. "Mrs. Coatesnash," he said sternly, "have you forgotten my telling you that these young people saved your life? Risked their own to do it?"

"Forgotten!" she echoed indignantly. "Certainly I had not forgotten. I was just about to say it was most kind of them. Most kind."

She extended one jewelled hand to me, another hand to Jack and gave us her belated and beneficent blessing. After a visible mental struggle, she even promised to mention us in her will.

"There now, Lola," Jack said a few minutes later, when we were safely in the hall and walking down the stairs, "you should be a very, very happy girl. Our future is so well provided for we can both quit working. Generous I call it. Most generous!"

We both burst out laughing. Standish emitted a few disgusted snorts, and then reluctantly joined in.

We reached our car. It was only four o'clock, and one of those magical afternoons in early spring when cold and darkness seem impossible. The sun was warm and beat down strongly.

Jack said suddenly, "How would you like to dine in New York to-night, Lola? I would. Let's do."

"To-night?" I was startled. "But, Jack, I haven't paid the light and phone bills yet. I haven't..."

"Get in. We'll mail cheques. Let's go now—this minute—right away."

"Our bags," I wailed, "are back in the cottage."

"We'll send for them."

"I'll send them to you," offered Standish, catching Jack's excitement and my own. "Be glad to. I'll get them off to-morrow."

I still hesitated, and Jack lifted me bodily into his arms and dropped me into the car. He pressed on the starter; the car shot forward and I had a confused glimpse of Standish's half-smiling, half-bewildered face. He waved.

We turned sharply, and I saw him no longer. The road ahead was wide and straight and filled with many other hurrying cars. I hardly noticed them. I was looking for a roadside sign. I found one.

It read: "New York—102 Miles."

Jack also had seen the sign. Simultaneously we smiled, and when Jack said, "The country is a nice place to visit," I chanted, "But I wouldn't live there if you gave it to me!"

#### THE END.

(All characters in this novel are fictitious, and have no reference to any living person.)

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